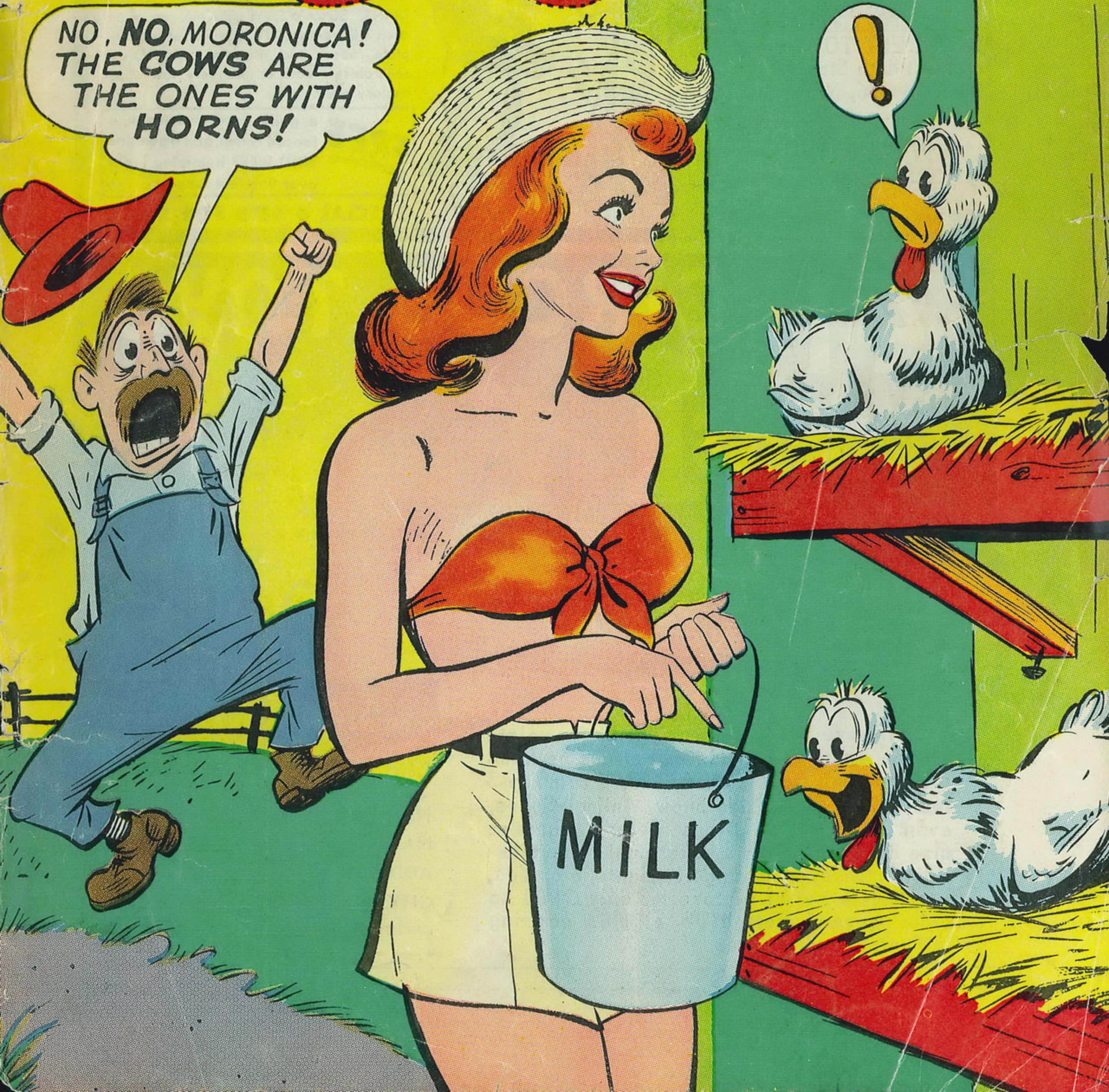


No 4
MARCH-
APRIL

10¢

NO, NO, MORONICA!
THE COWS ARE
THE ONES WITH
HORNS!





50 COWBOYS & INDIANS

FOR ONLY \$

1

YES, ALL 50 FOR ONLY \$1 POST PAID

COMPLETE RODEO
Packed in
Colorful GIFT BOX

Kids have hours of fun with these 50 Wild West toys. Authentic details make these finest quality durable plastic toys educational as well as amusing. Each brightly colored toy on an individual base. Set contains BUCKING BRONCOS, RODEO RIDERS, HOLD-UP MEN, SHERIFFS, COWGIRLS, CHUCK WAGONS, LOG CABINS, INDIANS, SQUAWS, WARRIORS, etc. Children will re-enact TV movies, set up complete rodeos and Western scenes. Order several sets now at this very low introductory price.

FREE a gaily decorated tepee, a fenced corral, and a genuine WILD WEST humming lariat over 9½ feet long!

SPECIAL 6 SETS FOR \$5.00

BUY NOW FOR XMAS AT
THIS LOW PRICE
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
WILD WEST TOYS, Room 1402
45 West 45th Street
New York 36, N.Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ Set(s)

41 CIRCUS TOYS

\$1

(YES, ALL 41 TOYS FOR ONLY \$1 INCLUDES 3-FT. BIG TOP, SIDE SHOW, CLOWNS, ACROBATS, DURABLE PLASTIC ANIMALS, CIRCUS PERFORMERS.)

FREE!
Spinning
Merry-Go-Round FREE
If You Order
your Circus NOW!



Kids'll have hours of fun with this complete circus. There're animals and circus performers of strong durable PLASTIC, a Big Top 3 feet around, Super Side Show, Animal Cages, even a daring tight-rope walker! There're also tumbling clowns, skating bears, bike-riding monkeys, dancing elephants, etc. Yes, a complete set of 41 toys for only \$1.00 so order several sets NOW at this amazing low introductory price.

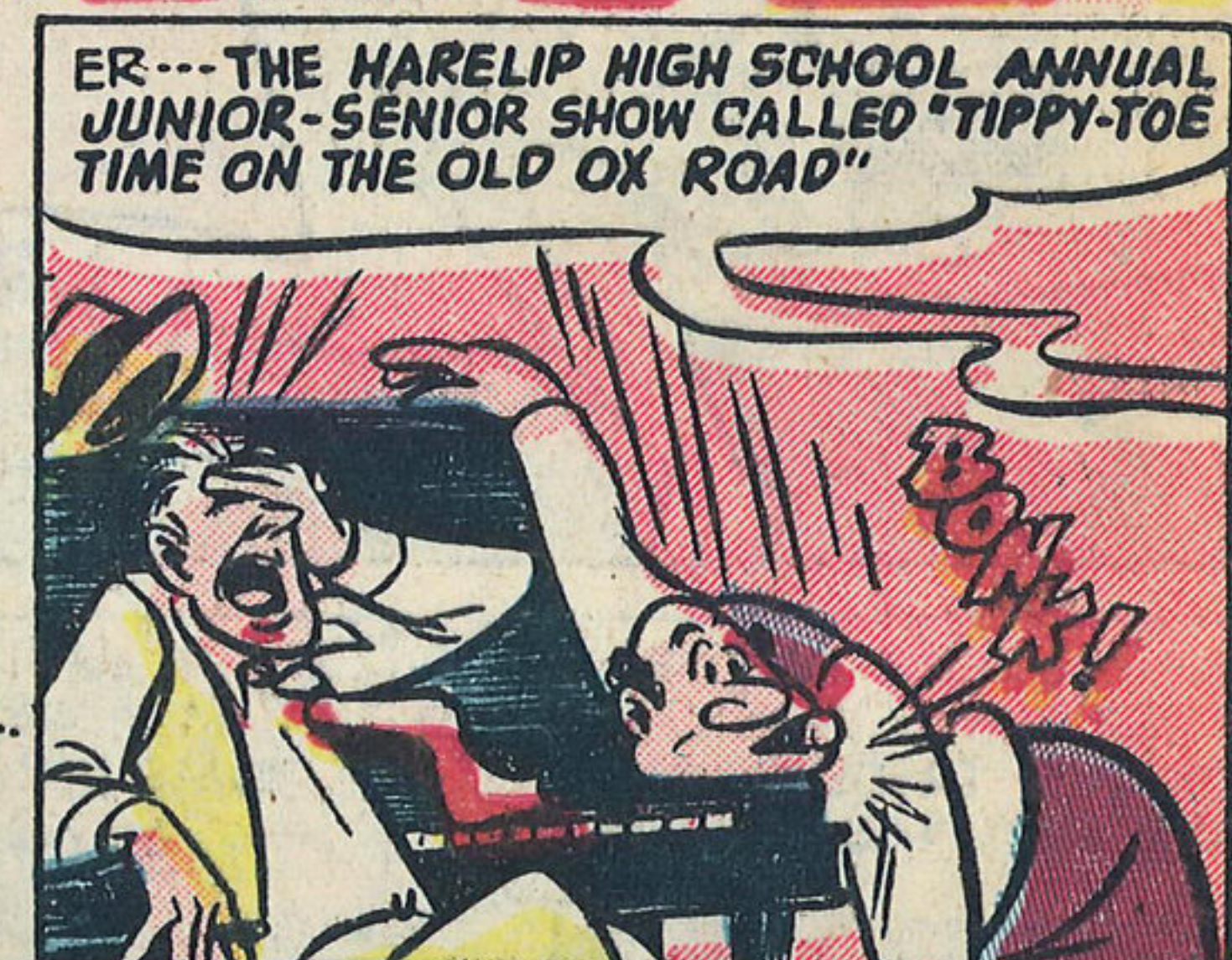
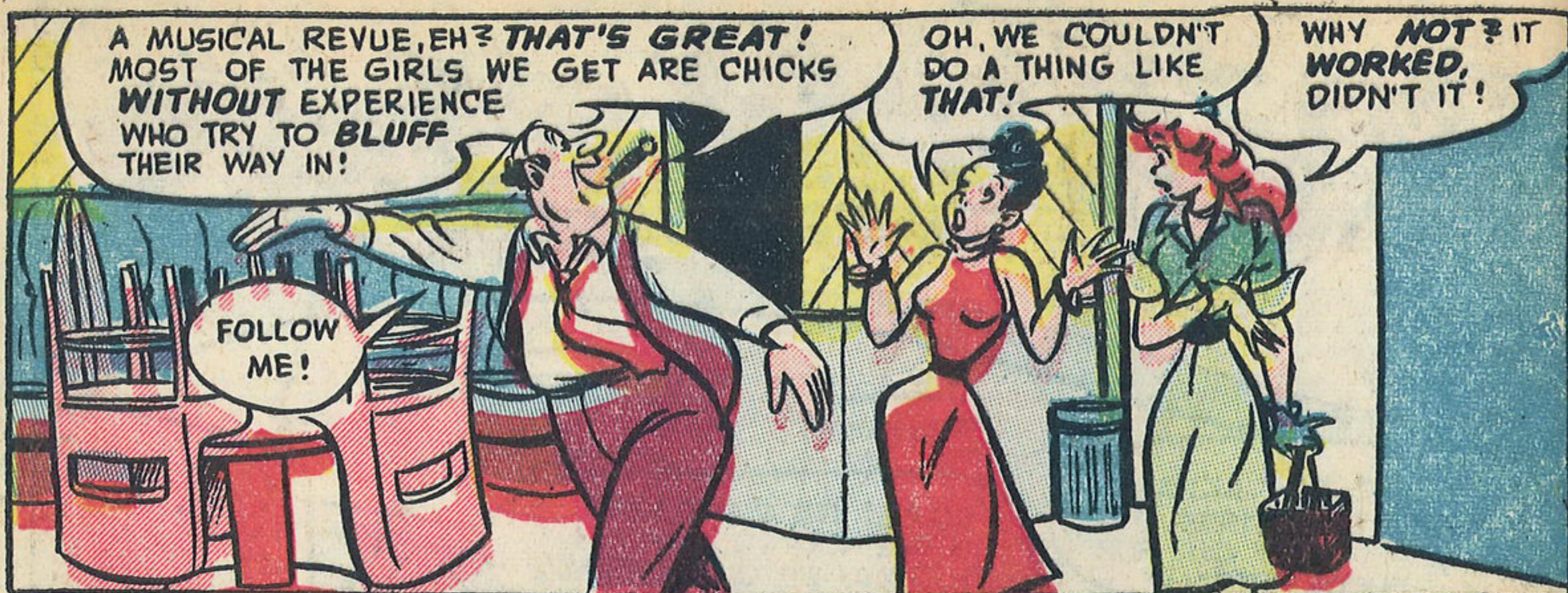
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

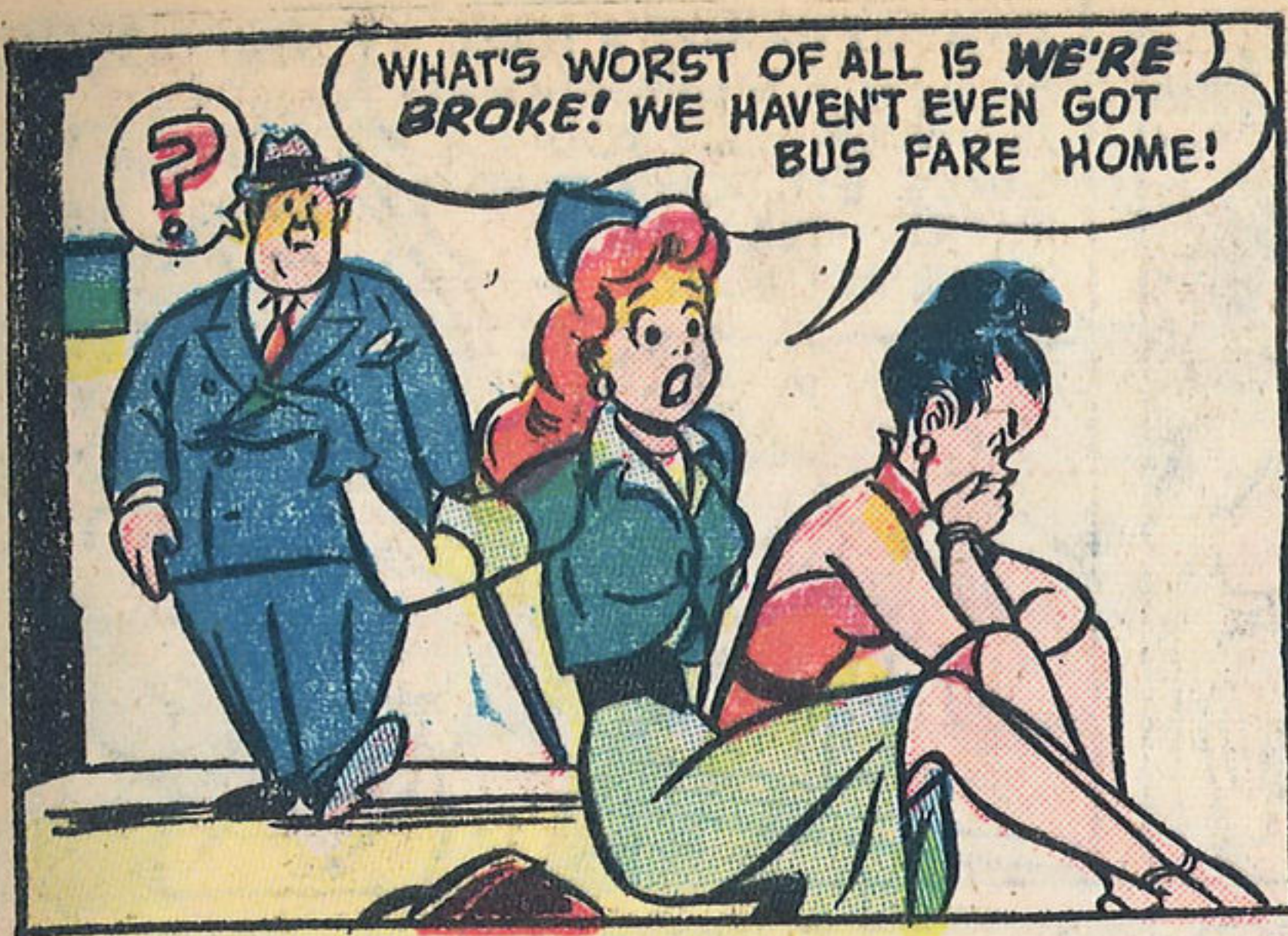
CIRCUS TOYS, Room 1402
45 West 45th Street
New York 36, N.Y.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
Enclosed \$_____ for _____ Sets

BROADWAY BABES







WHAT'S WORST OF ALL IS **WE'RE BROKE!** WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT BUS FARE HOME!



SHAME A YOUNG GIRL LIKE YOU HAS TO **BEG TO LIVE!** ... HERE, I HOPE THIS HELPS!



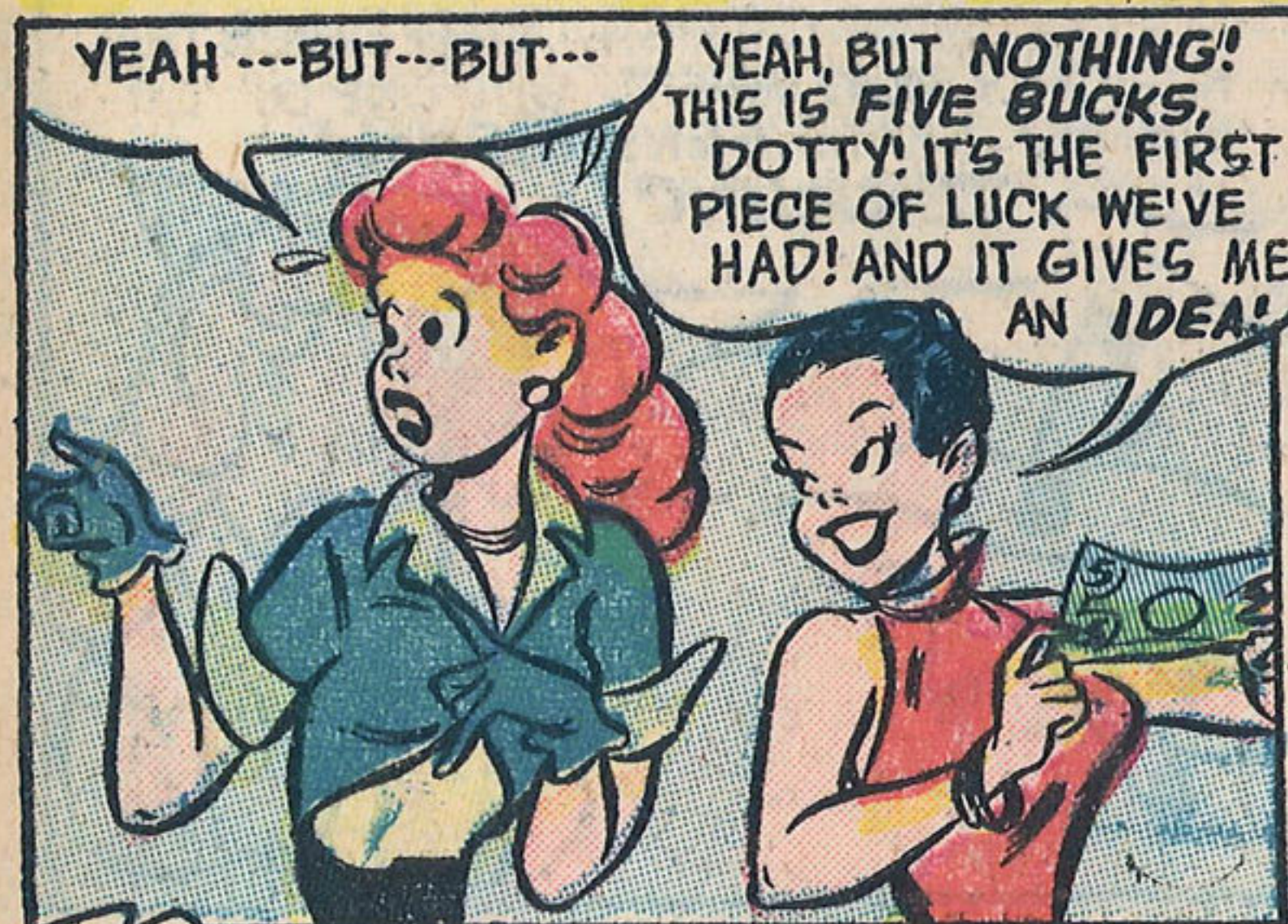
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG, MISTER!

\$500!!



HOLD IT, YA JERK! AS LONG AS HE GAVE IT TO YOU, WE CAN **USE** IT!

WHAP!



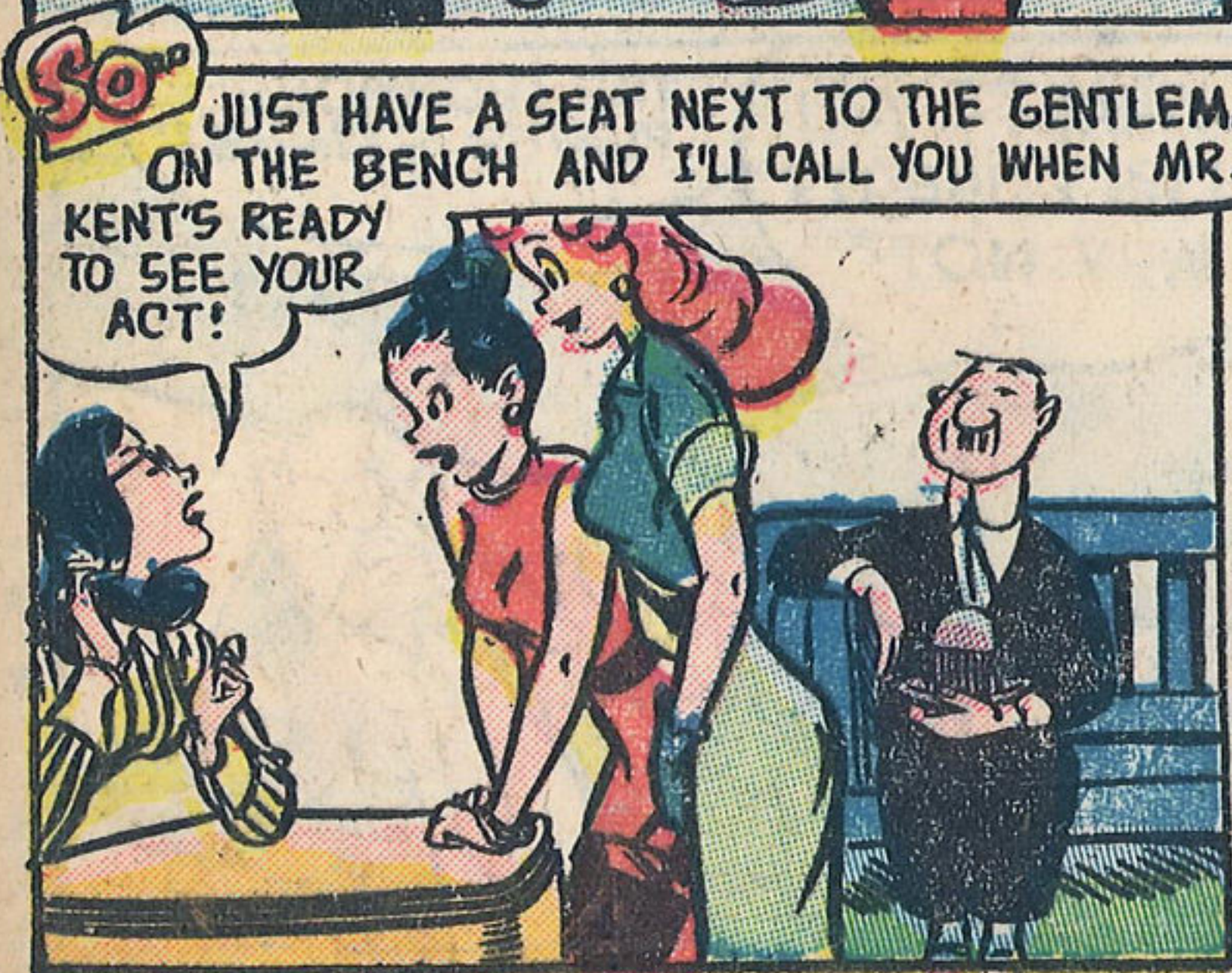
YEAH ---BUT---BUT---

YEAH, BUT **NOTHING!** THIS IS **FIVE BUCKS**, DOTTY! IT'S THE FIRST PIECE OF LUCK WE'VE HAD! AND IT GIVES ME AN **IDEA!**



LOOK, WE'VE GOT BUS FARE NOW AND SOME MORE BESIDES, SO WHAT SAY WE GO SEE A BOOKING AGENT? **THAT'S** THE WAY TO GET IN SHOW BUSINESS!

HEY, SURE! IF YOU HAVE A GOOD ACT THEY'LL GET YOU A **JOB!**



So JUST HAVE A SEAT NEXT TO THE GENTLEMAN ON THE BENCH AND I'LL CALL YOU WHEN MR. KENT'S READY TO SEE YOUR ACT!



ALL RIGHT, MISS MARTIN, SEND IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF ACTS! I'LL LOOK AT THEM BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!

YES, SIR!



OKAY! YOU'RE FIRST, MISTER--- IT SAYS HERE YOU HAVE AN **ANIMAL ACT!** ANIMAL ACTS ARE **A DIME A DOZEN!**

NOT **MINE!** THIS IS **SENSATIONAL!** IT'LL PUT 'EM IN THE AISLES!



OKAY, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT! IF IT'S **SENSATIONAL**, I'LL BOOK YOU! YOU GIRLS SIT DOWN OVER THERE--- I'LL CATCH YOUR ACT NEXT!

YES, SIR!

PSST! WHERE'S HIS ANIMALS?



OKAY, BOYS! GET OUT AND I'LL GET YOUR THINGS READY!

MICE!



HERE, SIR, ARE THE ONLY TRAINED MICE IN THE WORLD WHO **PLAY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!** THEY'LL NOW PLAY FOR YOU!



I WENT WALKING DOWN BY THE RIVER---



HOLLY JUMPIN' CATFISH, DOTTY! MICE THAT NOT ONLY **PLAY MUSIC**, BUT ONE OF 'EM **SINGS!** THAT'S **SENSATIONAL!** **TERRIFIC!**



WELL, THAT'S IT, SIR! HOW ABOUT IT?

IT'S **TERRIFIC!** **SENSATIONAL!** AND **COLLOSAL!** BUT I CAN'T USE THE ACT!



WHAT?? YOU CAN'T USE IT? WHY NOT?

THE TROMBONE PLAYER **STINKS!**



OKAY, NEXT ACT!
--- HEY, THEY'RE
GONE!



IF HE WOULDN'T
BOOK **THAT** ACT,
OURS WOULDN'T
HAVE STOOD A
CHANCE!

IT'S **NO USE!** TELL YA WHAT...
LET'S GO OVER TO TOOTS SHOR'S
AND BLOW THE FIVE BUCKS FOR
LUNCH AND THEN GO GET A JOB
AT **MACYS!**

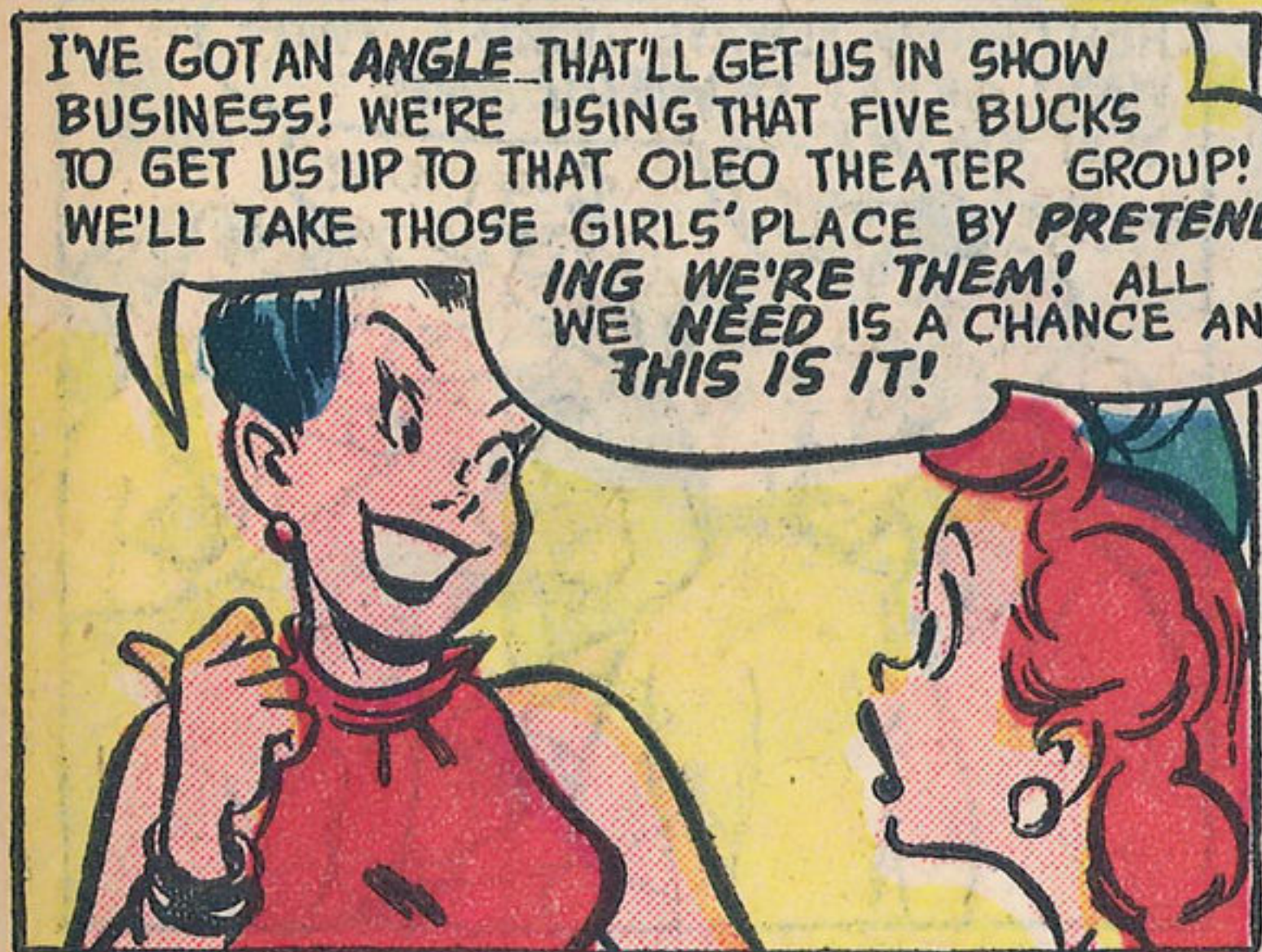


So... MARION! HELEN! PLEASE! I TELL
YOU IT'LL KEEP YOUR ACTING FROM
GETTING RUSTY, AND I PROMISED
THEM YOU'D DO IT! NOW FOR THE LAST
TIME, WILL YOU GO UP TO CAPE COD
AND DO SUMMER STOCK WITH
THE OLEO THEATER
GROUP?

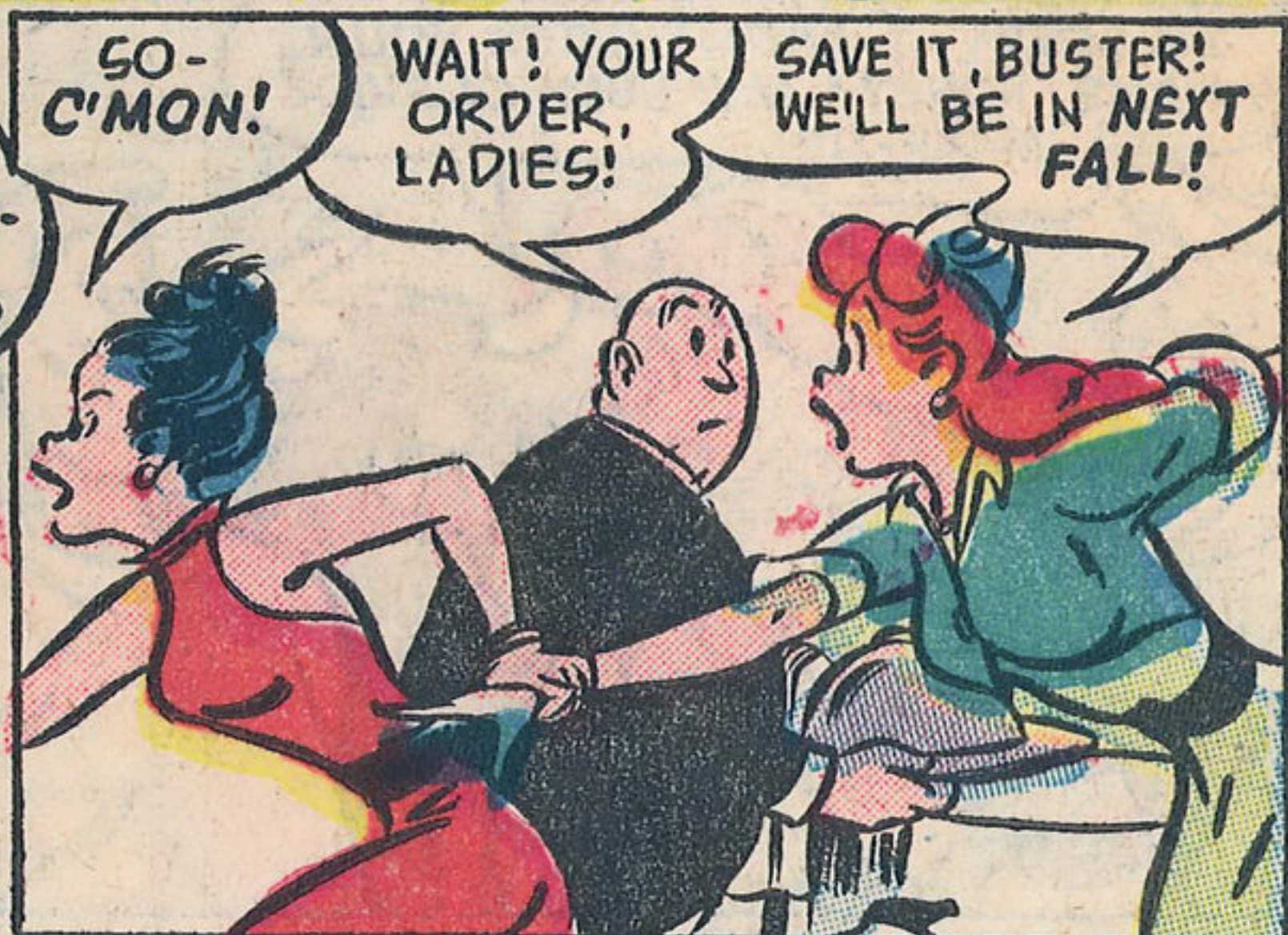
FORGET
IT, SAM!
WE'RE RESTING
TILL OUR NEW
PLAY OPENS
IN THE FALL!

DOTTY! DID YOU
HEAR THAT? I'VE
GOT IT!!

YOU'VE
GOT WHAT
??



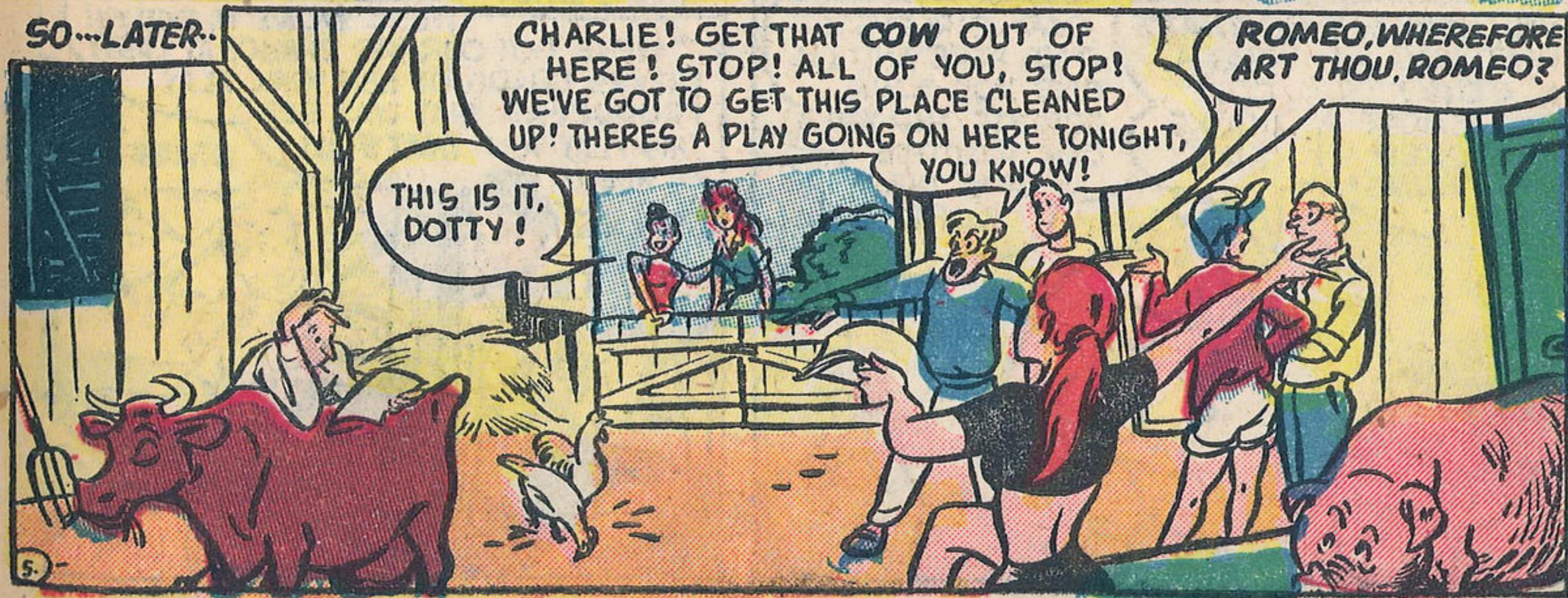
I'VE GOT AN **ANGLE** THAT'LL GET US IN SHOW
BUSINESS! WE'RE USING THAT FIVE BUCKS
TO GET US UP TO THAT OLEO THEATER GROUP!
WE'LL TAKE THOSE GIRLS' PLACE BY **PRETEND-**
ING WE'RE THEM! ALL
WE **NEED** IS A CHANCE AND
THIS IS IT!



GO-
C'MON!

WAIT! YOUR
ORDER,
LADIES!

SAVE IT, BUSTER!
WE'LL BE IN **NEXT
FALL!**

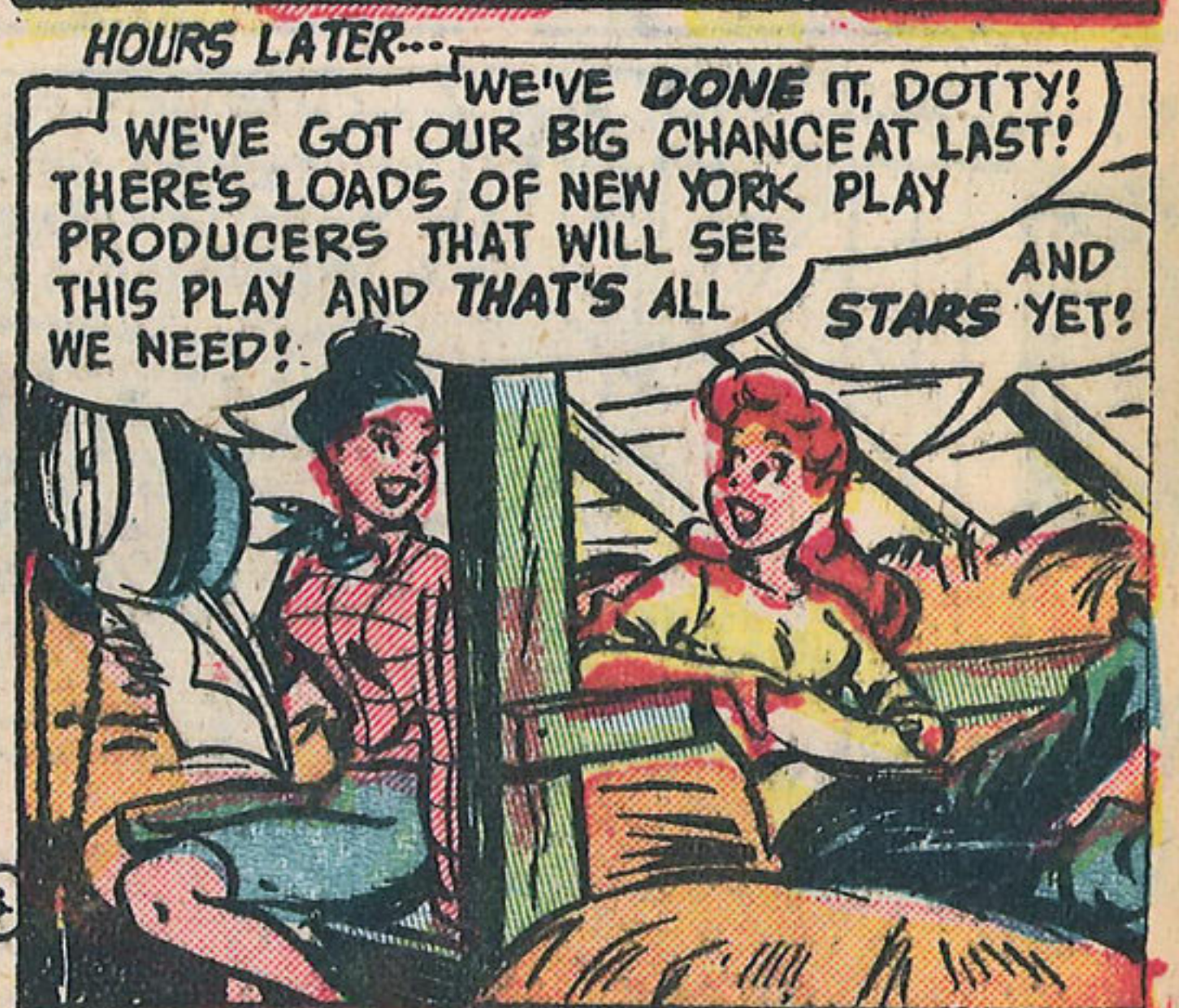
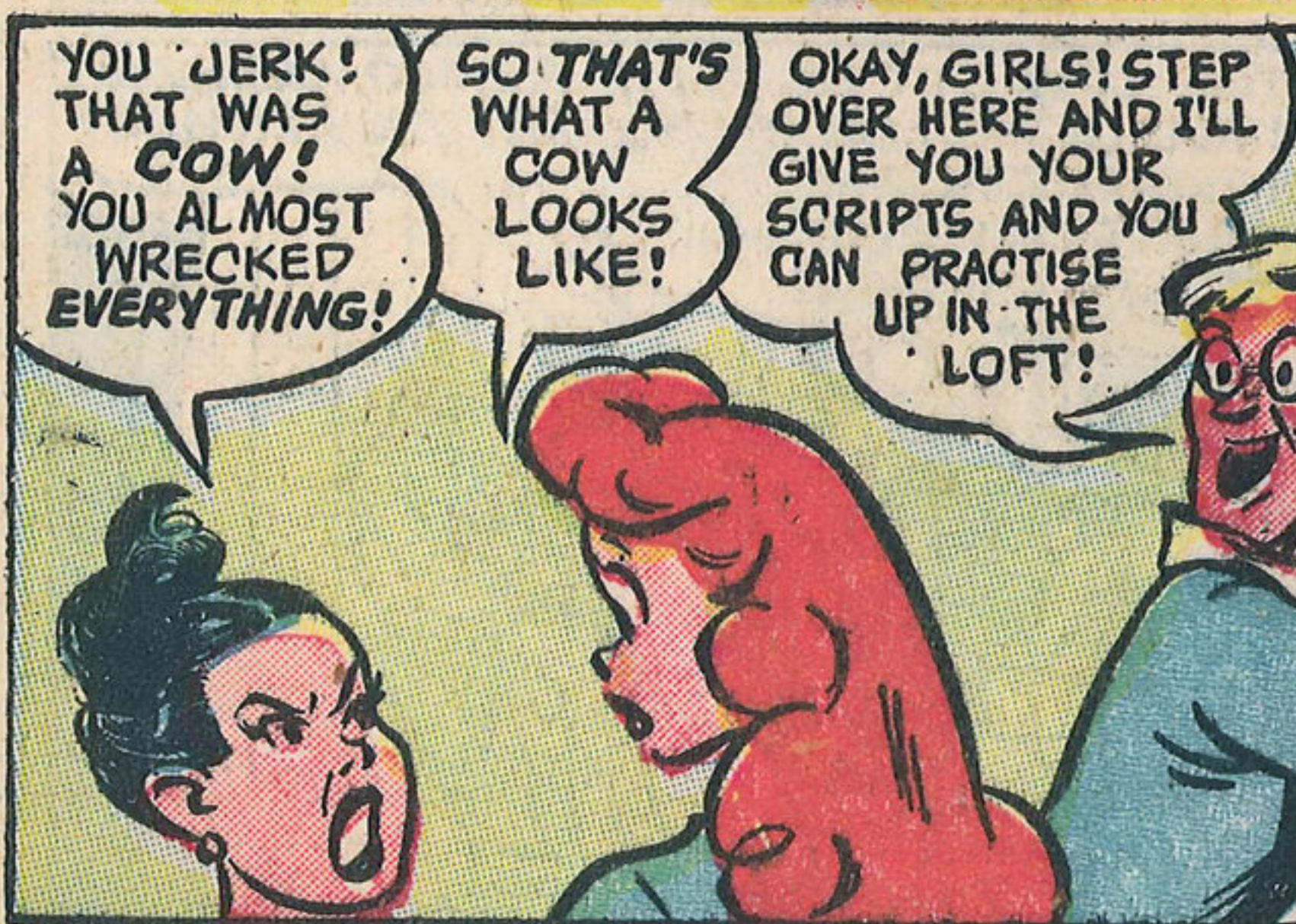
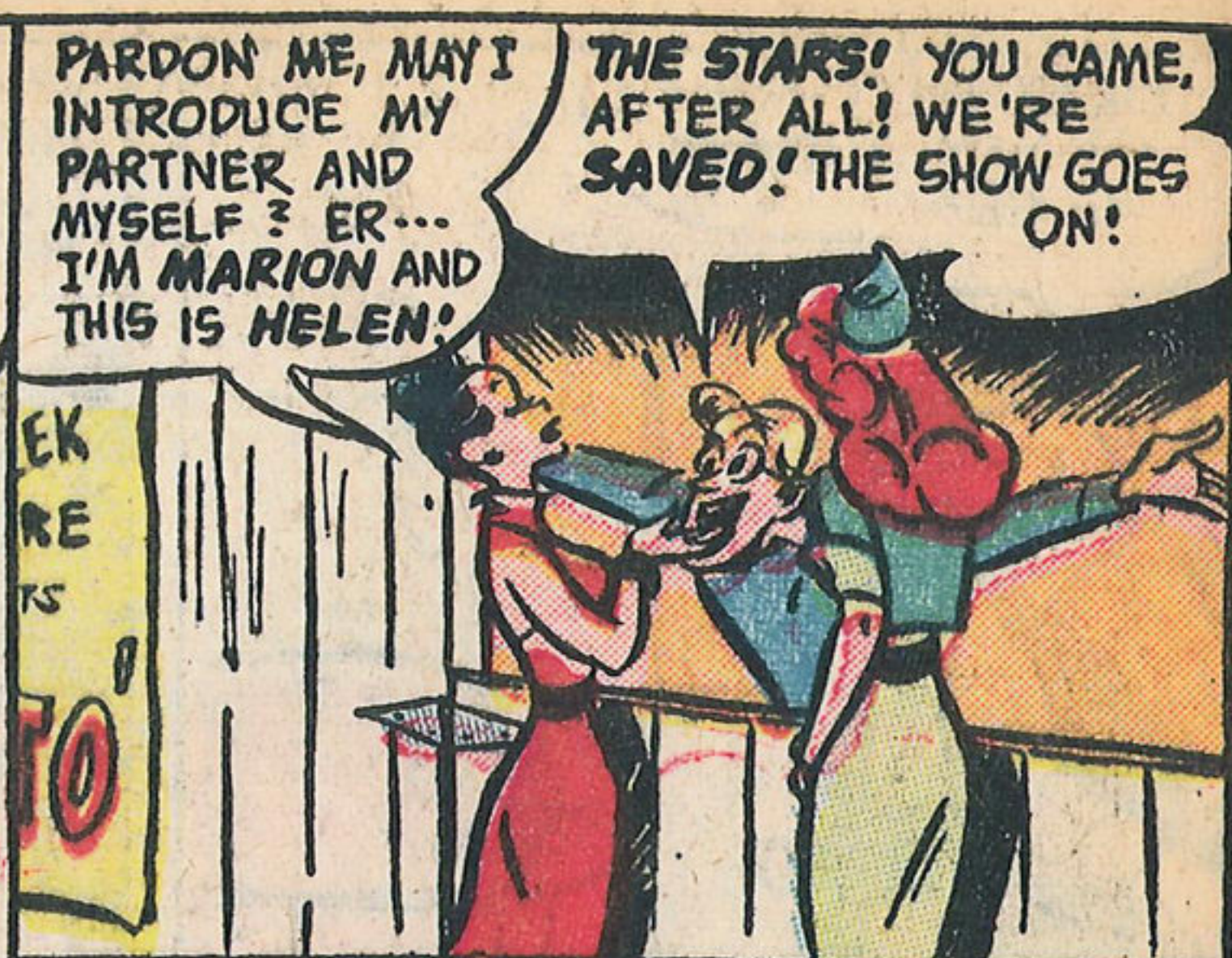
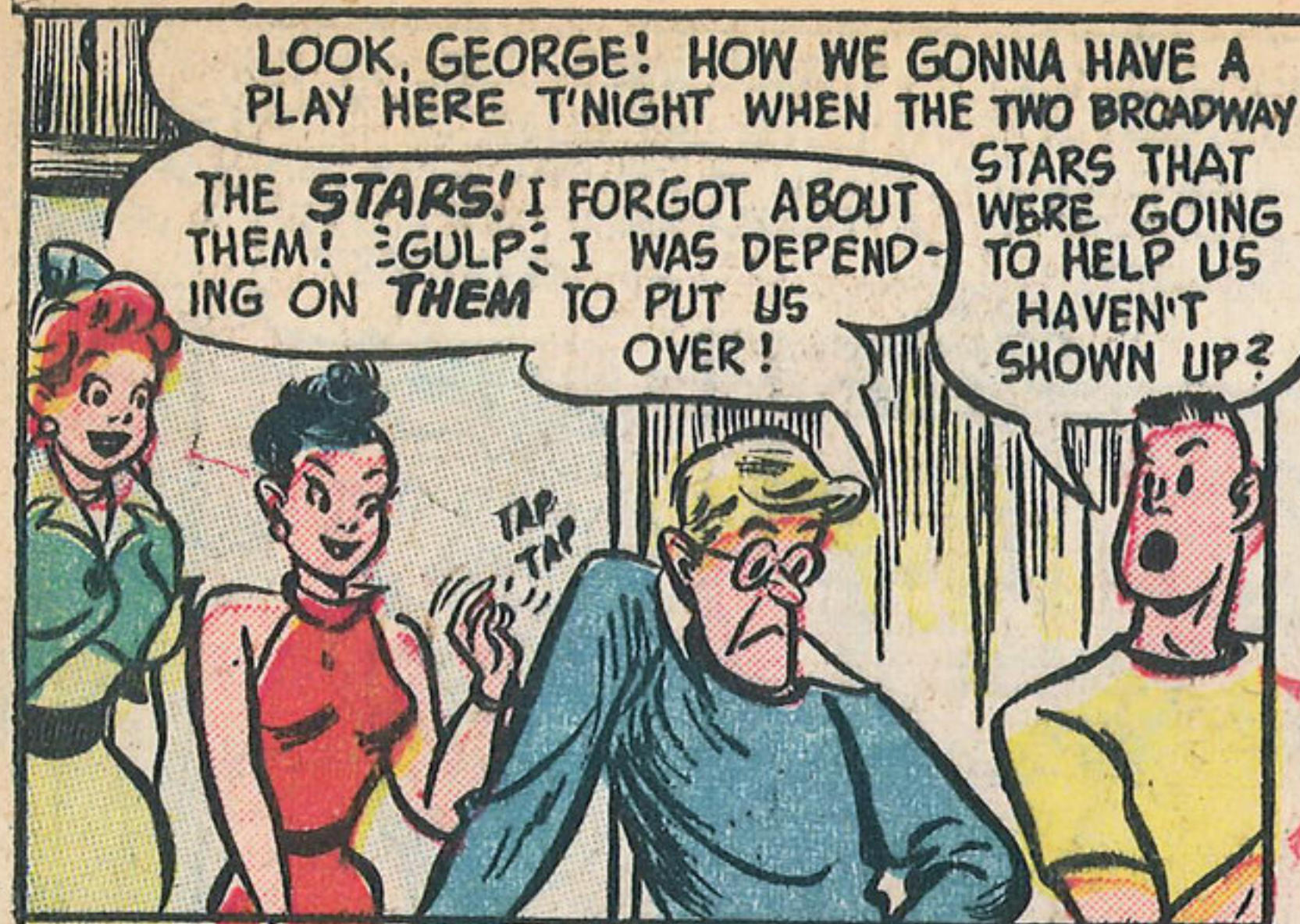


SO...LATER...

CHARLIE! GET THAT **COW** OUT OF
HERE! STOP! ALL OF YOU, STOP!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS PLACE CLEANED
UP! THERES A PLAY GOING ON HERE TONIGHT,
YOU KNOW!

ROMEO, WHEREFORE
ART THOU, ROMEO?

THIS IS IT,
DOTTY!



So, THAT NIGHT...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LITTLE OLEO
THEATRE NOW PRESENTS AN 18TH CENTURY

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS!
THE STORY OPENS IN
VERGALLES, WHERE
LOUIS XVI AWAITS
MARIE ANTOINETTE,
HIS QUEEN! THE
REVOLUTION IS
BREWING...

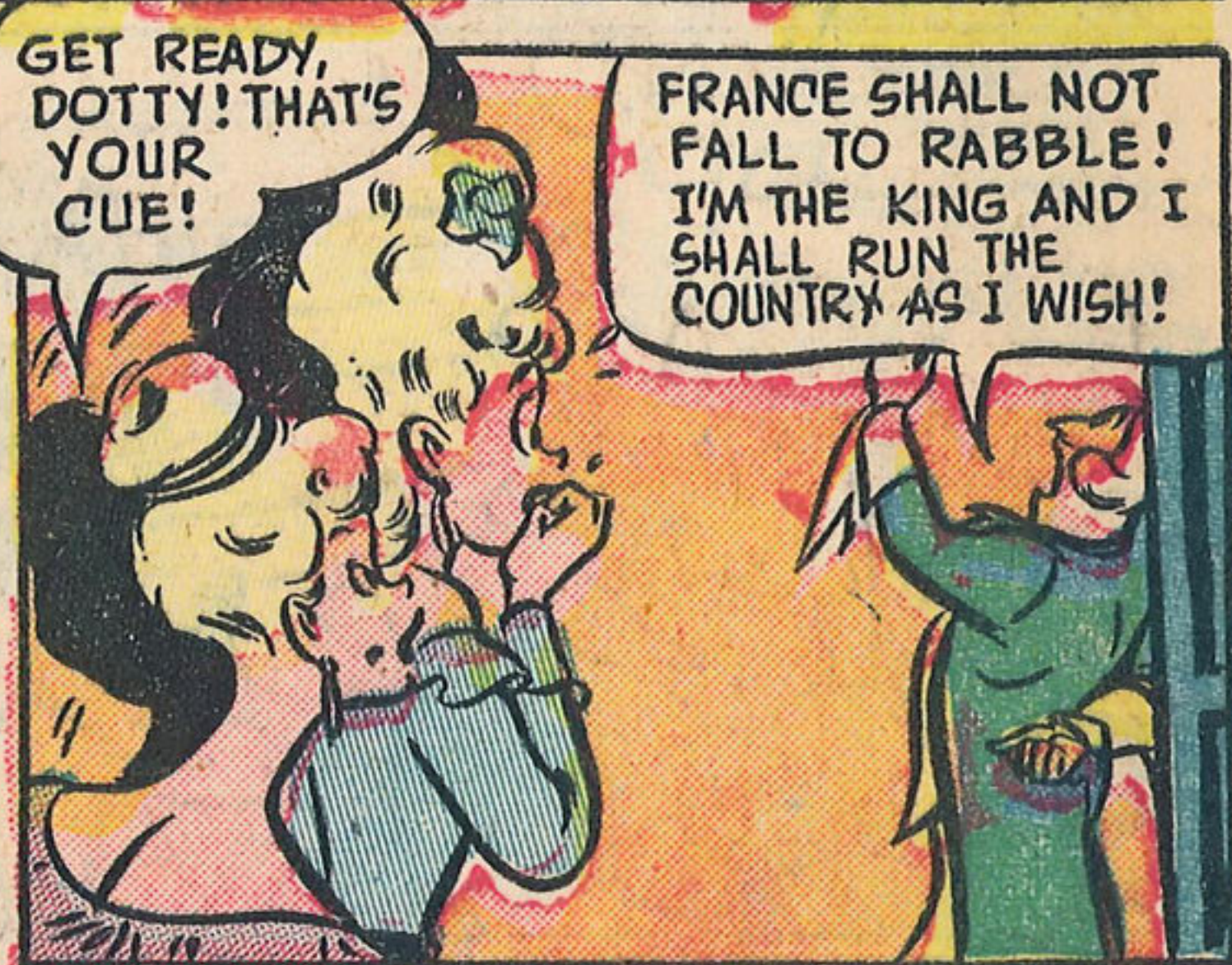


LACKEY, SEND
THE QUEEN TO ME
IMMEDIATELY!

OUI,
YOUR
HIGHNESS!

GET READY,
DOTTY! THAT'S
YOUR
CUE!

FRANCE SHALL NOT
FALL TO RABBLE!
I'M THE KING AND I
SHALL RUN THE
COUNTRY AS I WISH!



HERE COMES
THE QUEEN
NOW!

THAT'S IT! GET OUT
THERE!

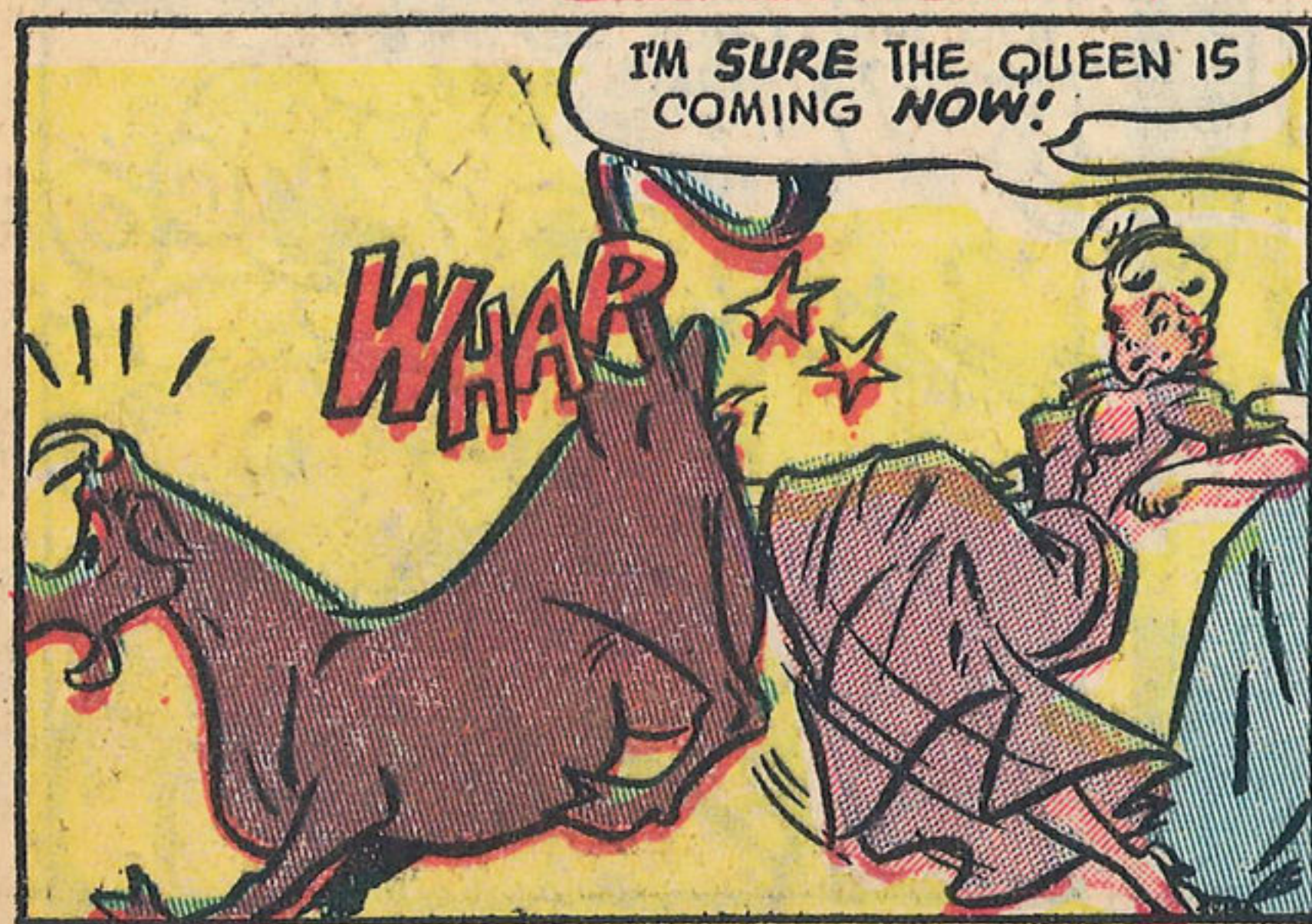
I CAN'T!
I'M
SCARED!

GET
OUT THERE!



NO! NO! I CAN'T!
I CAN'T!

HMMM!



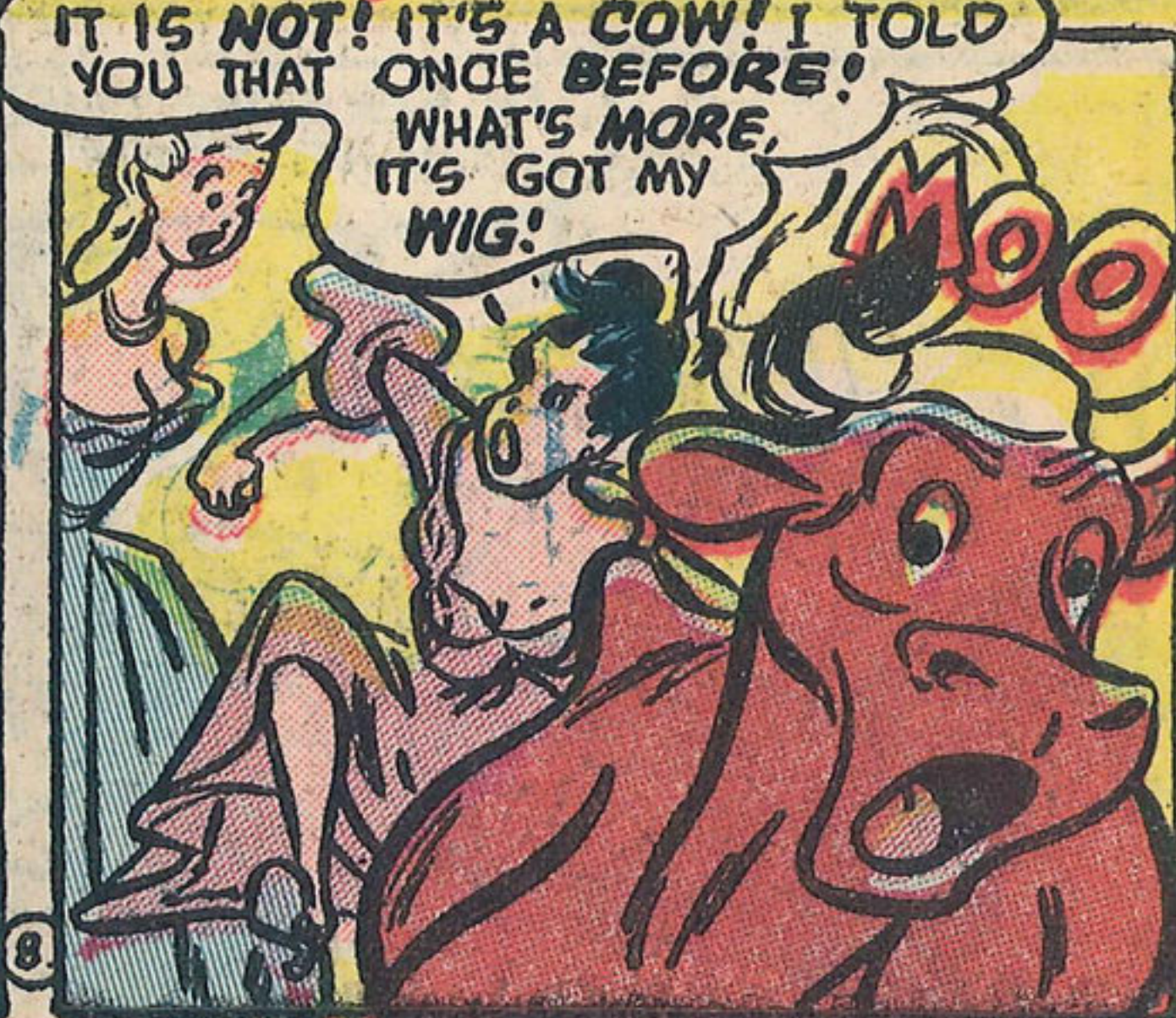
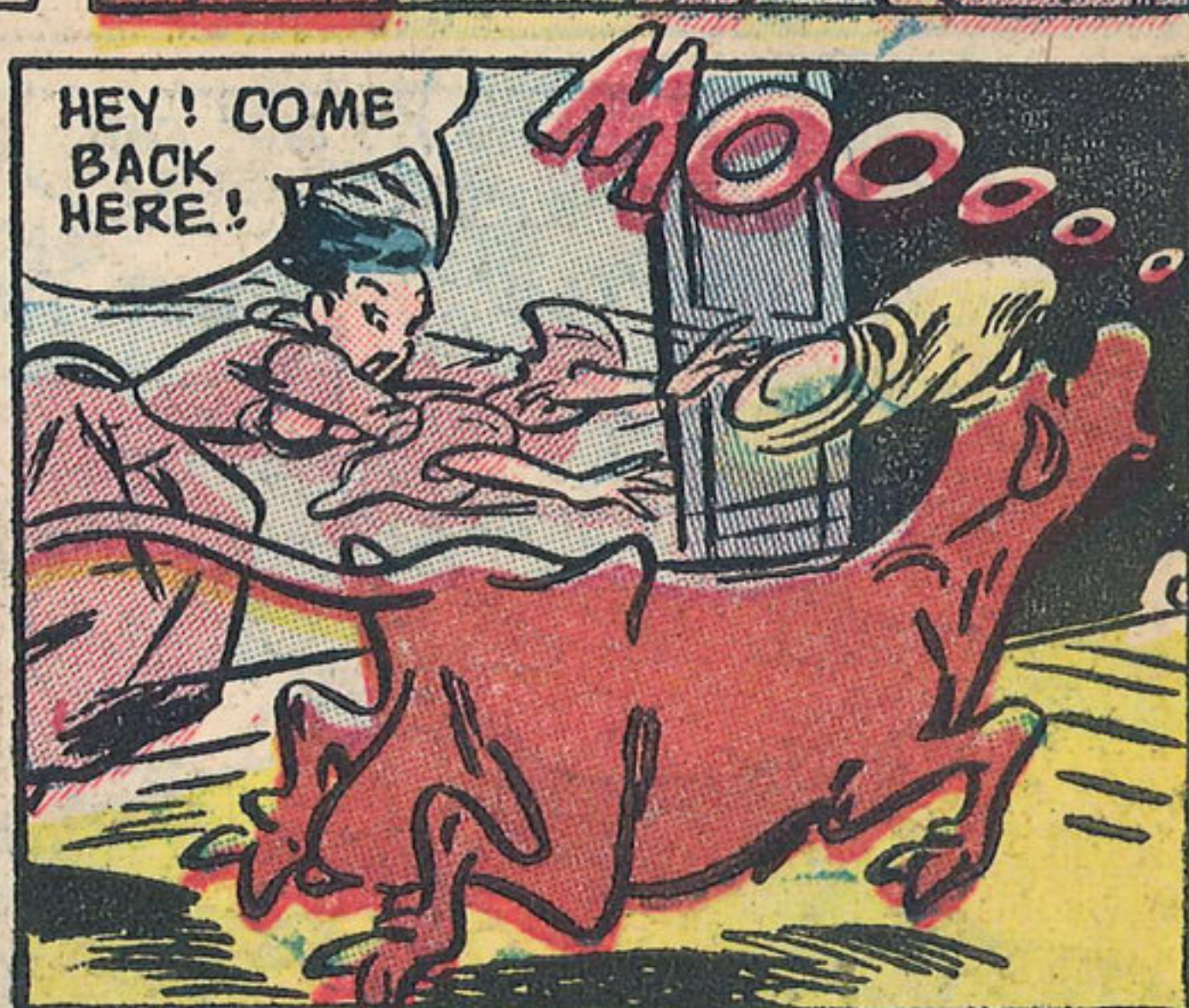
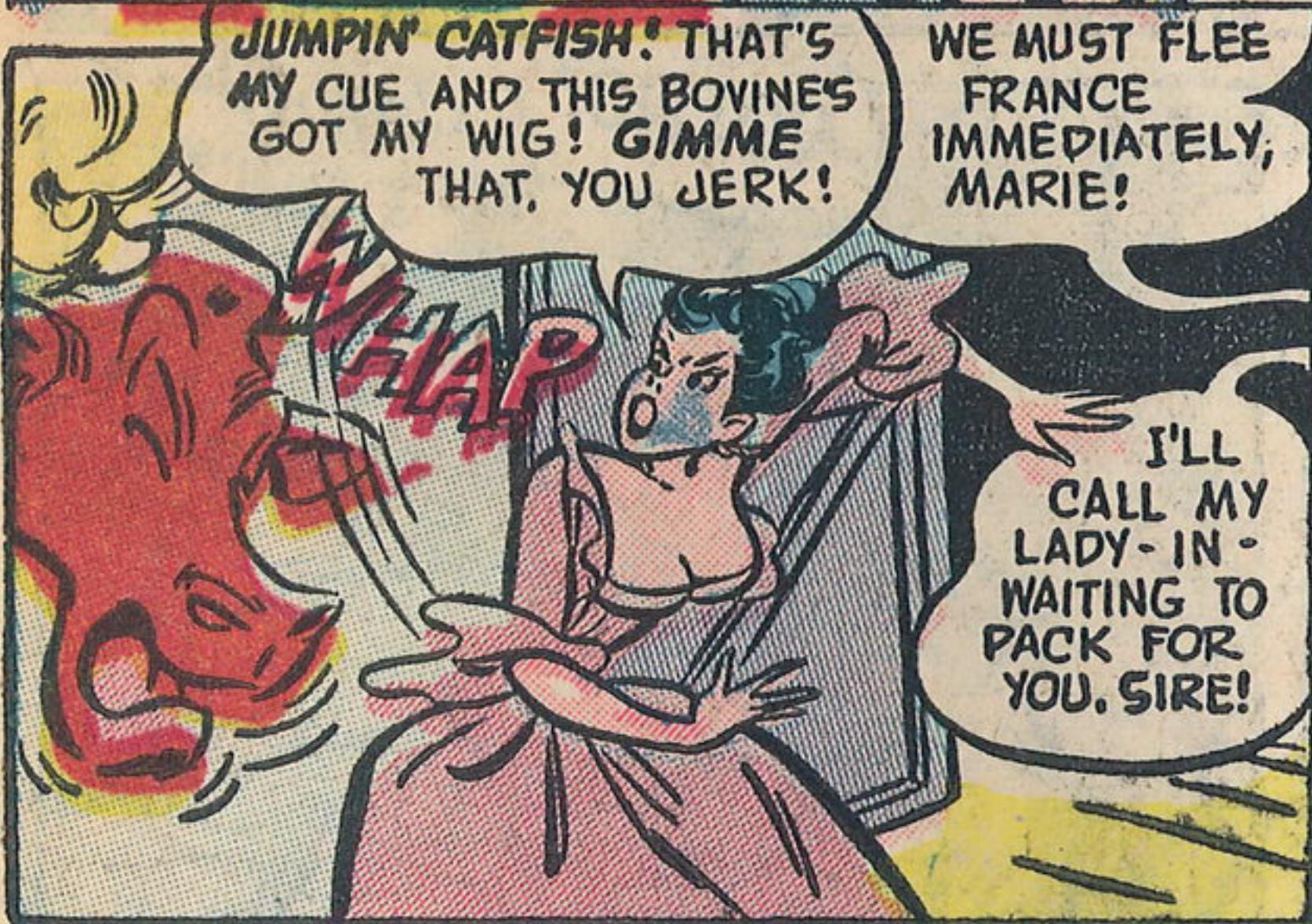
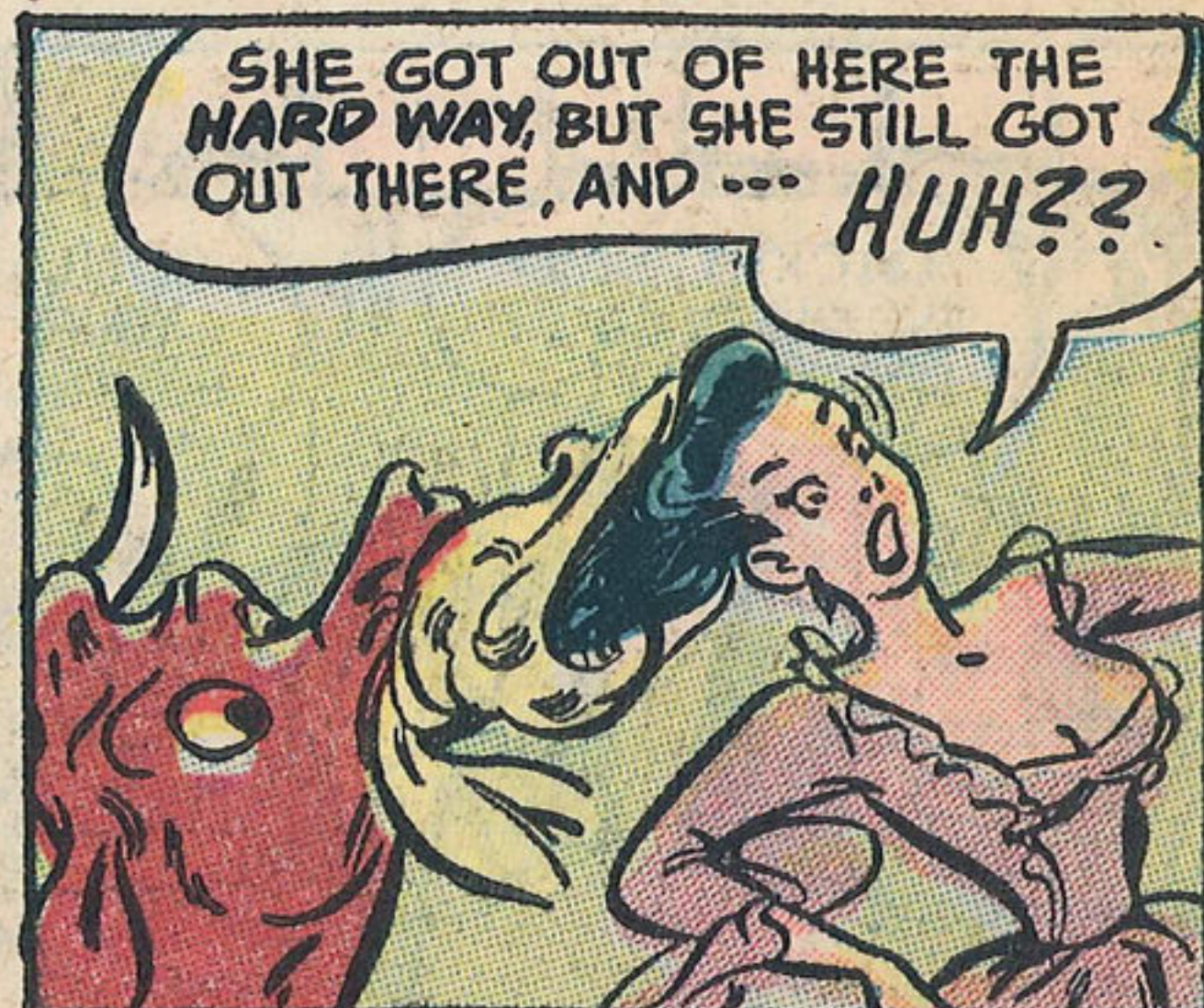
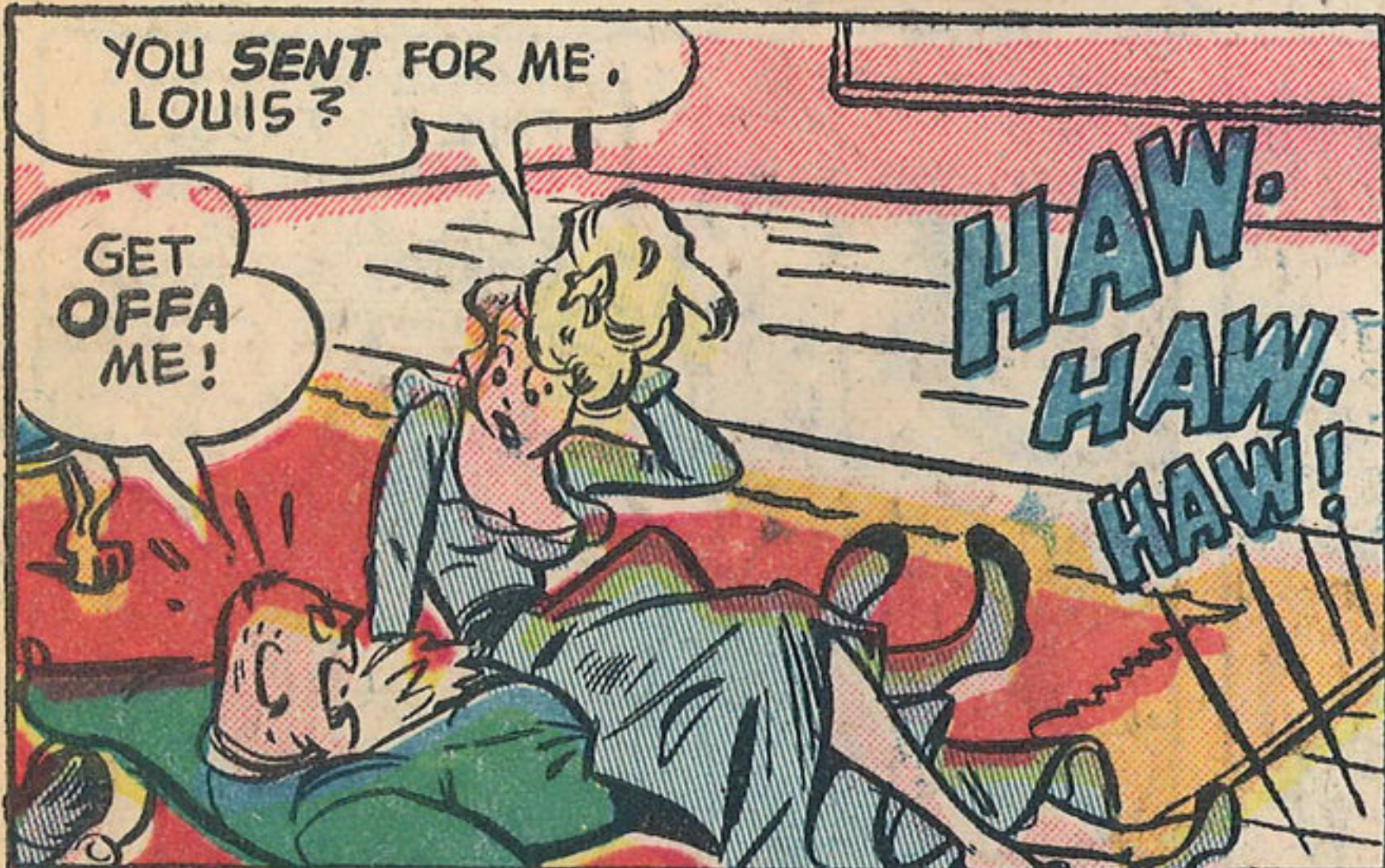
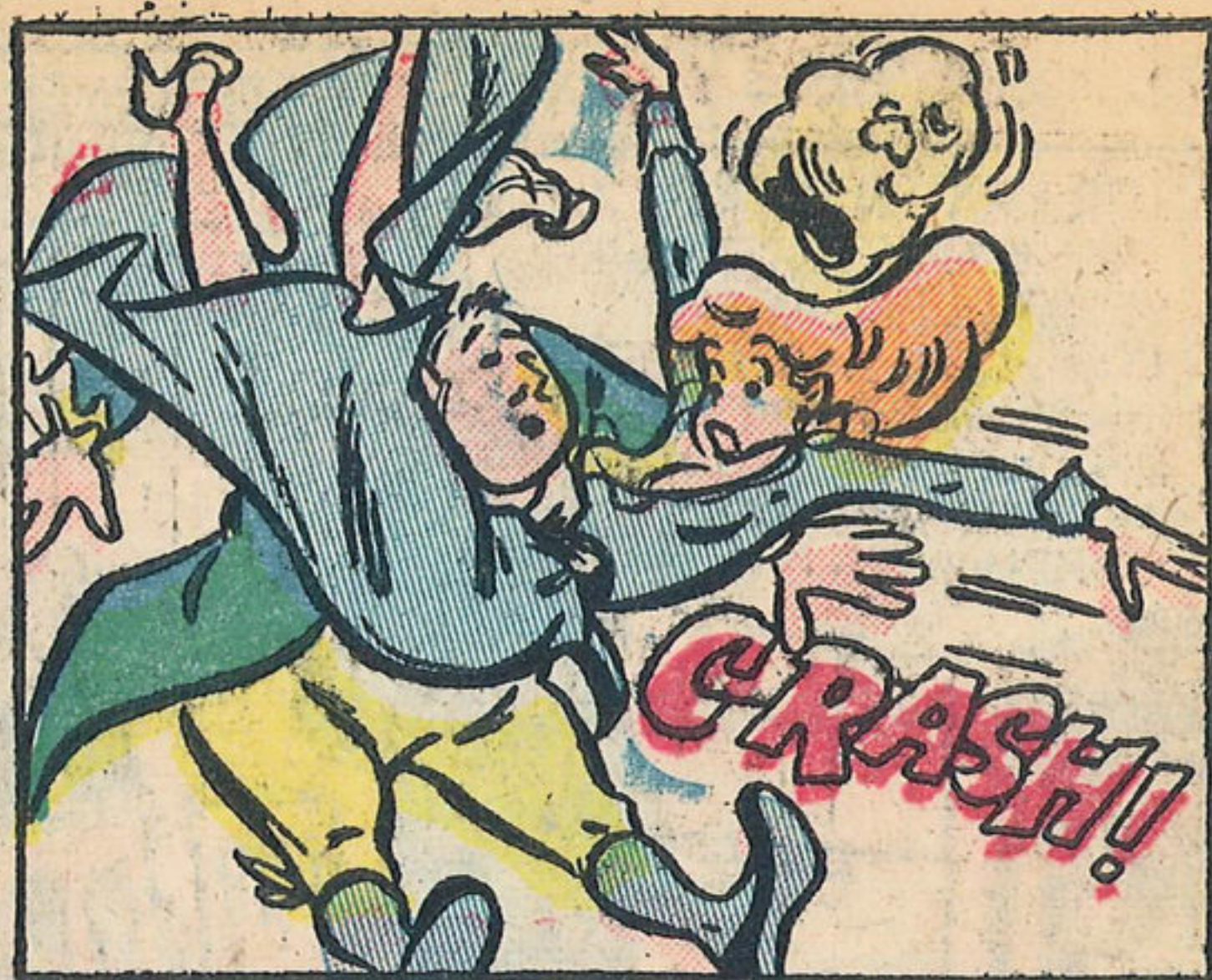
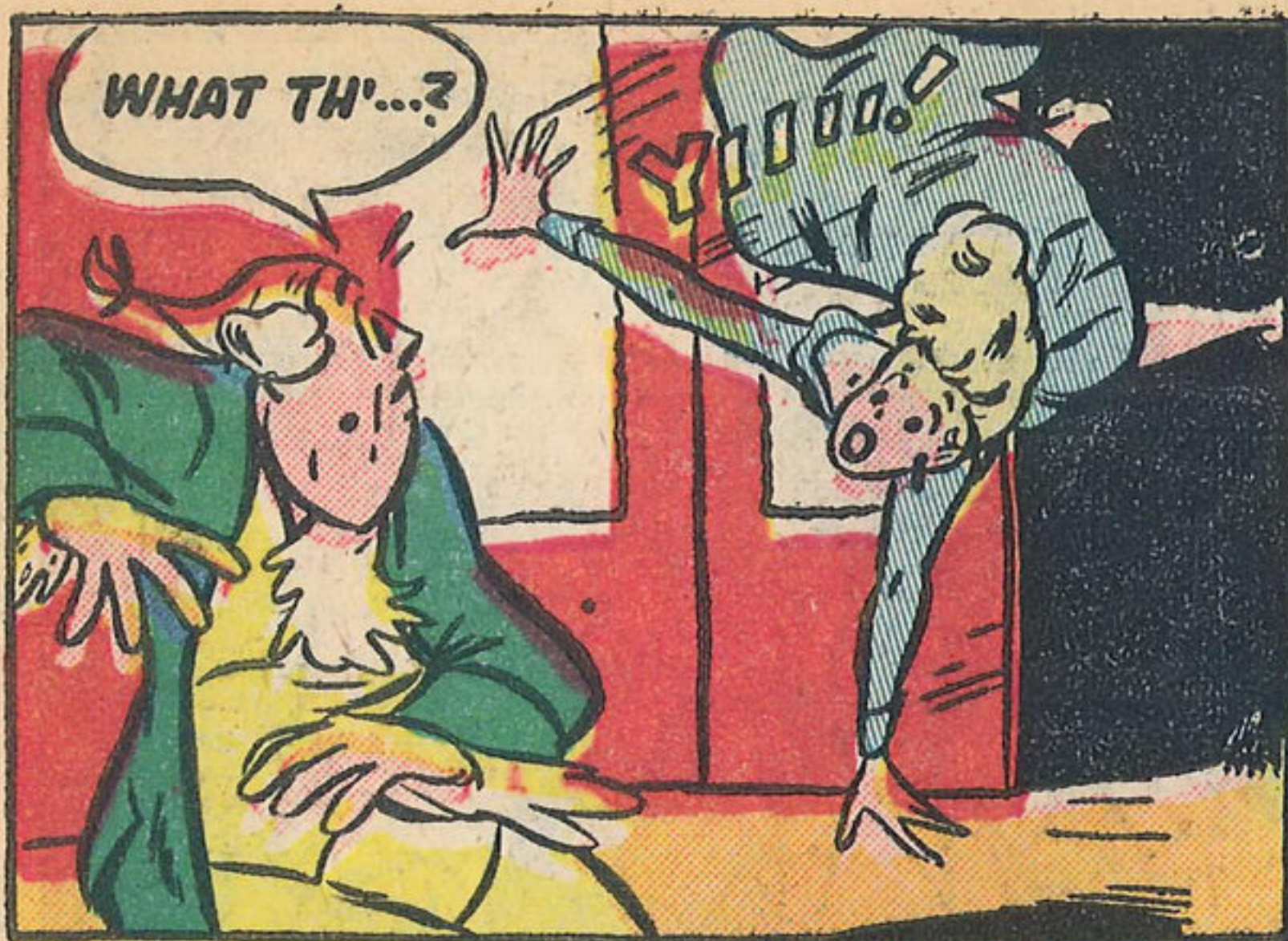
I'M SURE THE QUEEN IS
COMING NOW!

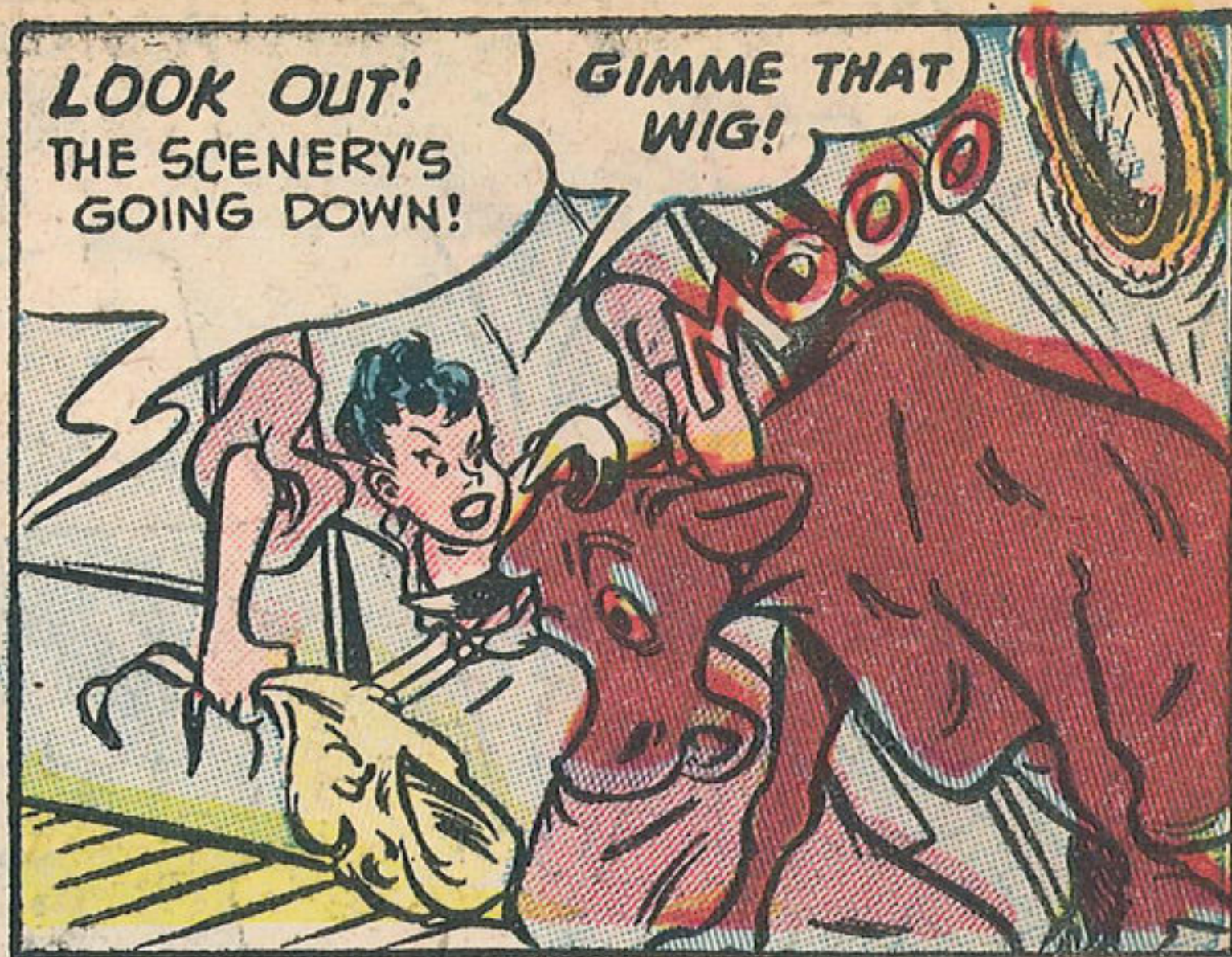
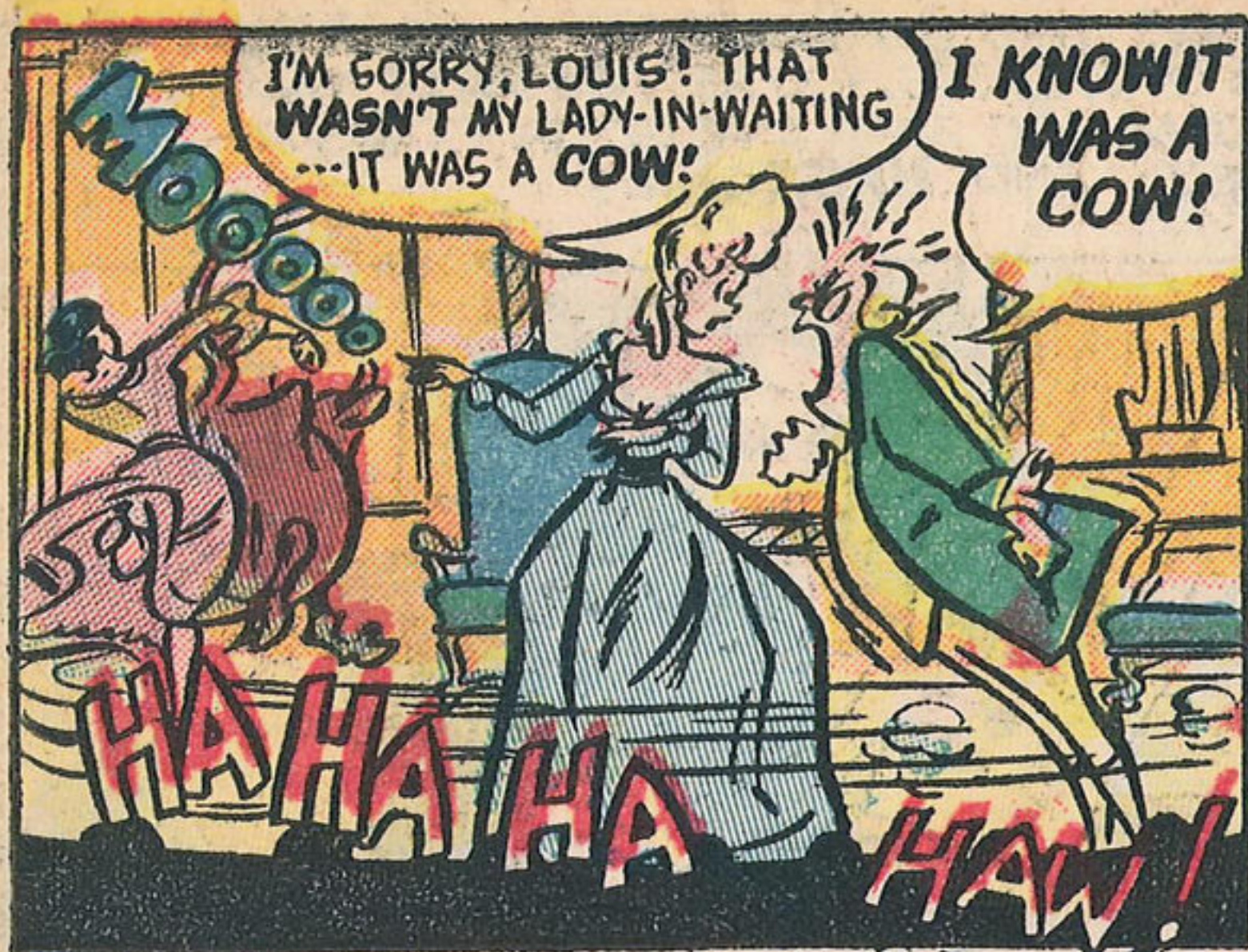
WHAP



YEOW!

WHAM





DAFFEY DOTY

OH, GOLLY! THIS IS **AWFUL!** IT SAYS IF YOU CAN'T TIE YOUR OWN SHOES, YOU'RE **TOO FAT!** THAT MEANS **I'M** TOO FAT! I'VE GOTTA GO ON A **DIET** AND **EXERCISE!**

So, for two weeks---

PUFF!
PUFF!

THIS MAKES 3 CRACKERS I'VE HAD TODAY! MAYBE I BETTER CUT DOWN A LITTLE!

Finally...

GOOD GRIEF! I'VE LOST 20 POUNDS AND I **STILL** CAN'T TIE MY OWN SHOES! THAT BOOK'S A **FAKE!** I'M GOING TO GET MY MONEY BACK!

So---

YOU LOST 20 POUNDS AND YOU **STILL** CAN'T TIE YOUR OWN SHOES? THAT'S **RIDICULOUS!** YOU CAN BEND OVER AND TAKE HOLD OF YOUR SHOE LACES AS EASY AS I CAN!

OF **COURSE** I CAN BEND OVER AND TAKE HOLD OF MY SHOE LACES!

ACME BOOK STORE

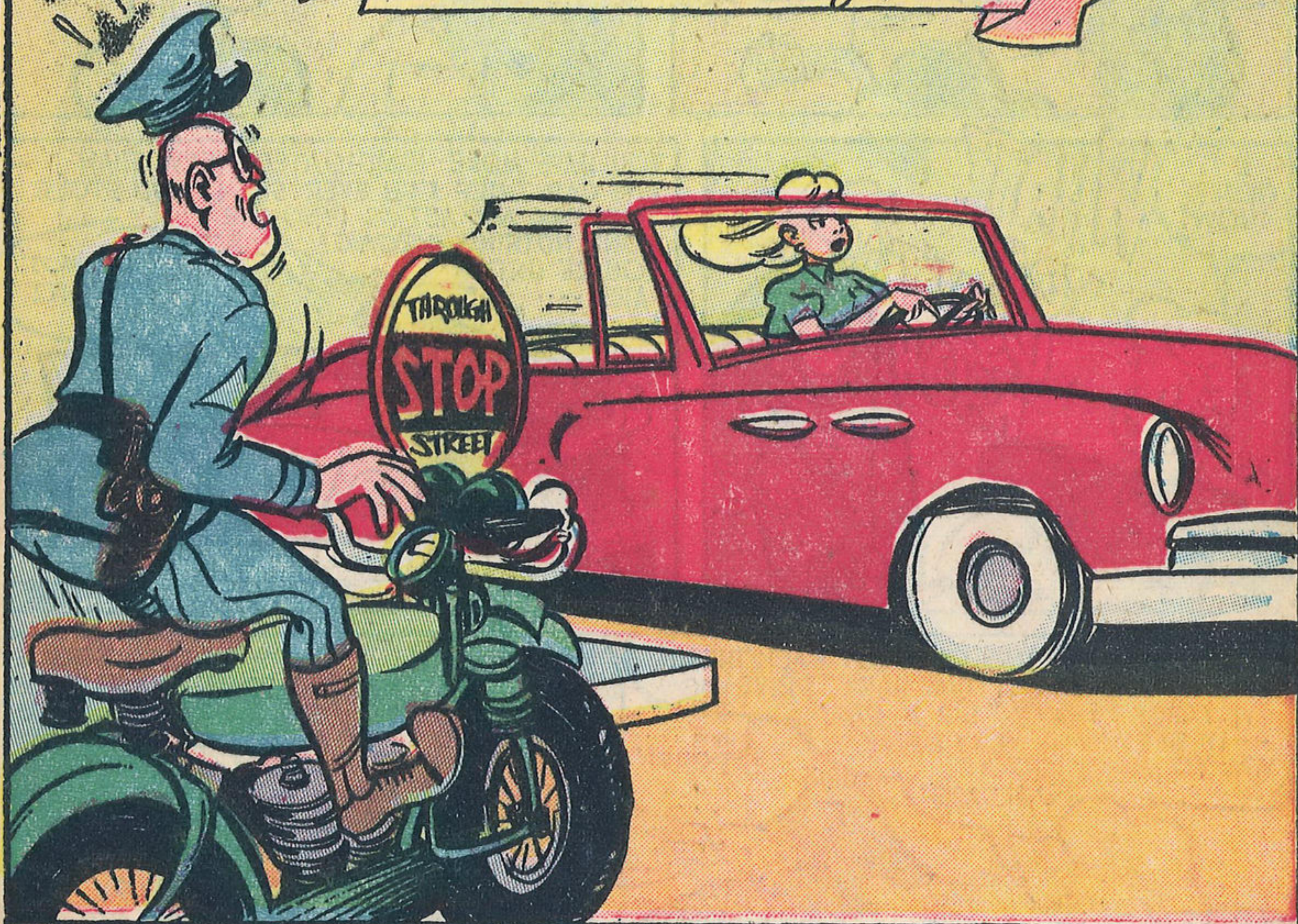
BUT I CAN'T TIE 'EM! I DON'T KNOW **HOW!**

ACME BOOK STORE

The End

MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT of 1953

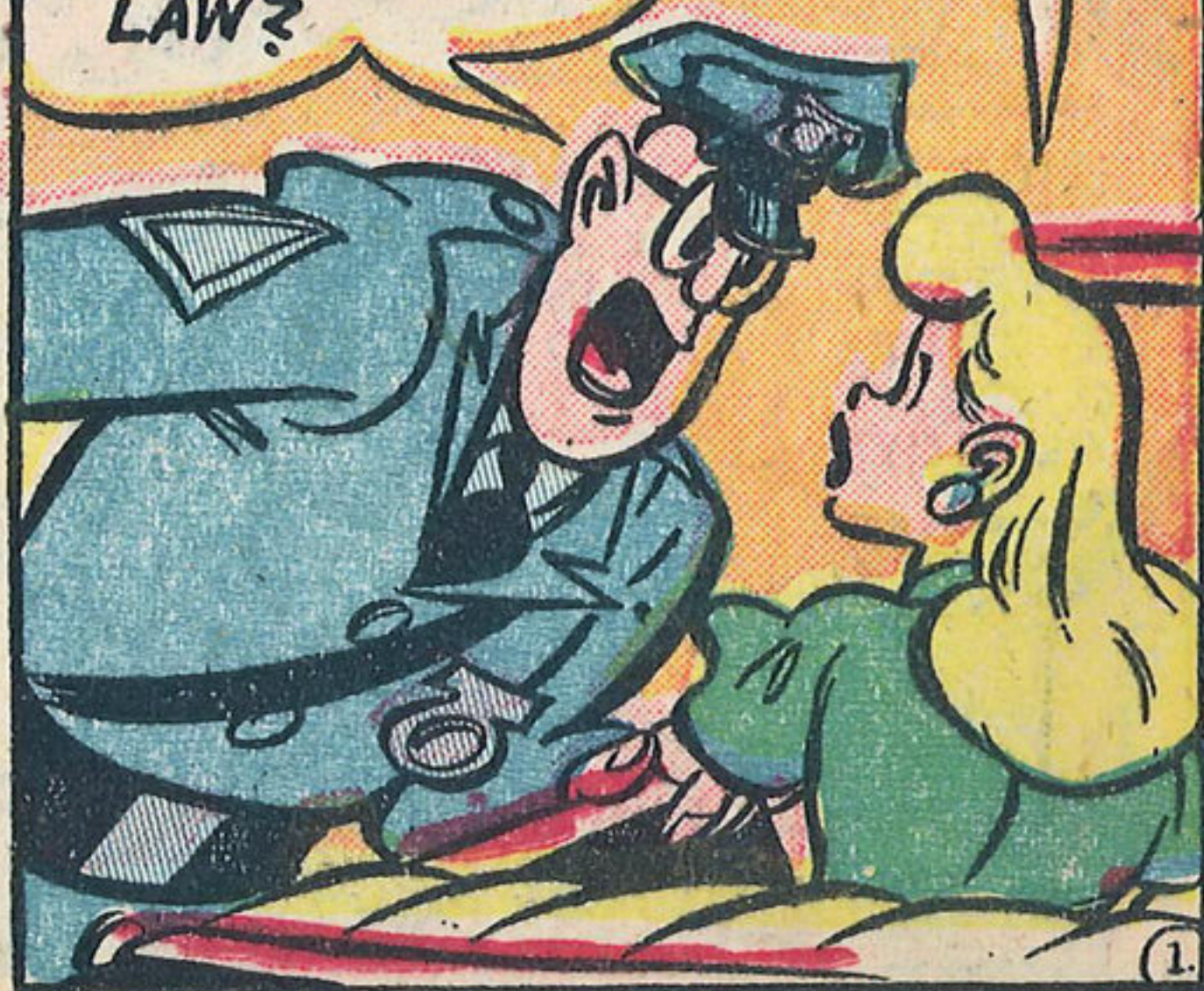


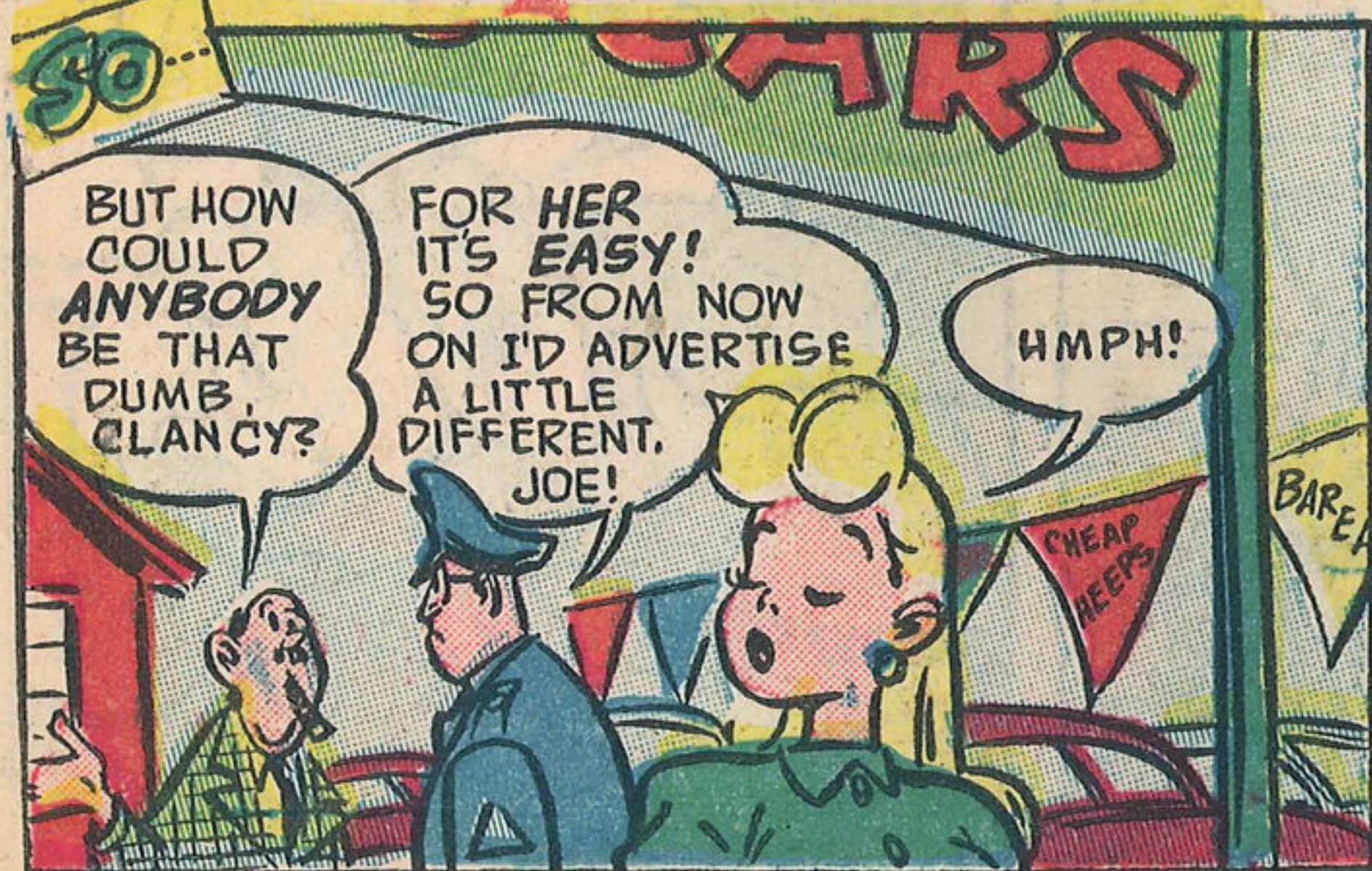
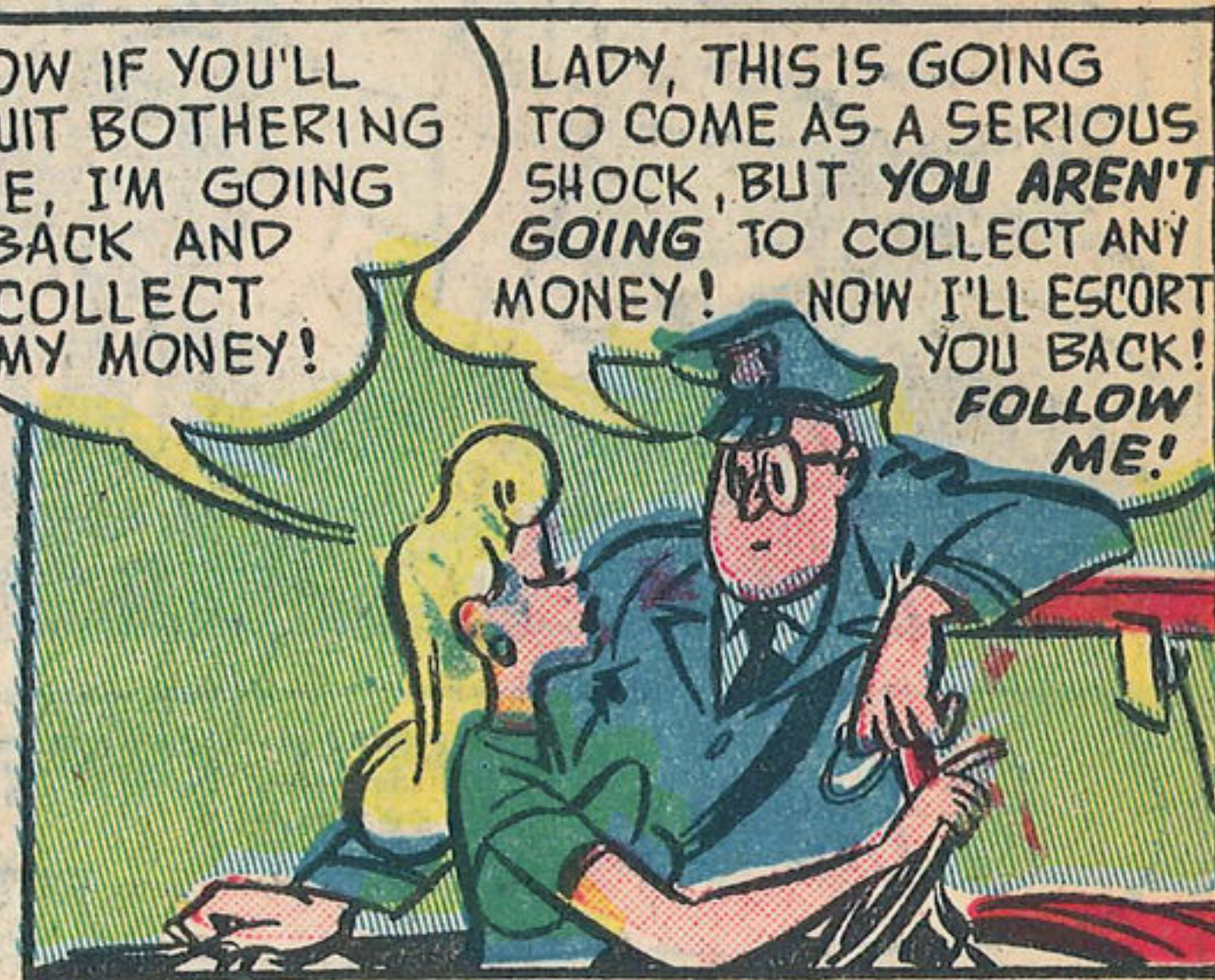
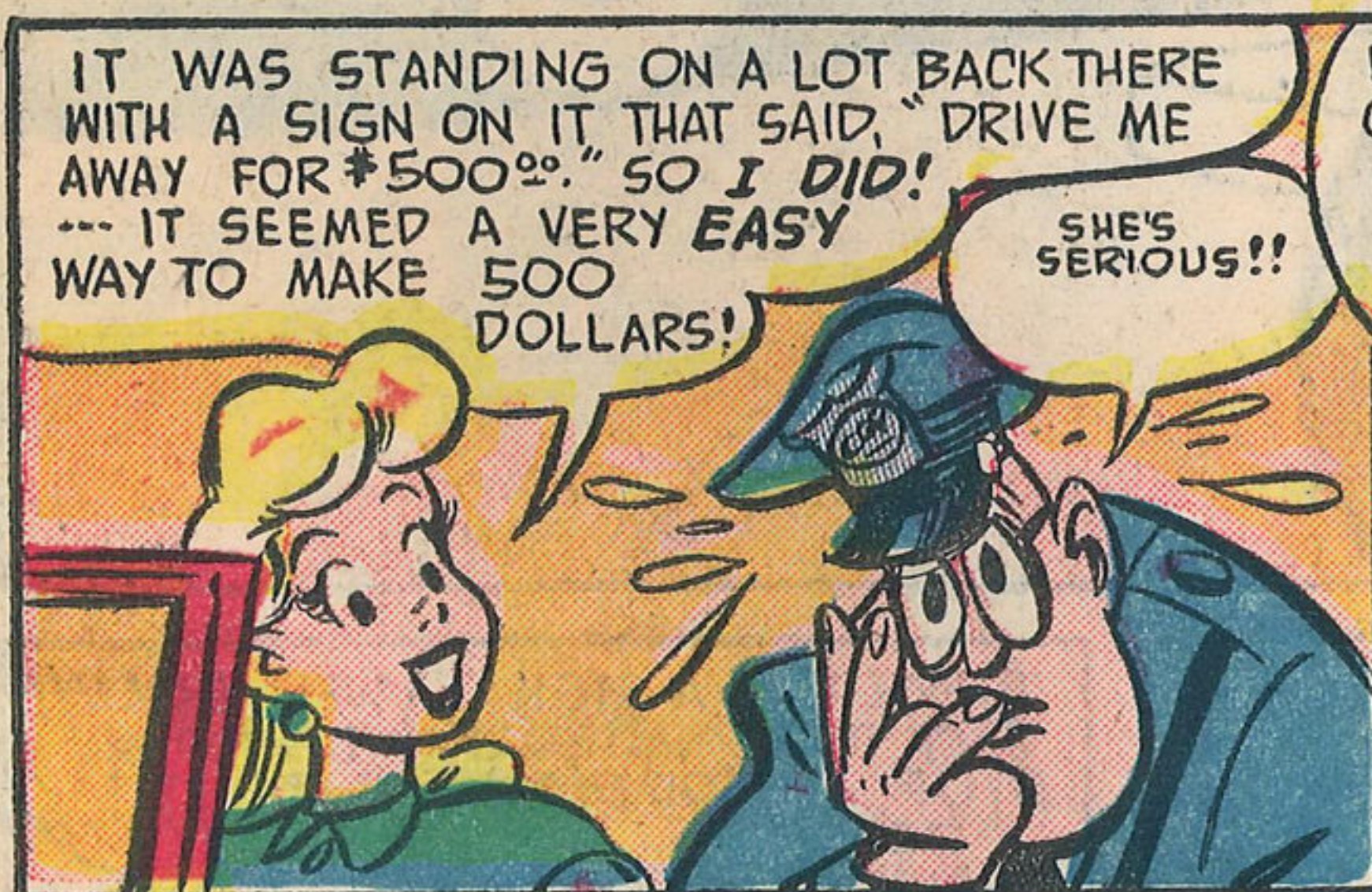
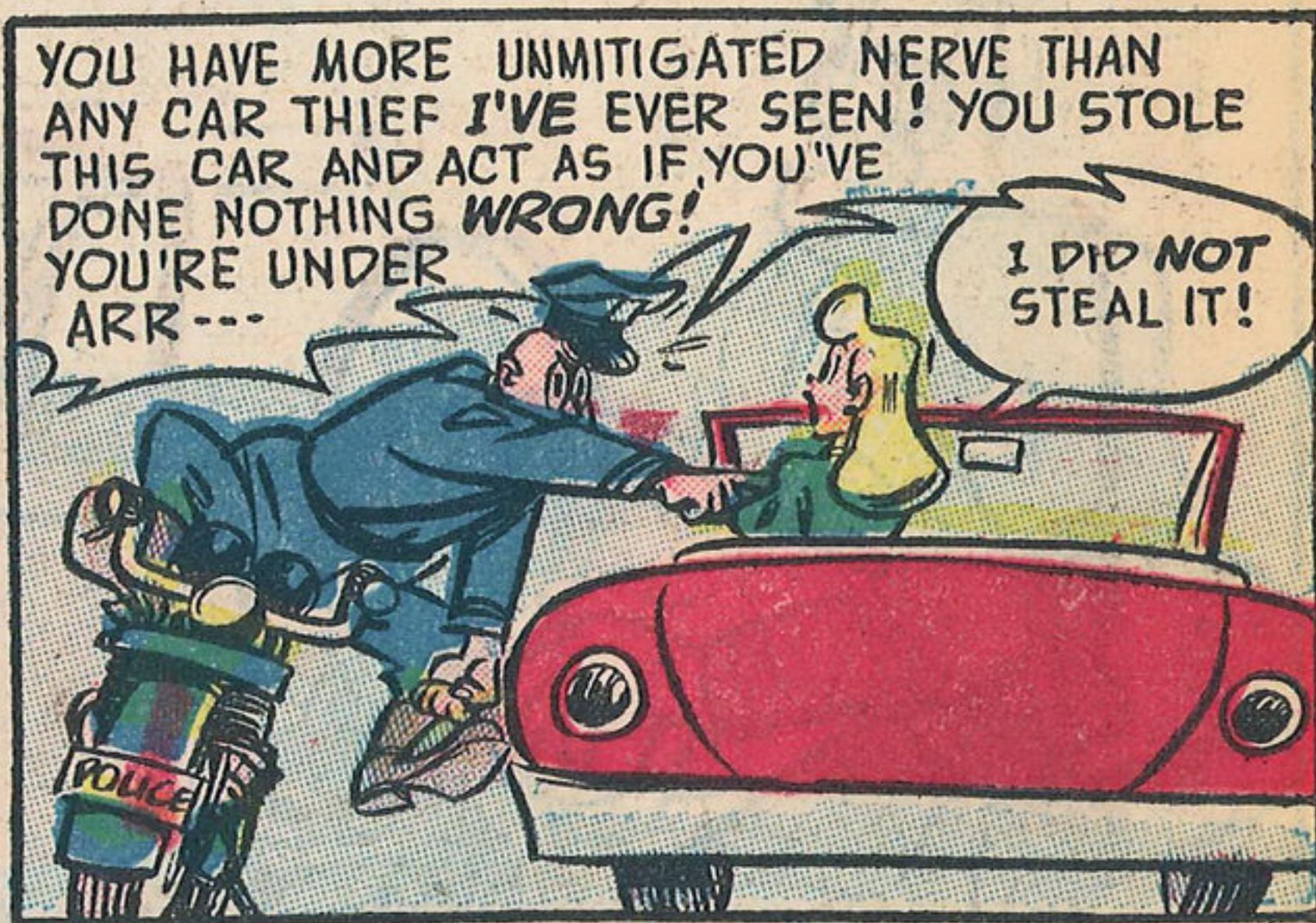
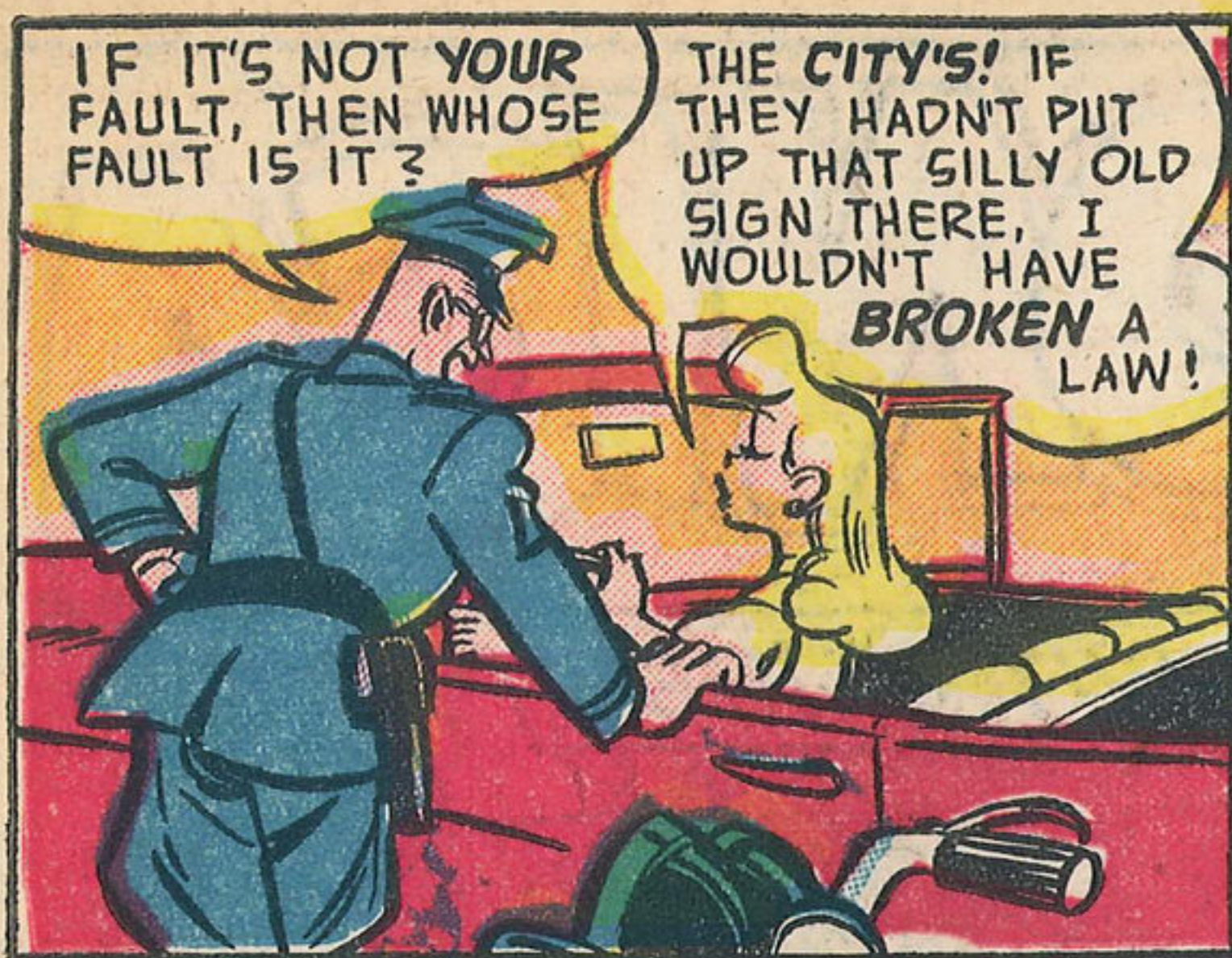
ALL RIGHT, PULL OVER
TO THE CURB, MISS!



THERE WAS A SIGN
BACK THERE THAT SAID
STOP, AND YOU DIDN'T!
DO YOU
REALIZE THAT'S
BREAKING THE
LAW?

WELL, GOLLY!
IT'S NOT MY
FAULT!

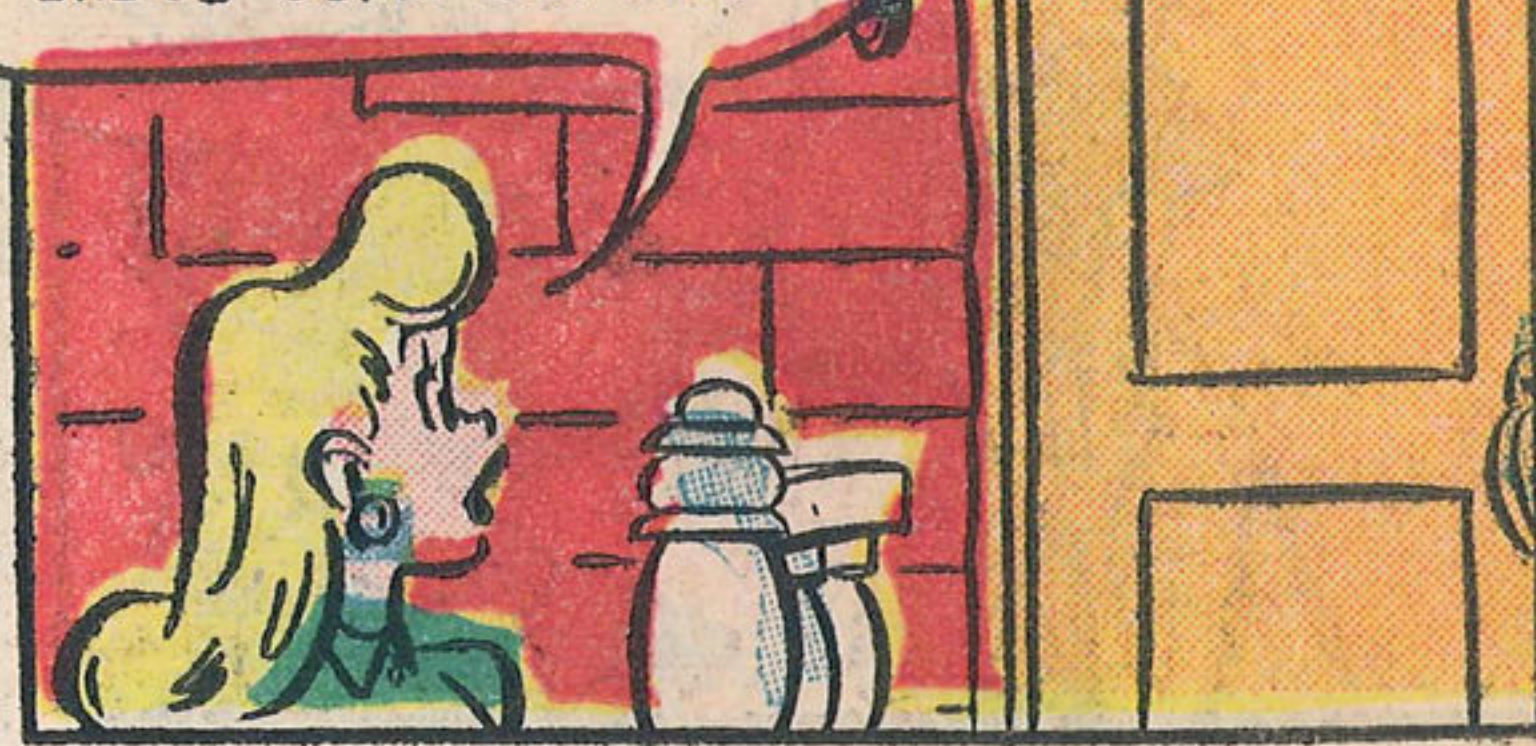




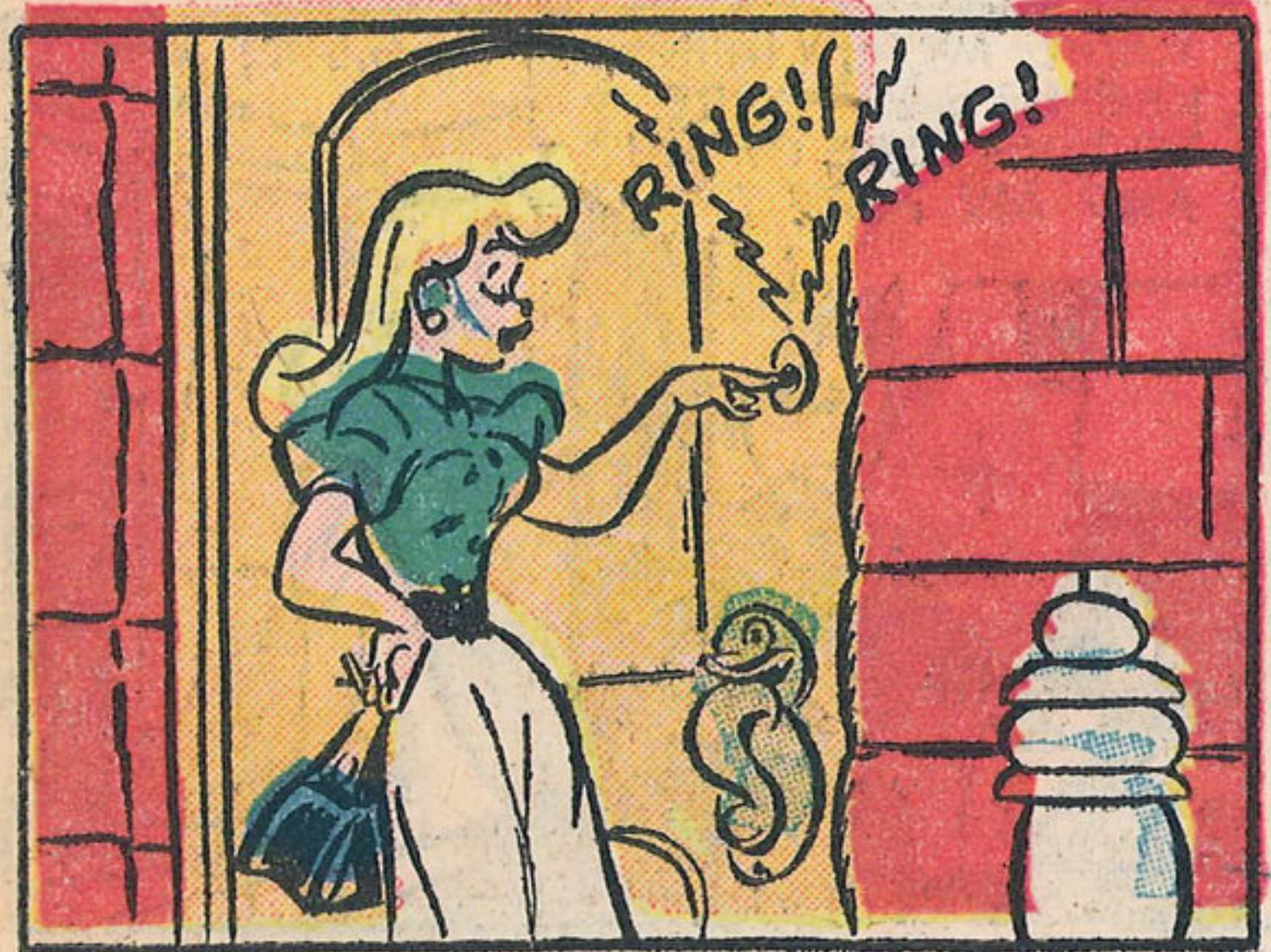
OH FINE! NOW HOW AM I GONNA GET HOME? I CAN'T TAKE A TAXI OR A BUS BECAUSE I DON'T OWN THEM!



I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! MAYBE THE PEOPLE IN THIS HOUSE WILL LET ME USE THEIR PHONE TO CALL AGNES! SHE'LL COME GET ME!

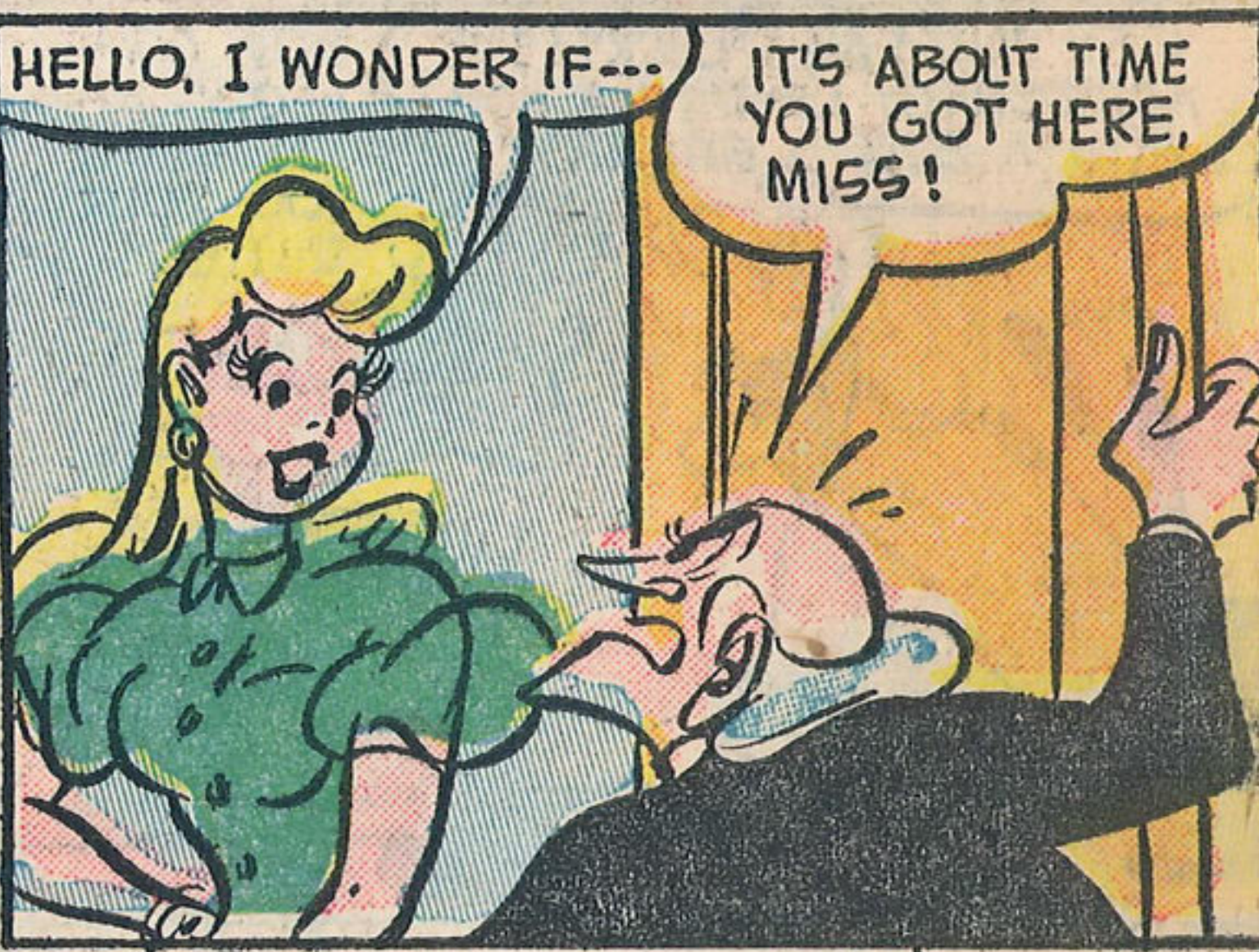


RING! RING!



HELLO, I WONDER IF...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, MISS!



GOLLY! YOU WERE EXPECTING ME?

OF COURSE I WAS EXPECTING YOU! COME IN! COME IN! I CAN'T STAND DRAFTS!



IF YOU WERE EXPECTING ME, YOU MUST BE A MIND READER!

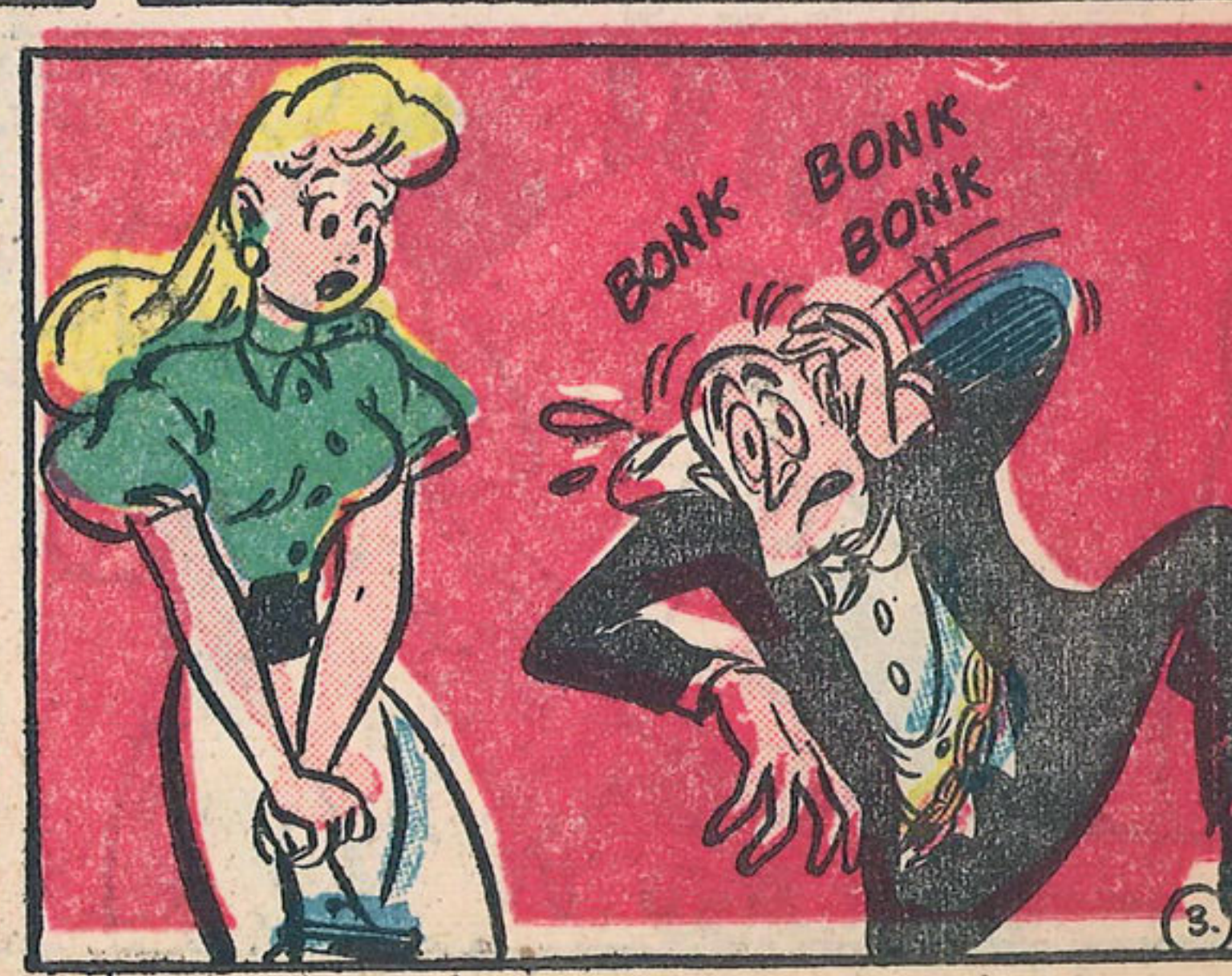
EH?

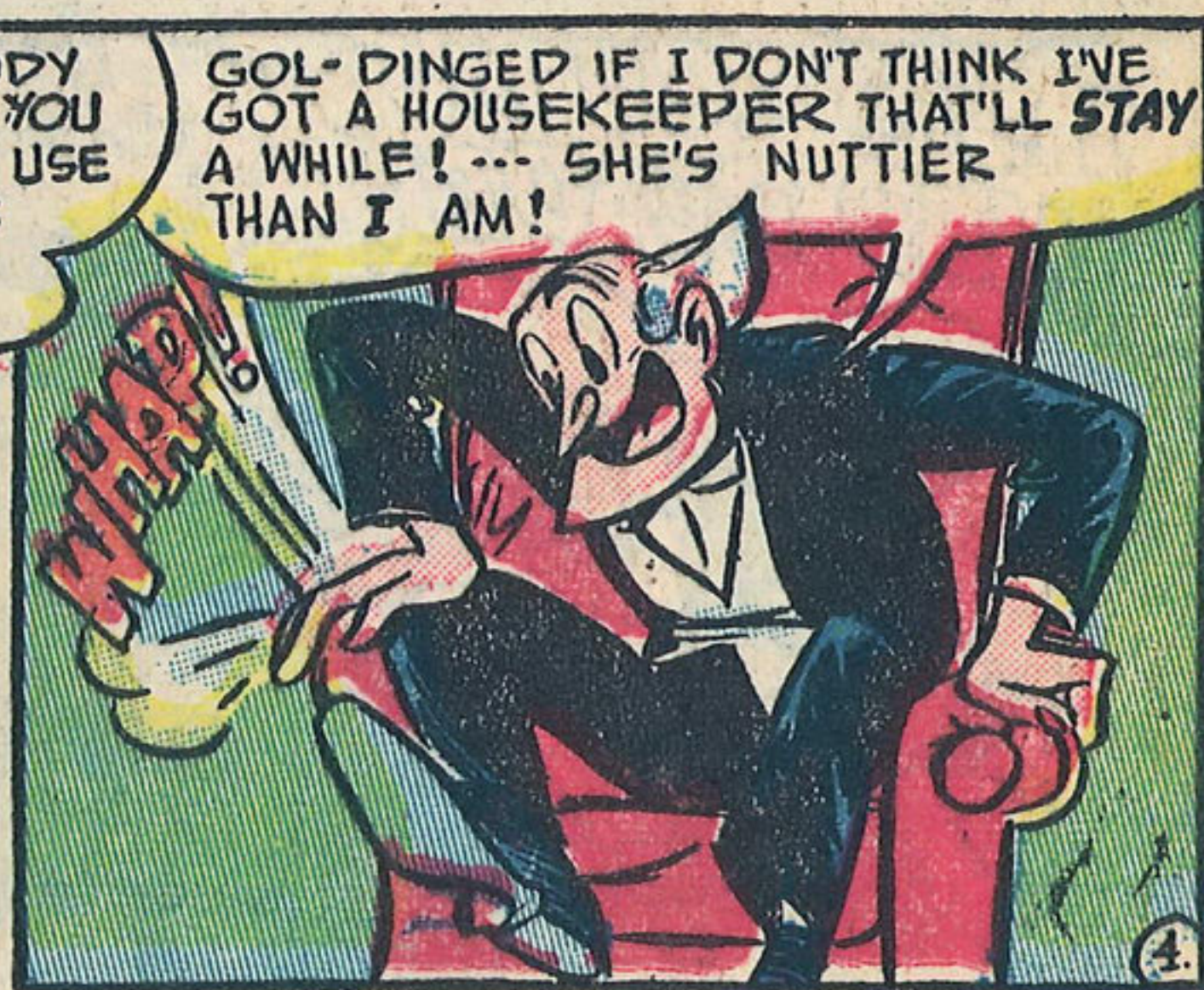
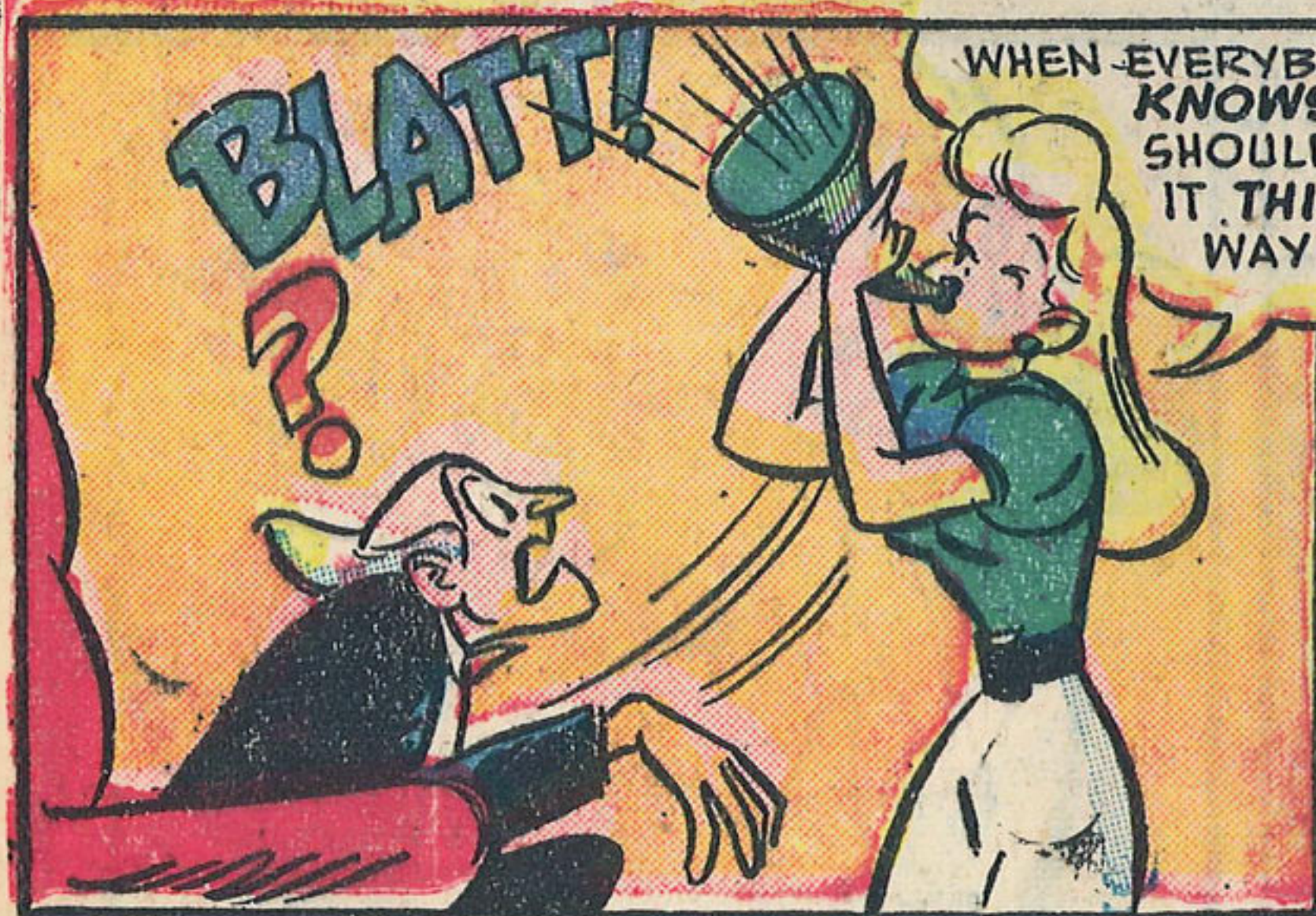
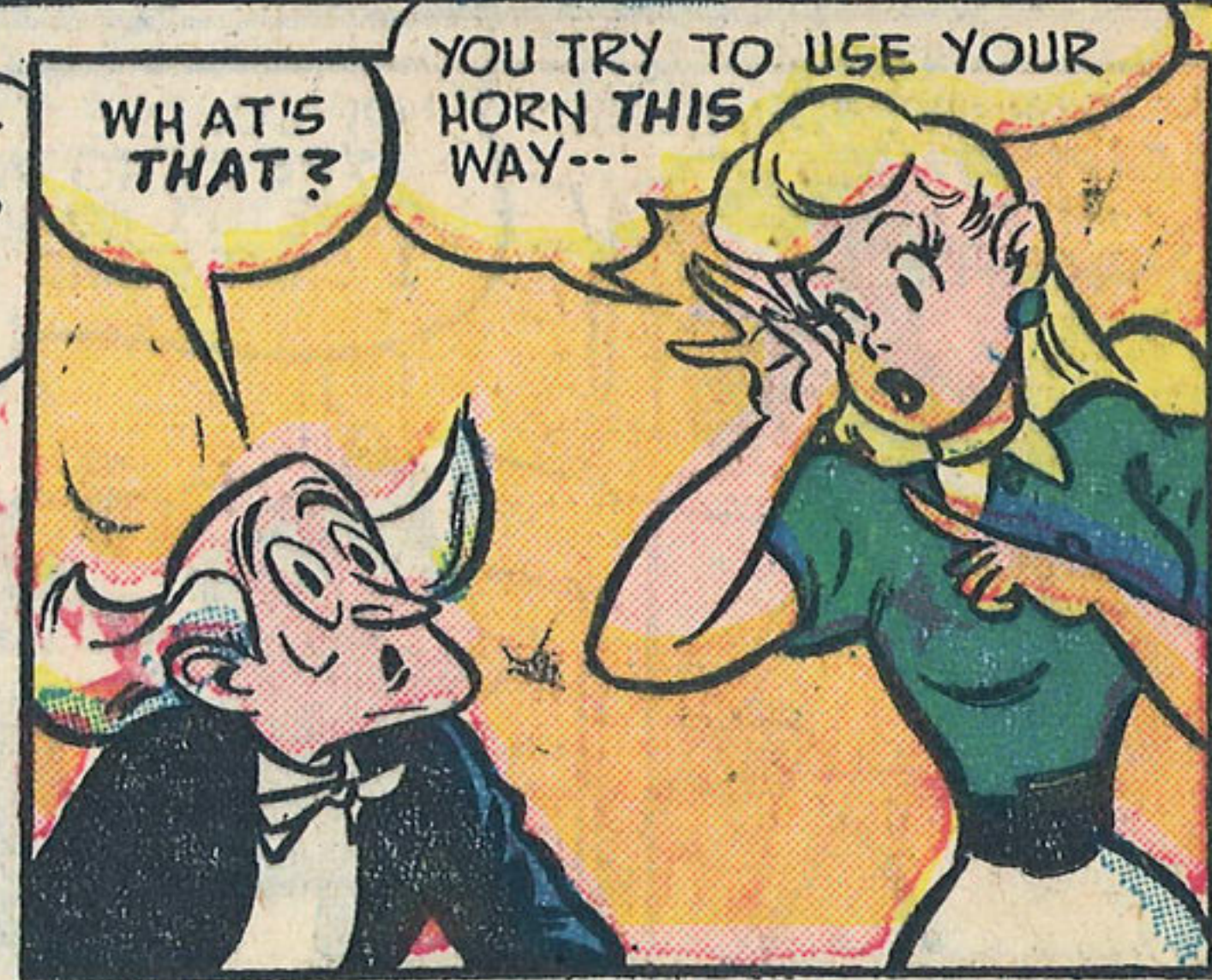
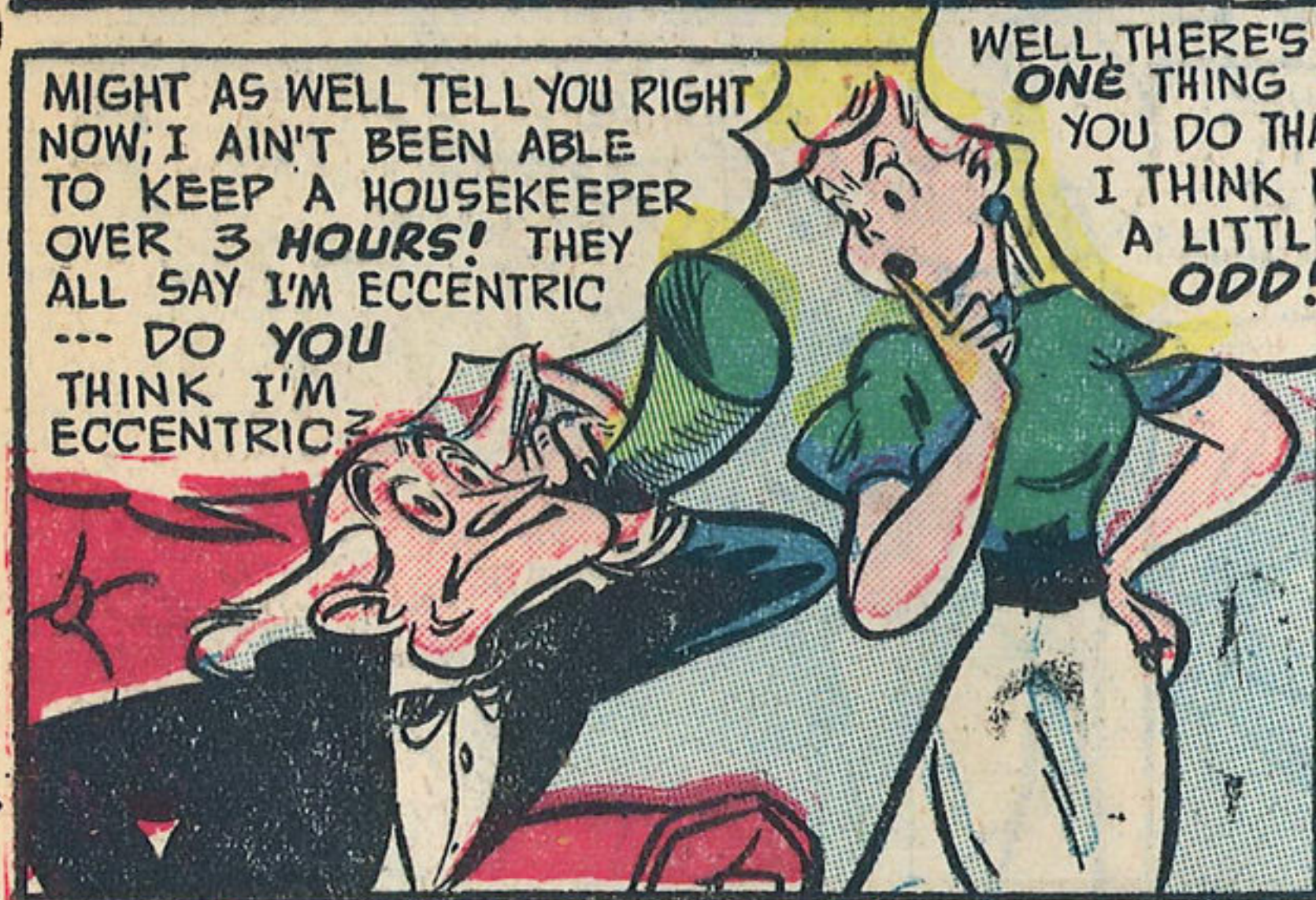
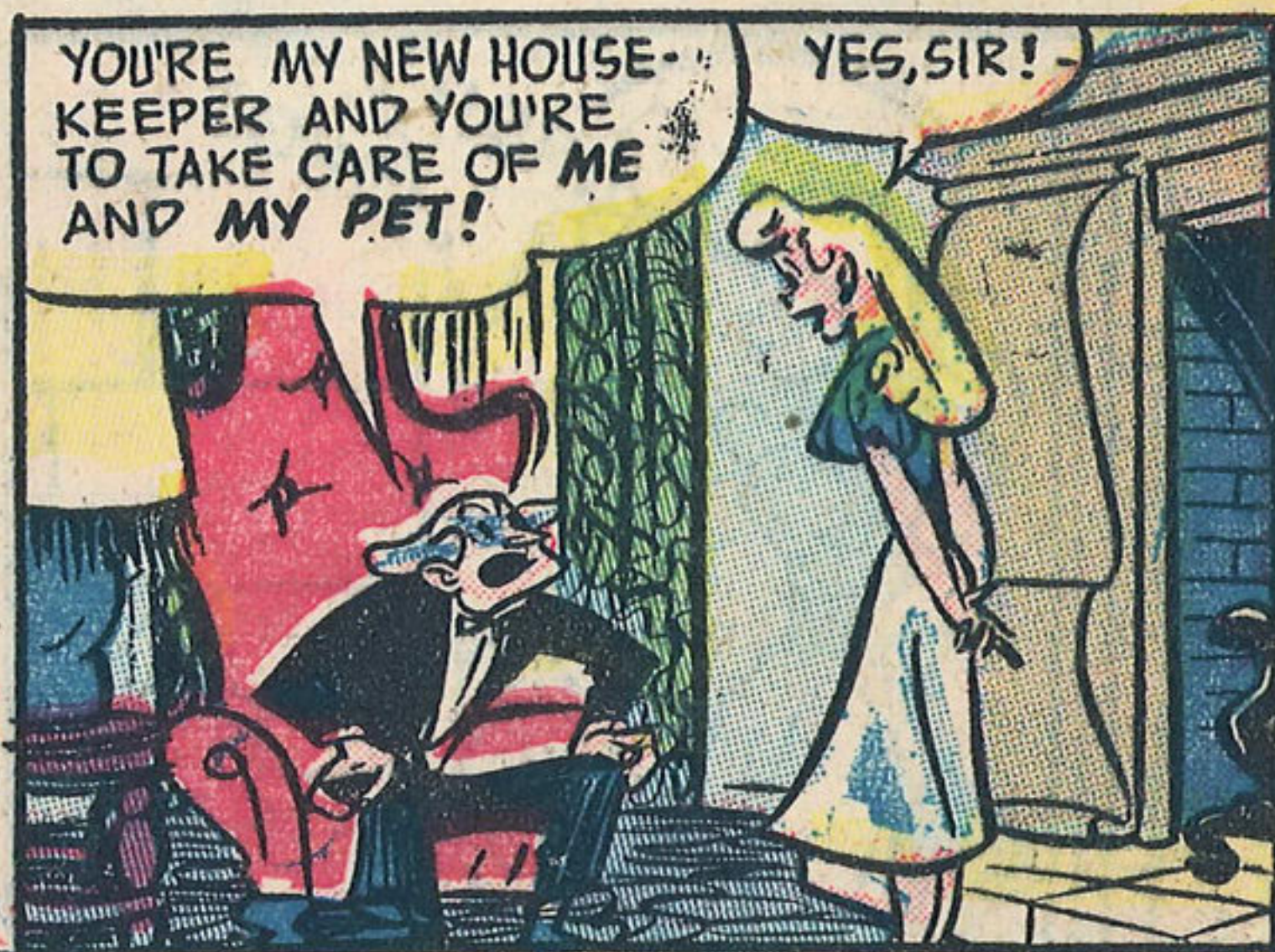
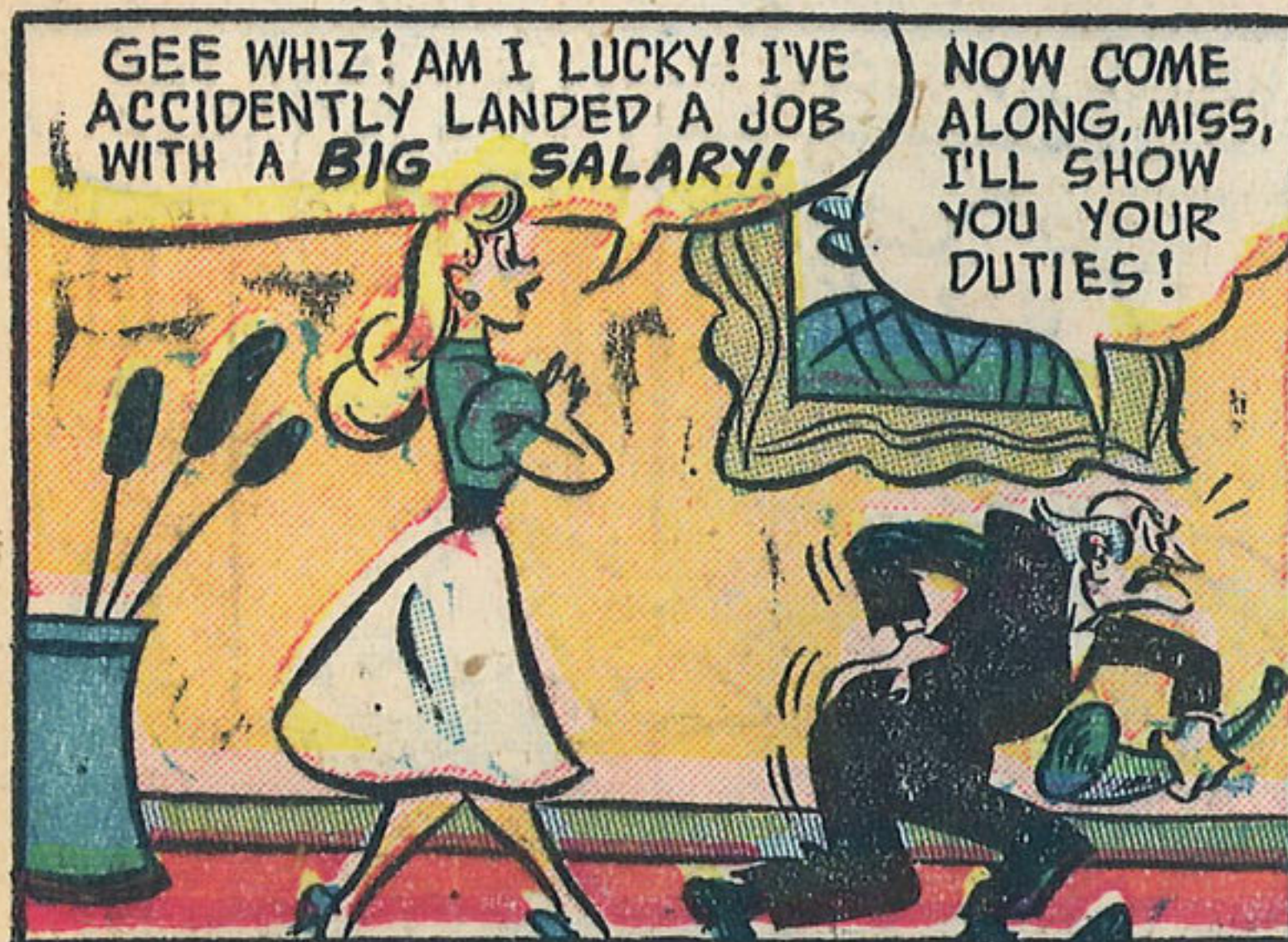
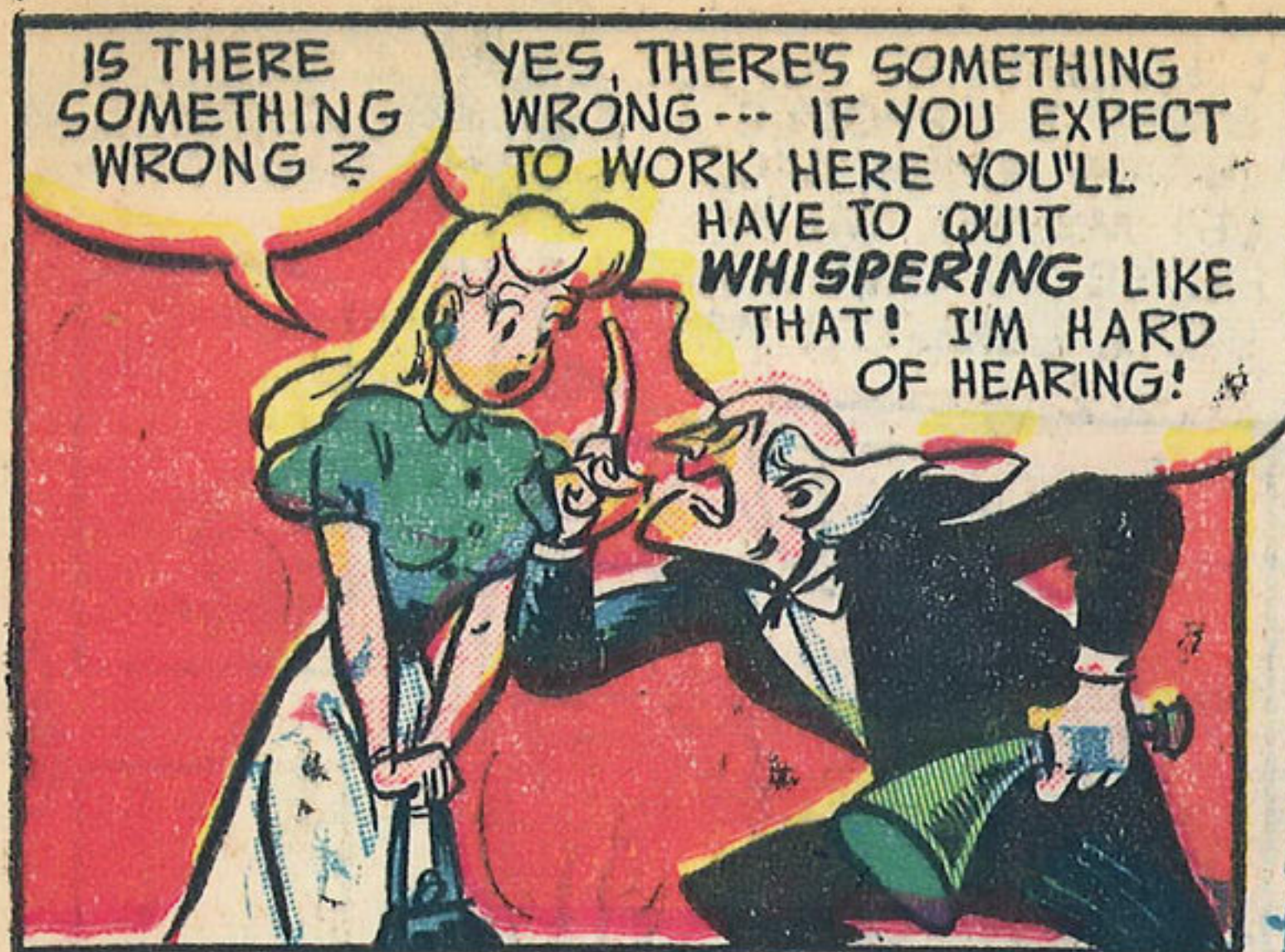


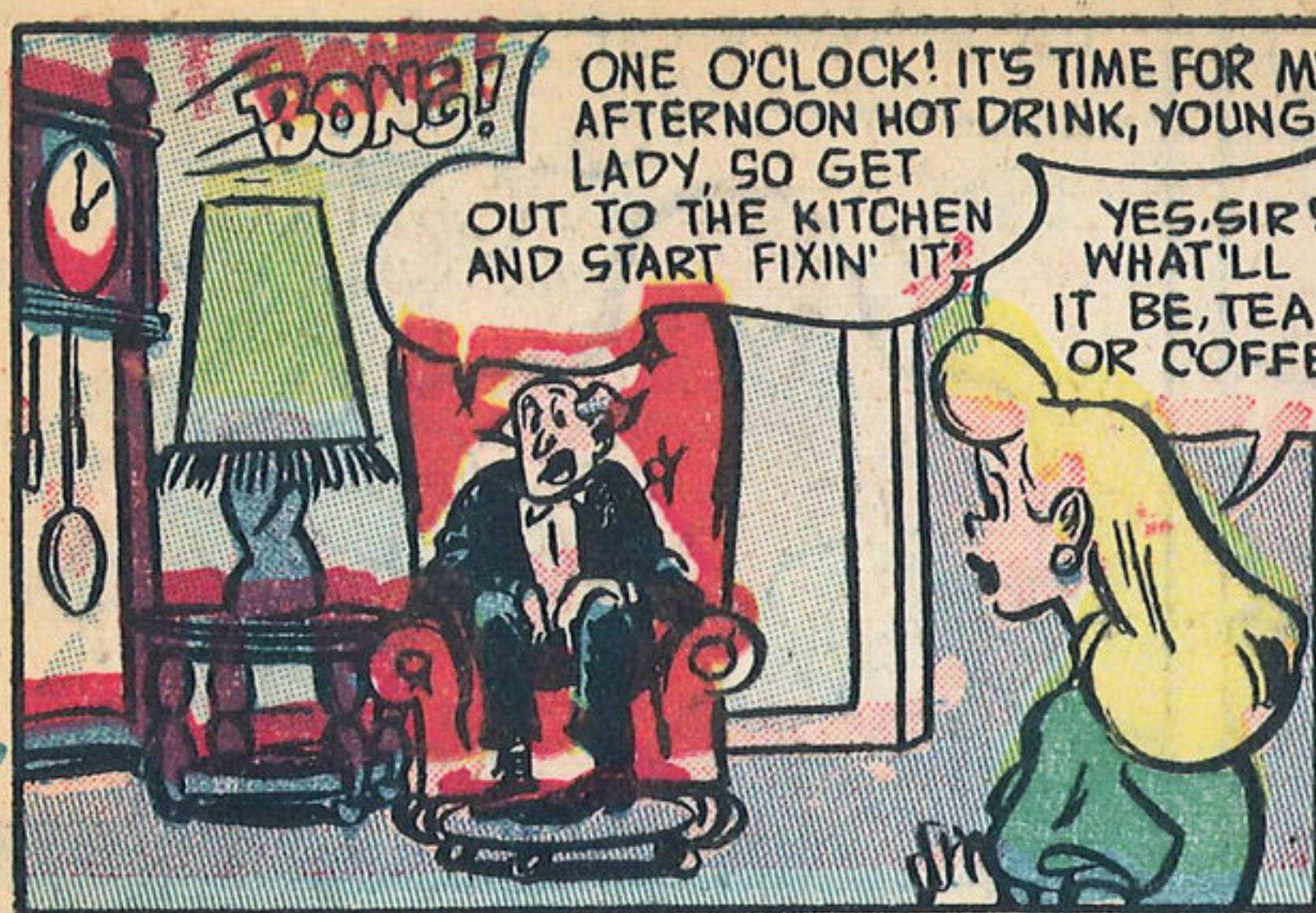
I SAY YOU MUST BE A MIND READER!



BONK BONK BONK







BONG!

ONE O'CLOCK! IT'S TIME FOR MY AFTERNOON HOT DRINK, YOUNG LADY, SO GET OUT TO THE KITCHEN AND START FIXIN' IT!

YES, SIR! WHAT'LL IT BE, TEA OR COFFEE?

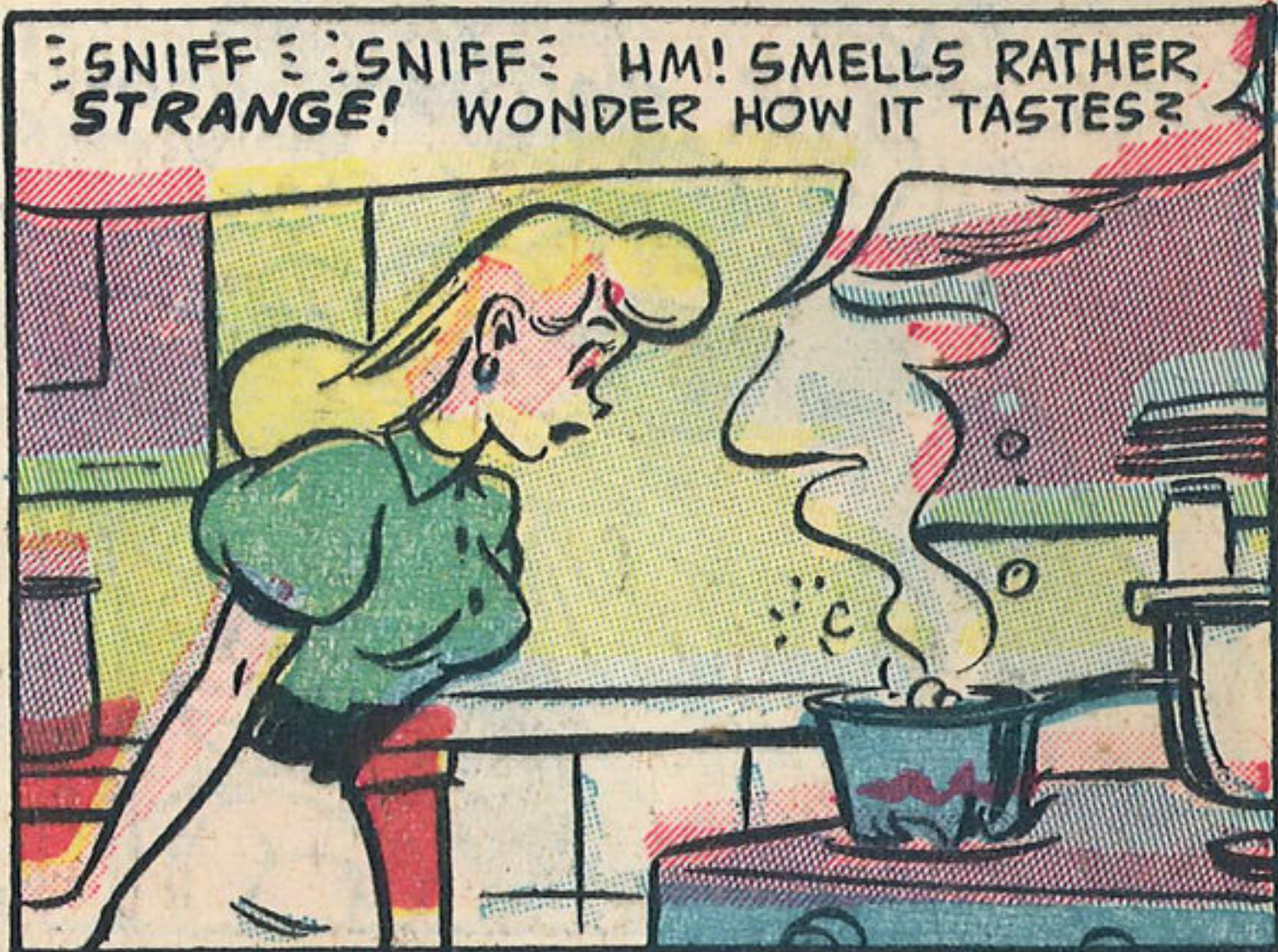


NOW DON'T DILLY-DALLY! GIT! GIT!

NEITHER! I ALWAYS TAKE A HOT CUP OF VINEGAR LACED WITH A WEE BIT OF KEROSENE! NOTHING LIKE IT TO WARM A BODY'S BONES!



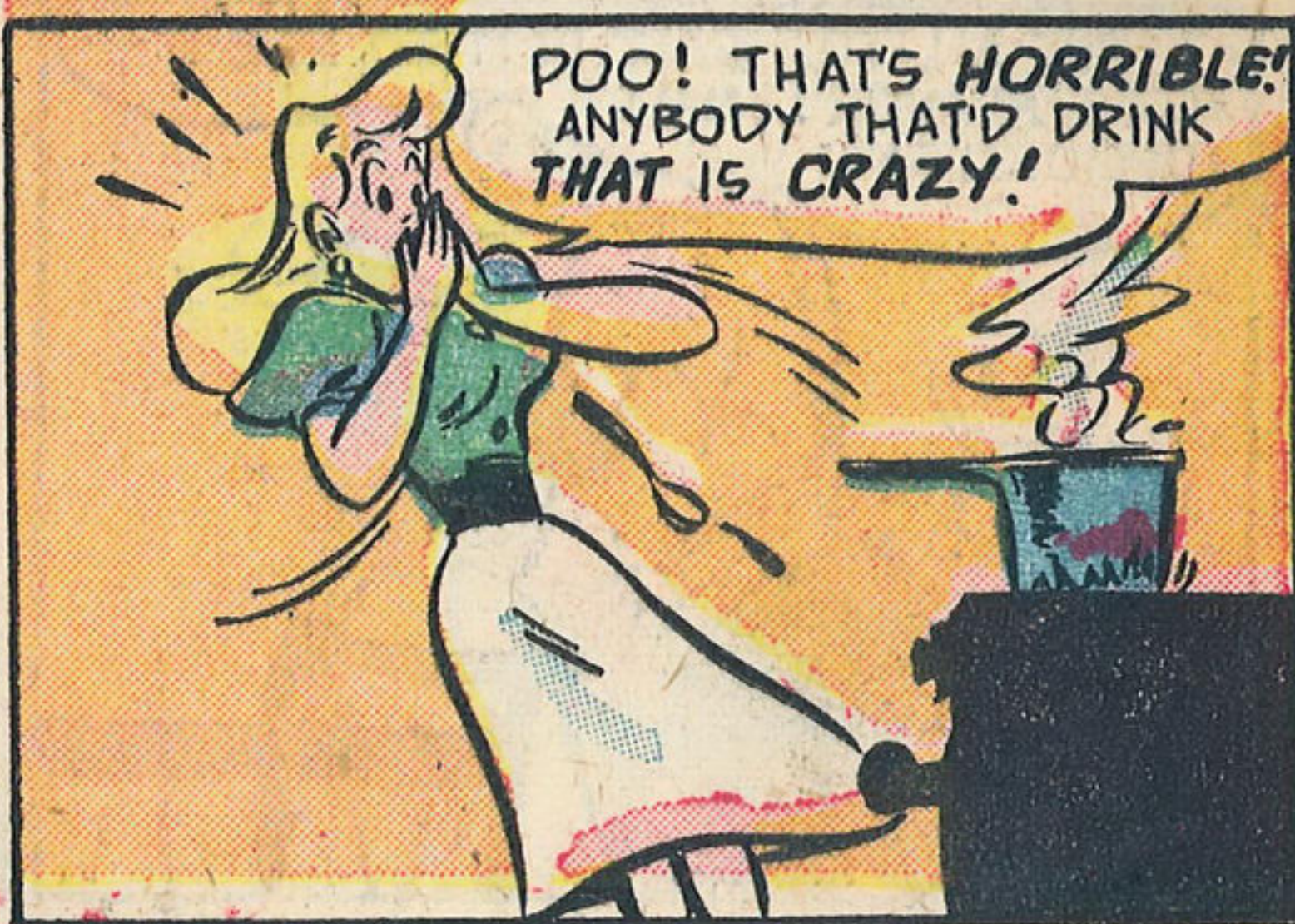
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE ENOUGH FOR ME, TOO! AFTER ALL, I MUST GET FREE BOARD AND ROOM ON THIS JOB!



SNIFF! SNIFF! HM! SMELLS RATHER STRANGE! WONDER HOW IT TASTES?



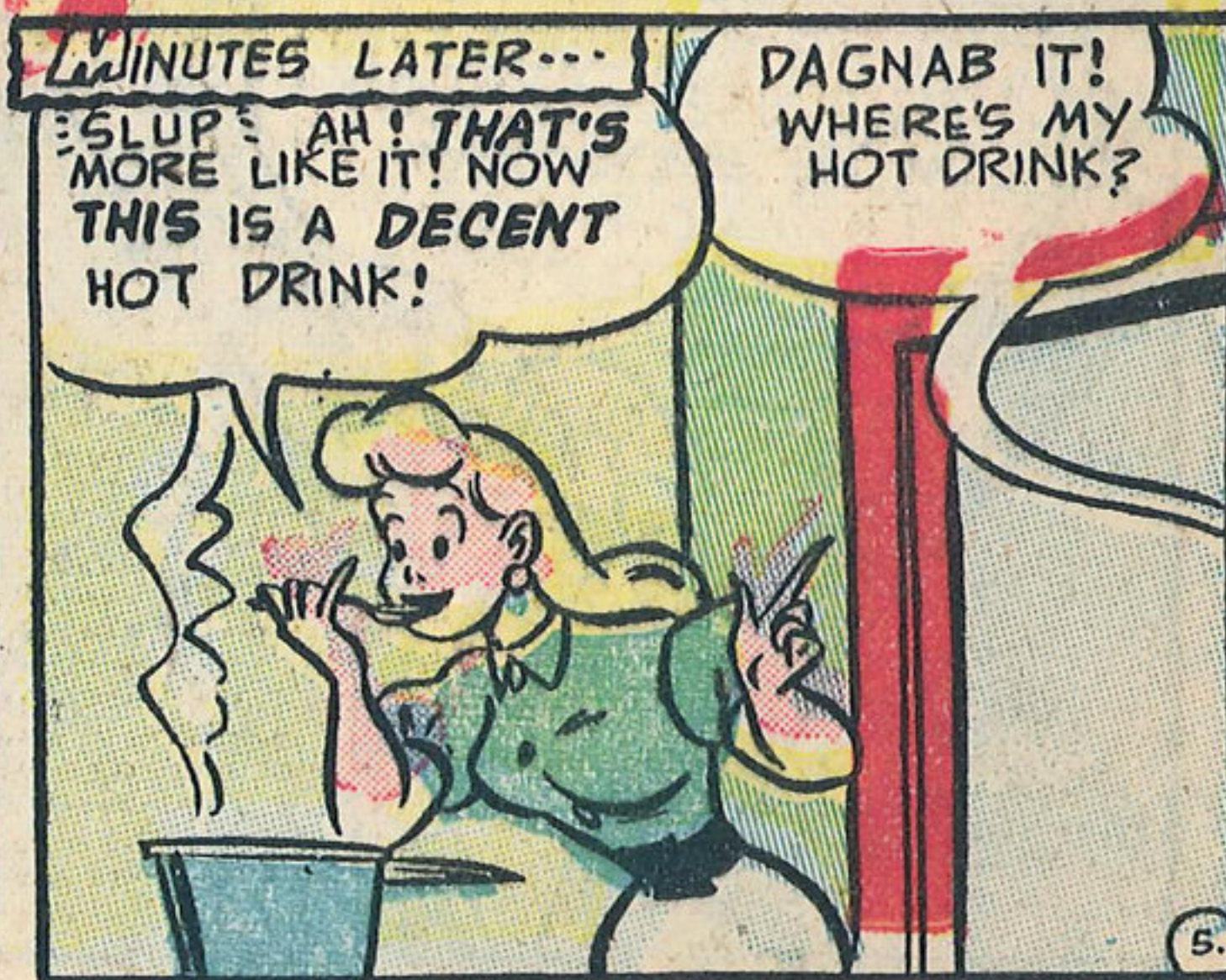
SLUP!



POO! THAT'S HORRIBLE! ANYBODY THAT'D DRINK THAT IS CRAZY!

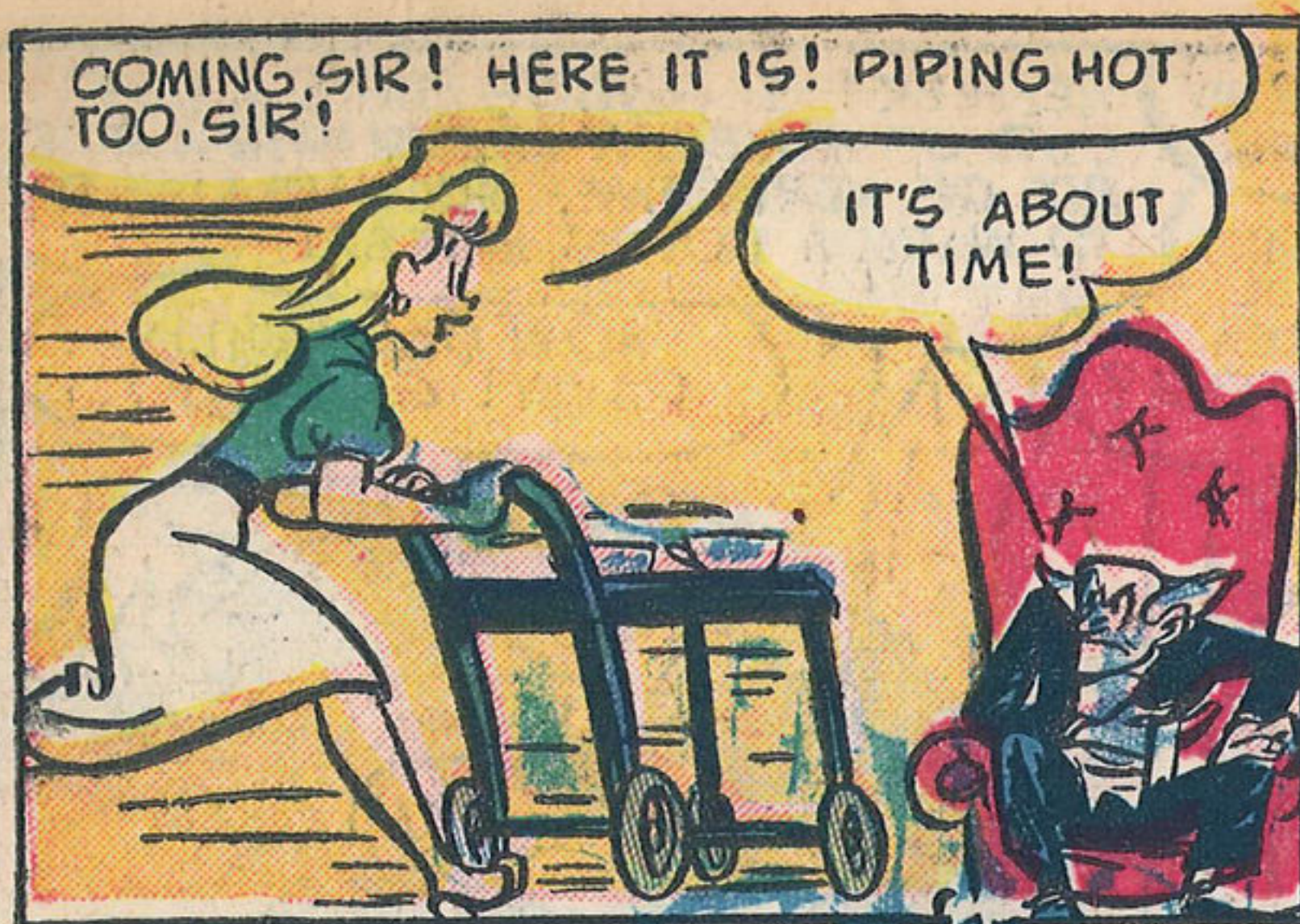


AS HOUSEKEEPER HERE, IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT PROPER CHANGES ARE MADE WHEN THEY'RE INDICATED, AND ONE IS CERTAINLY INDICATED NOW! ... HMM! LET'S SEE, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?



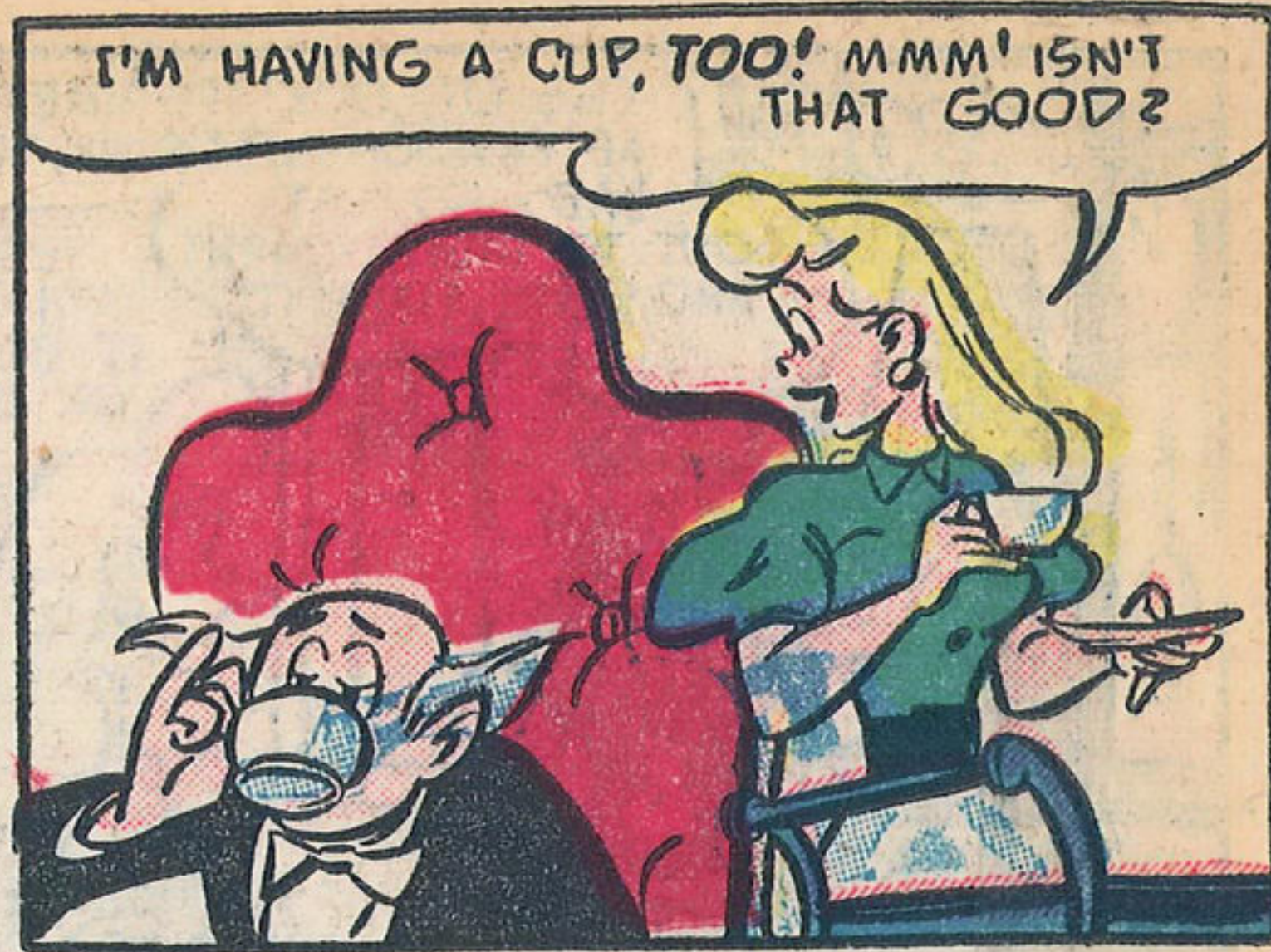
MINUTES LATER...
SLUP! AH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! NOW THIS IS A DECENT HOT DRINK!

DAGNAB IT! WHERE'S MY HOT DRINK?

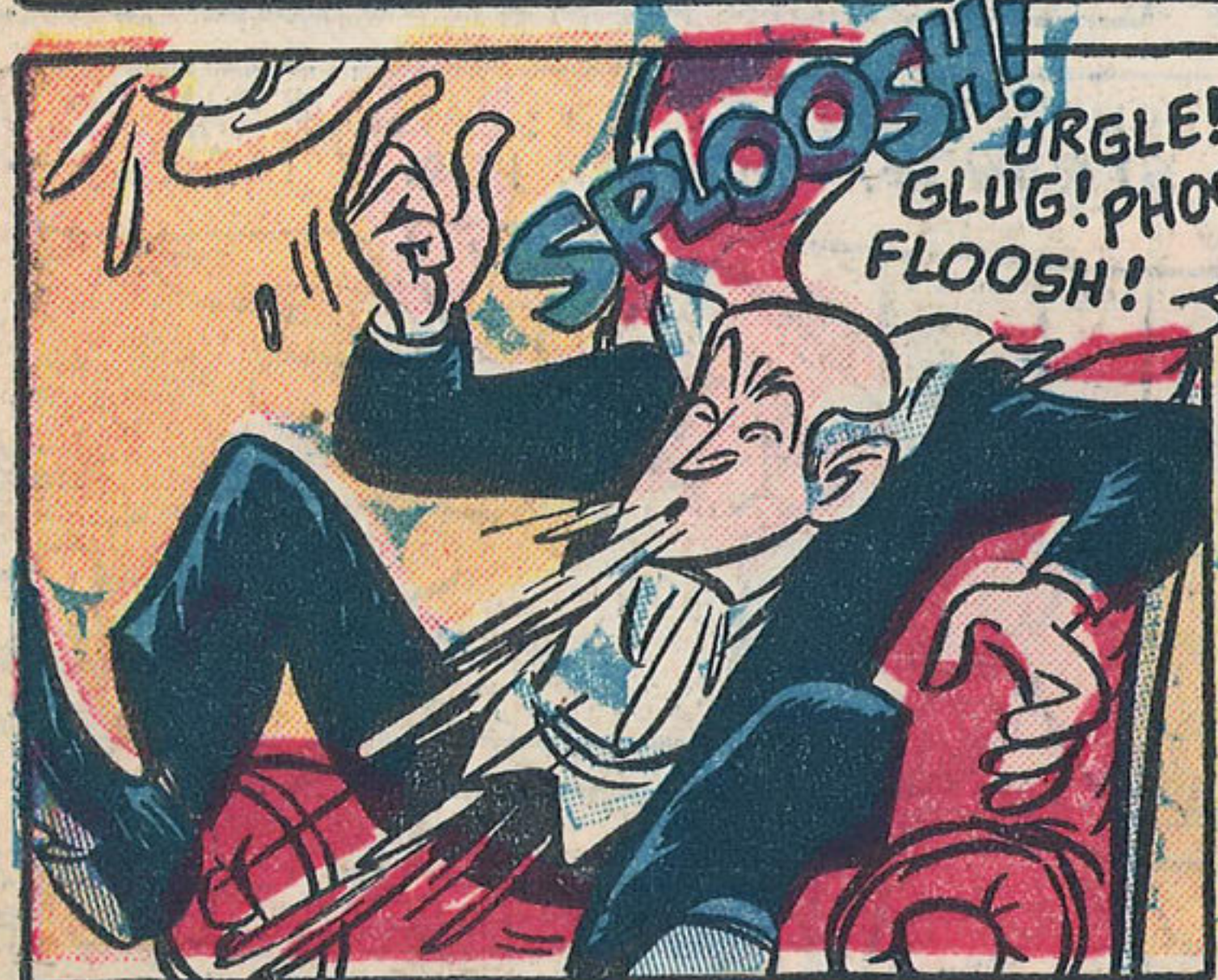


COMING, SIR! HERE IT IS! PIPING HOT TOO, SIR!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!



I'M HAVING A CUP, TOO! MMM! ISN'T THAT GOOD?

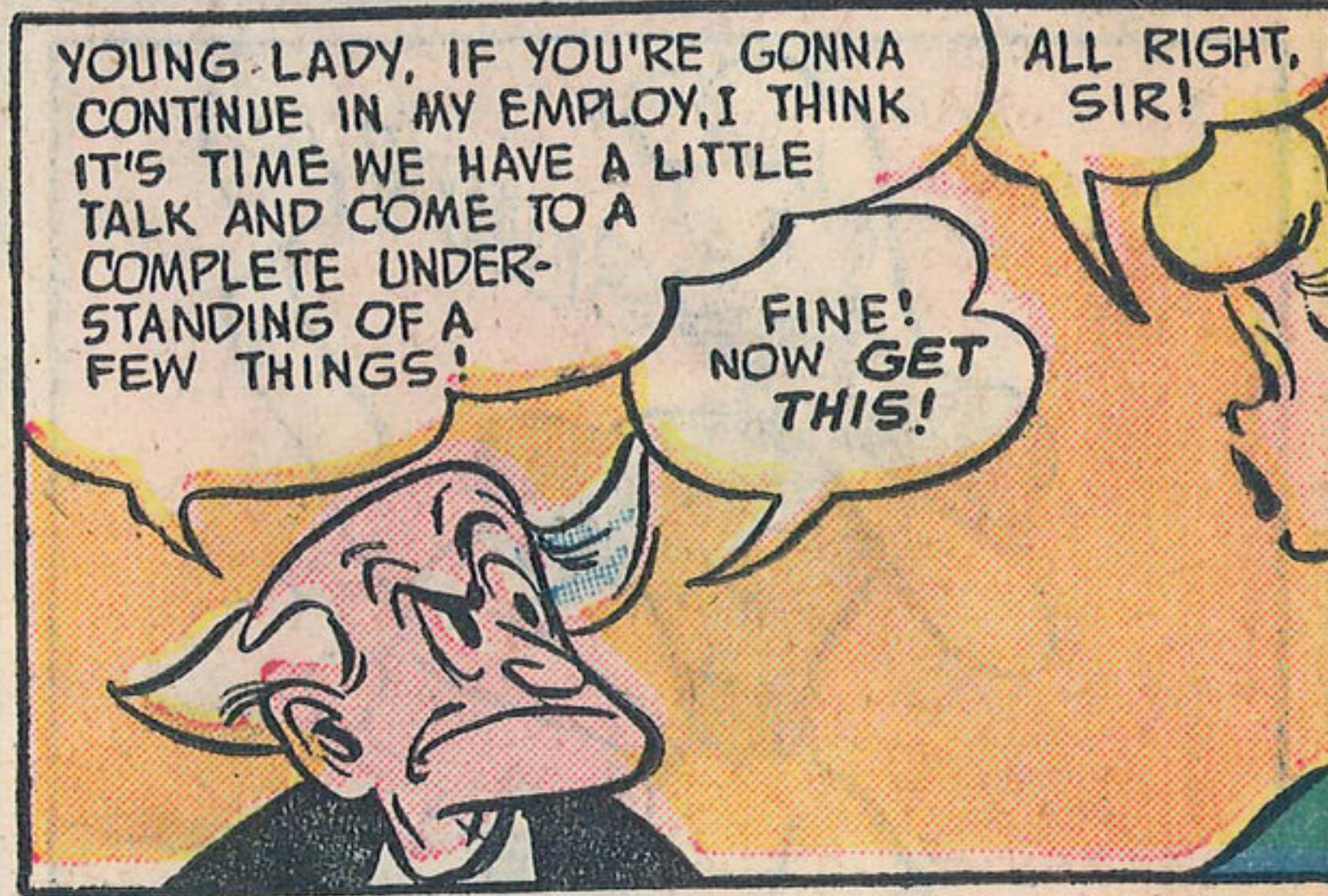


WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY DRINK?

NOW DON'T START COMPLAINING! THAT STUFF YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING ISN'T FIT TO DRINK, AND THIS IS!



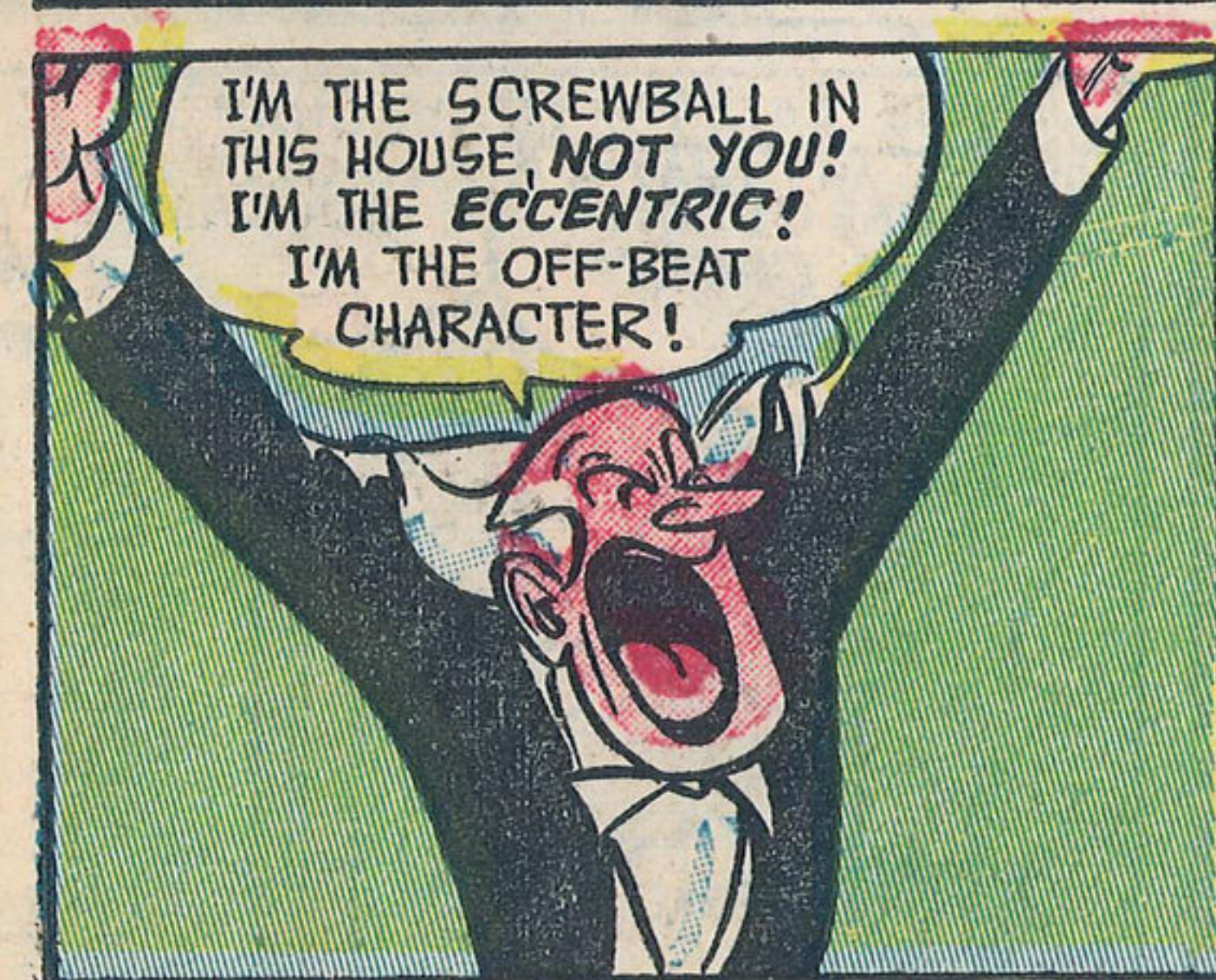
I PUT A LITTLE SALT IN IT TO GIVE IT SOME FLAVOR! MM! DELICIOUS!



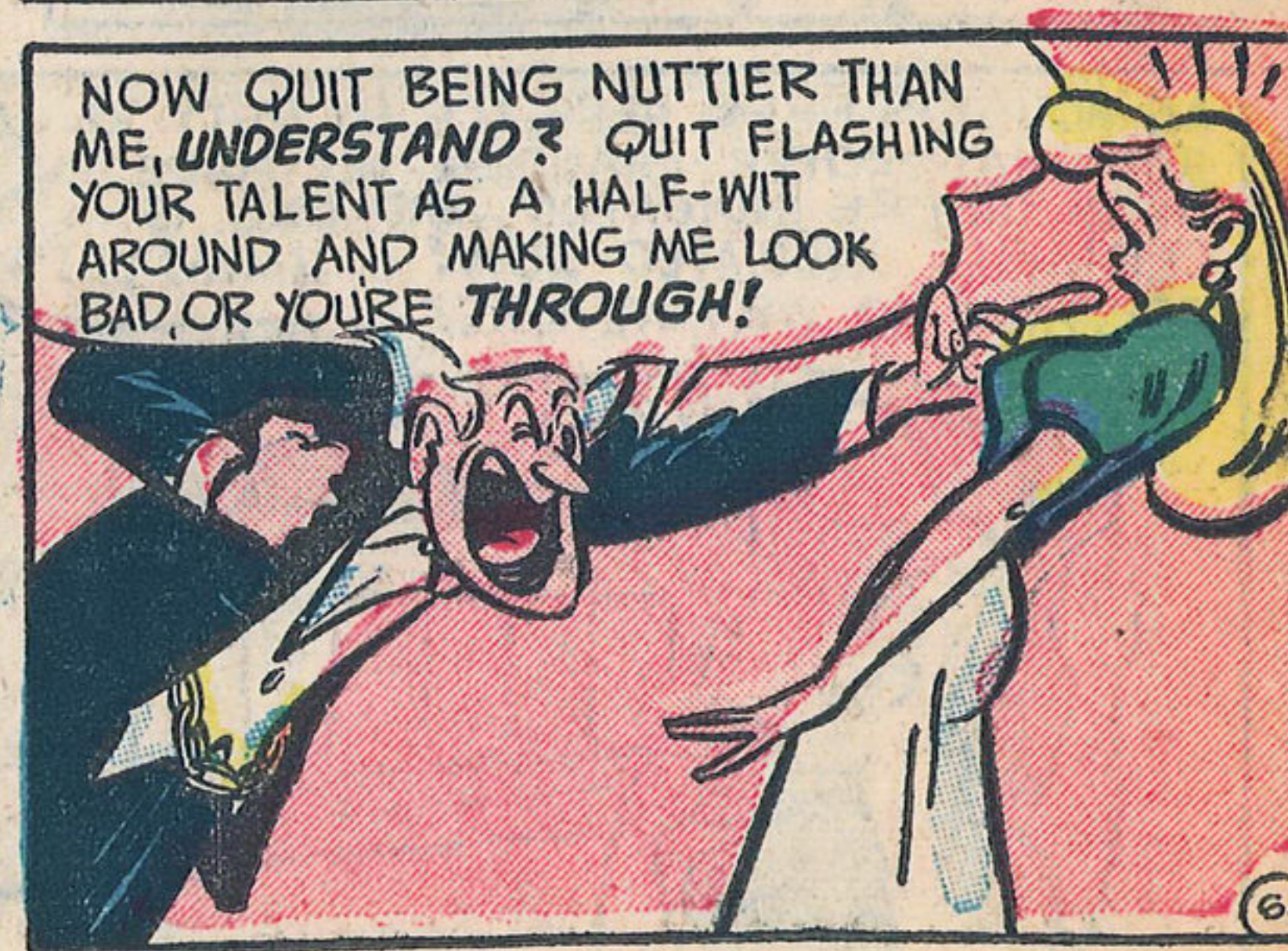
YOUNG LADY, IF YOU'RE GONNA CONTINUE IN MY EMPLOY, I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAVE A LITTLE TALK AND COME TO A COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING OF A FEW THINGS!

ALL RIGHT, SIR!

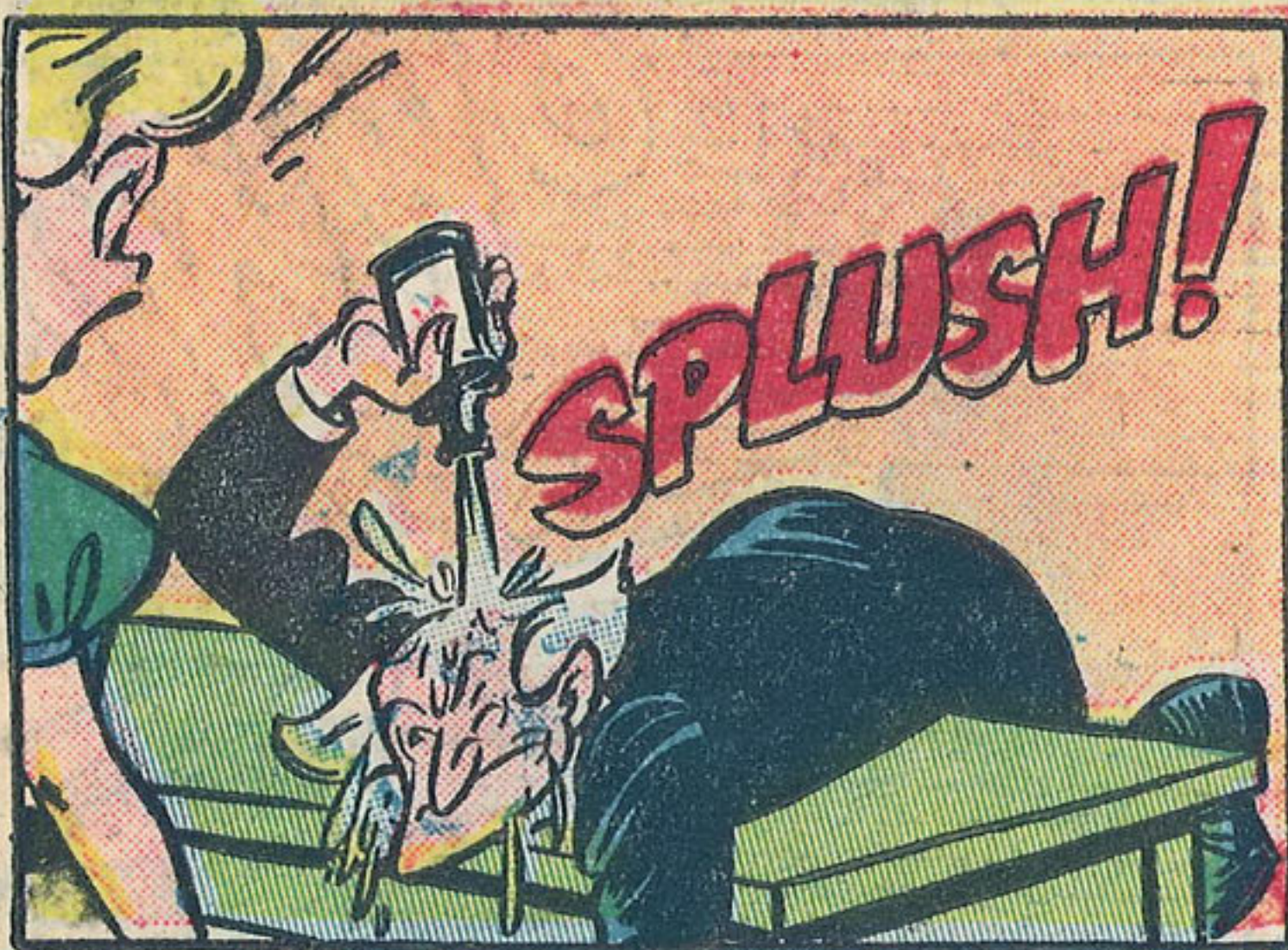
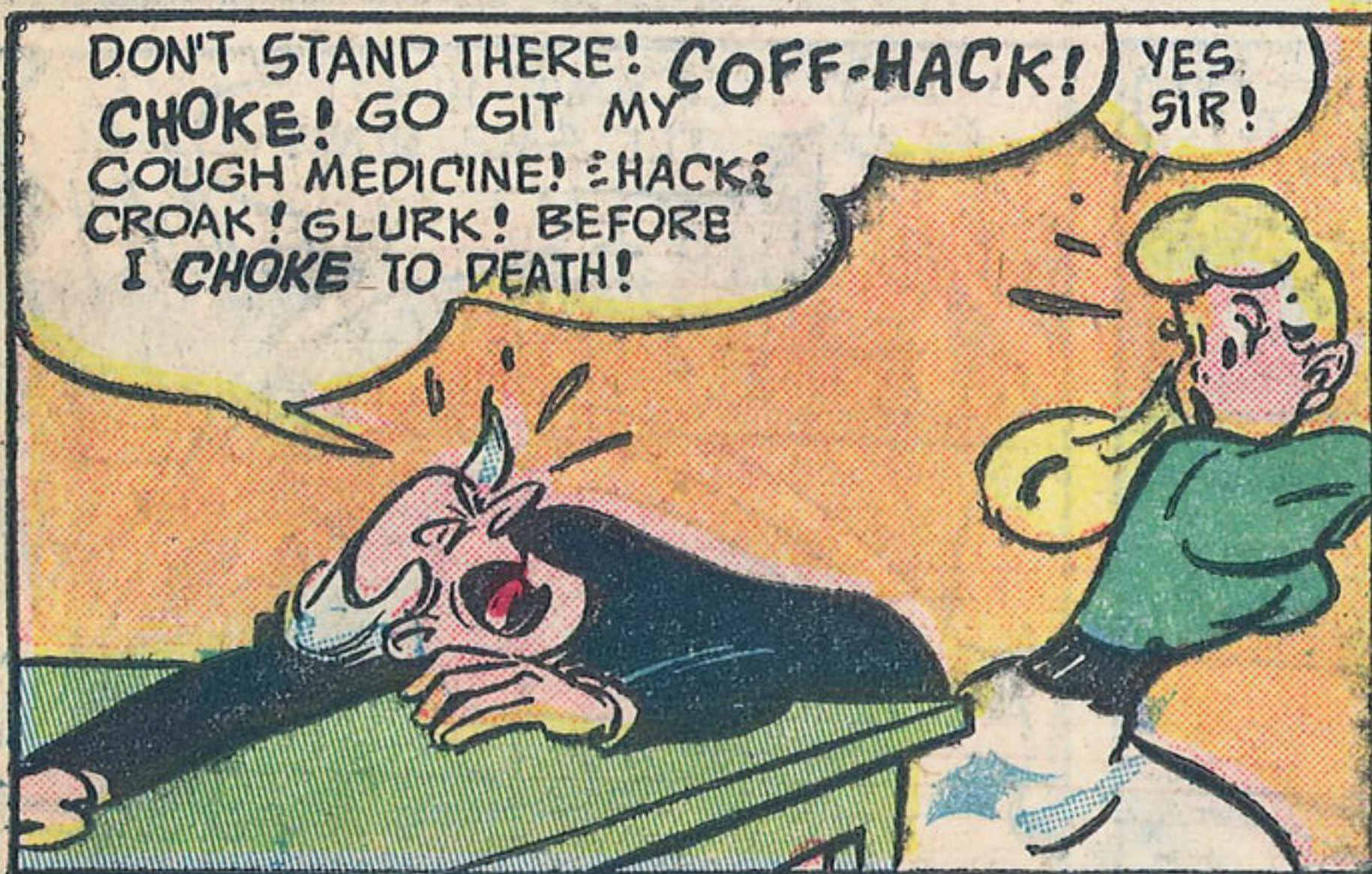
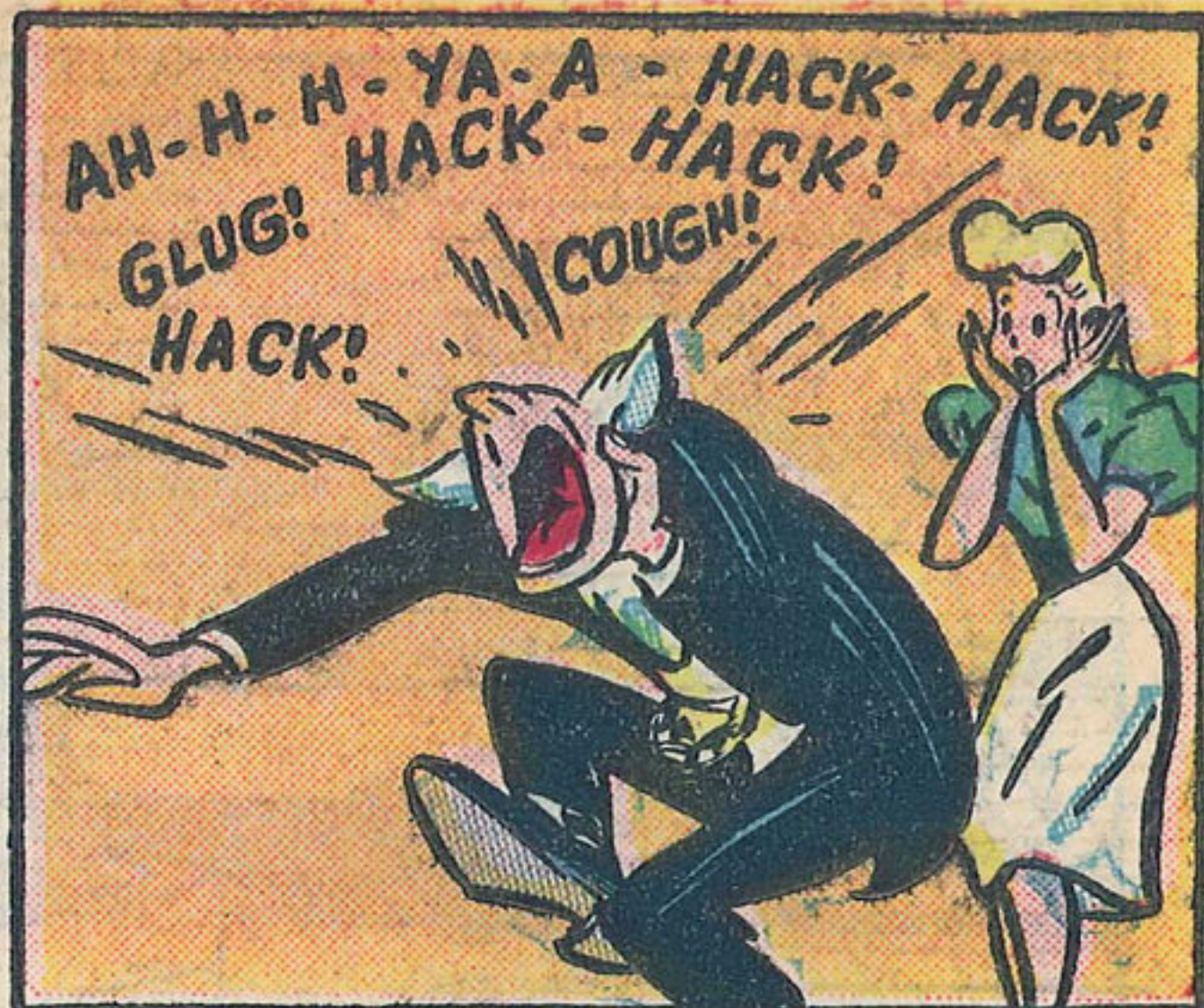
FINE! NOW GET THIS!

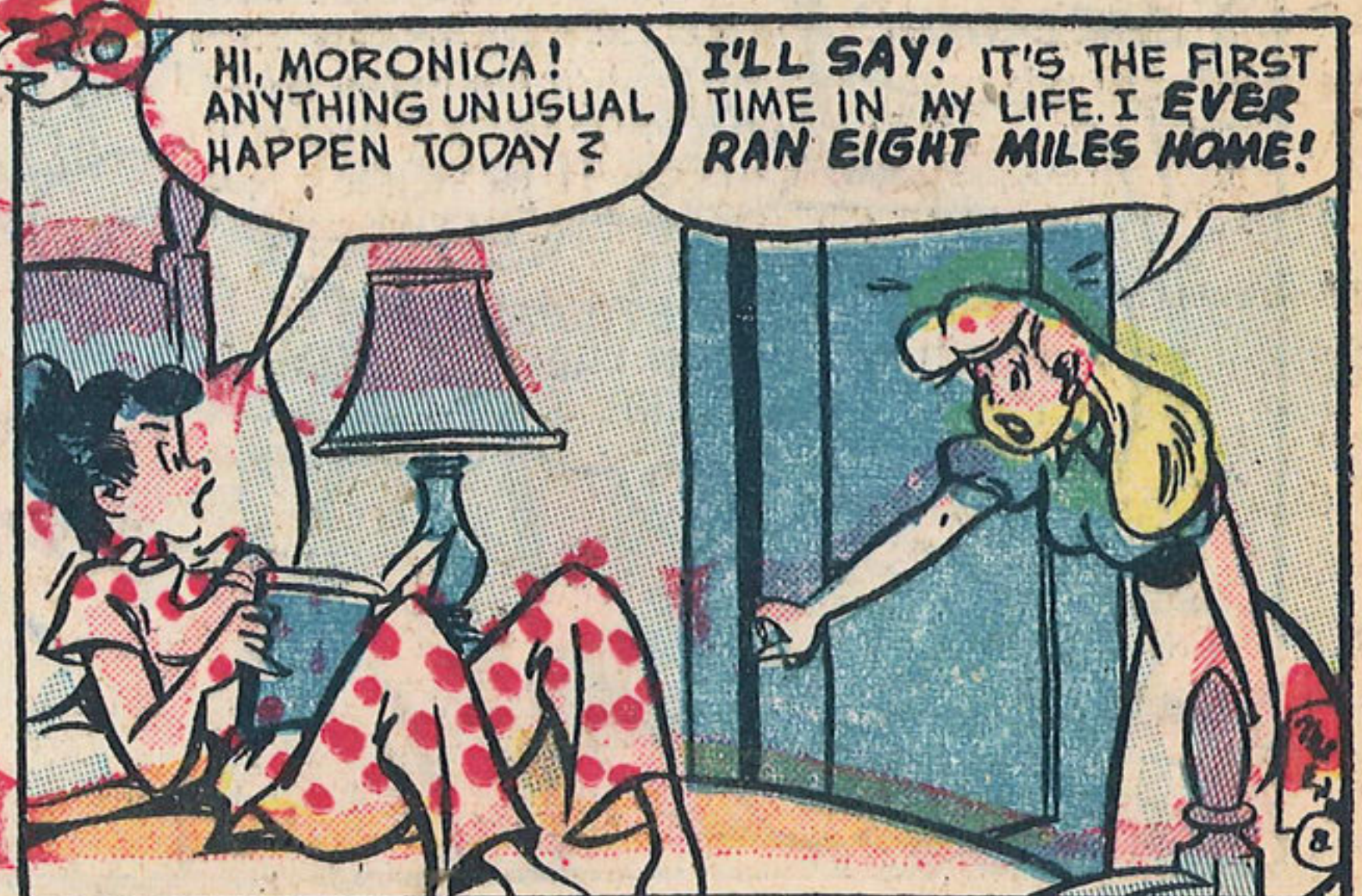
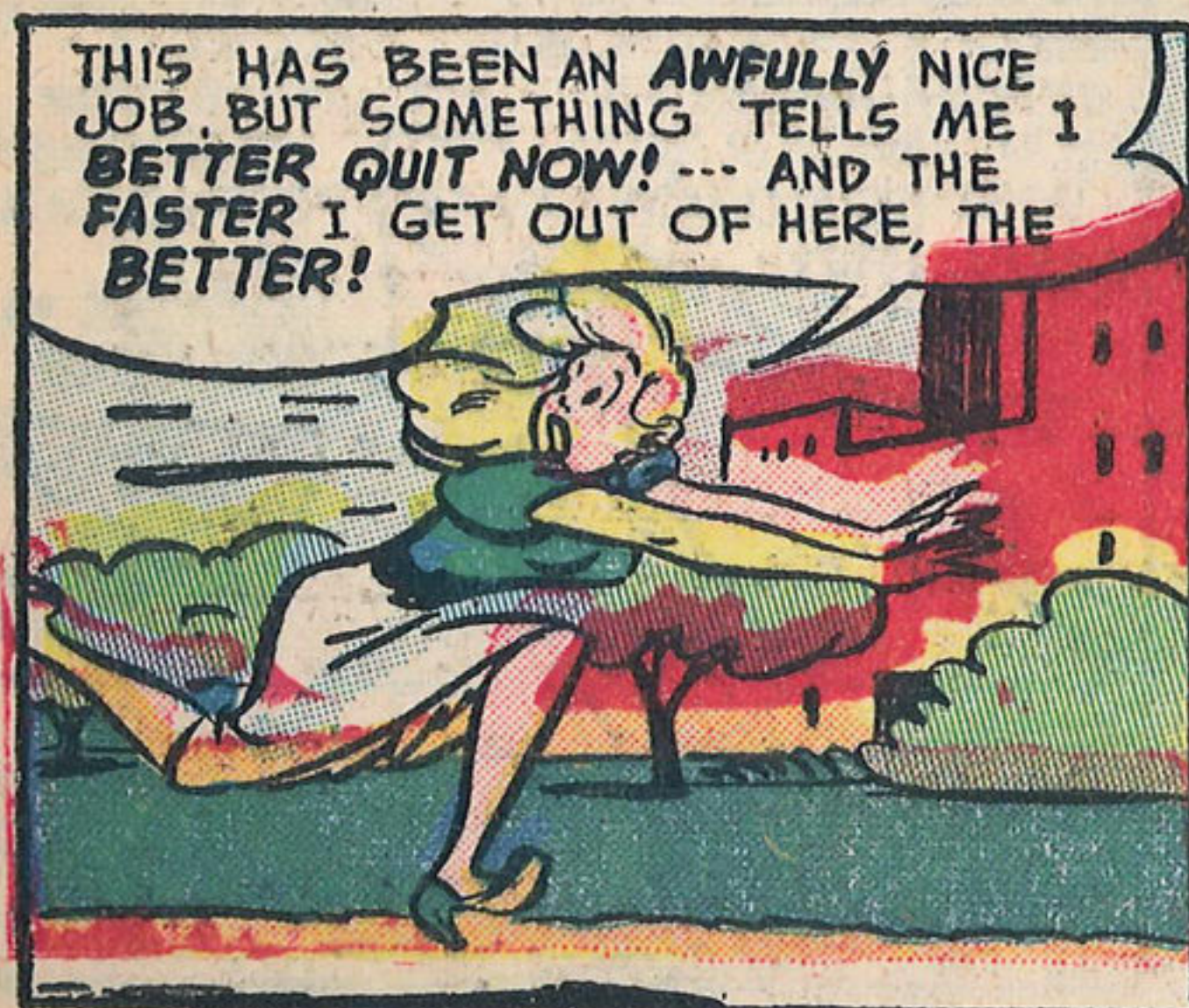
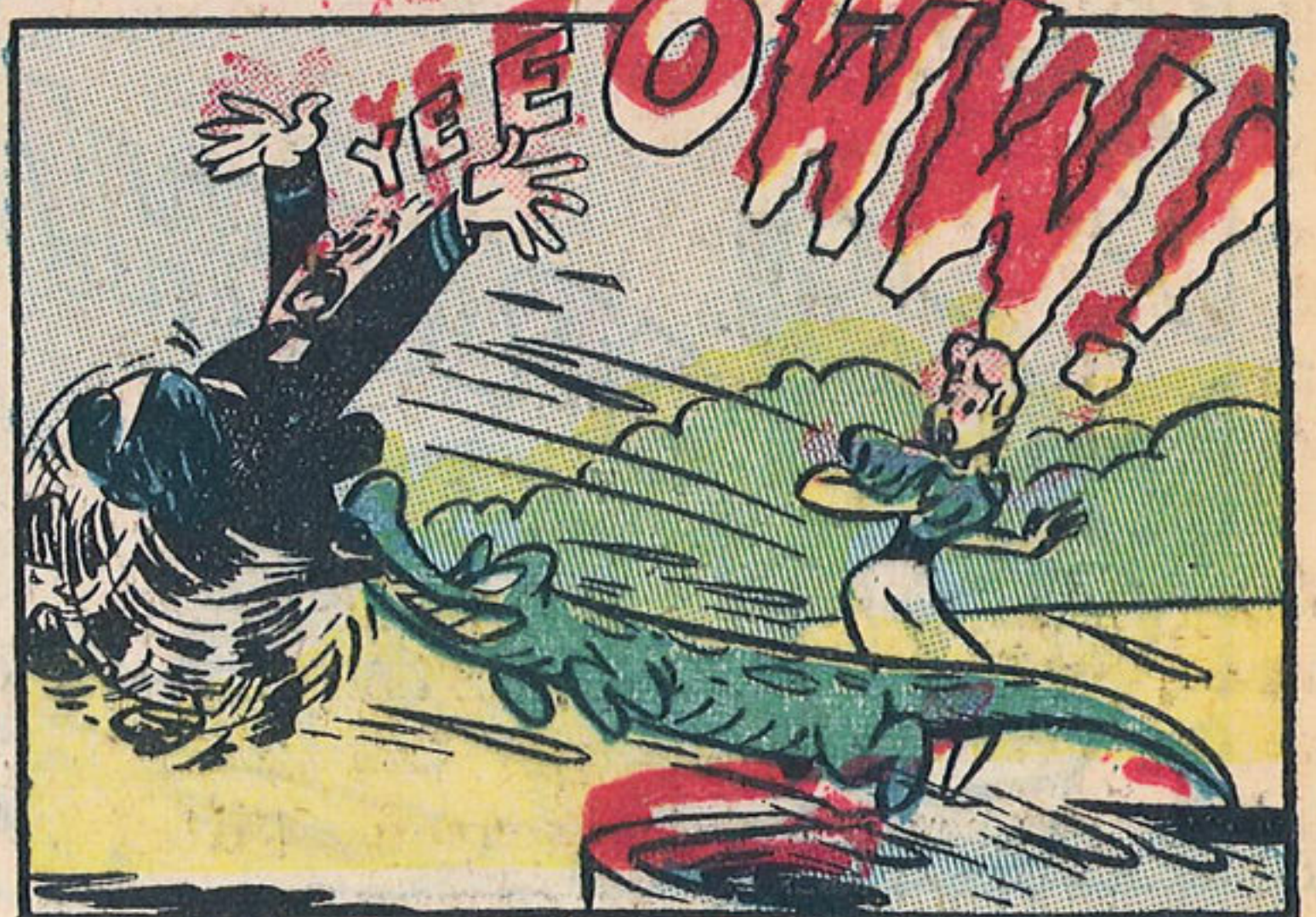
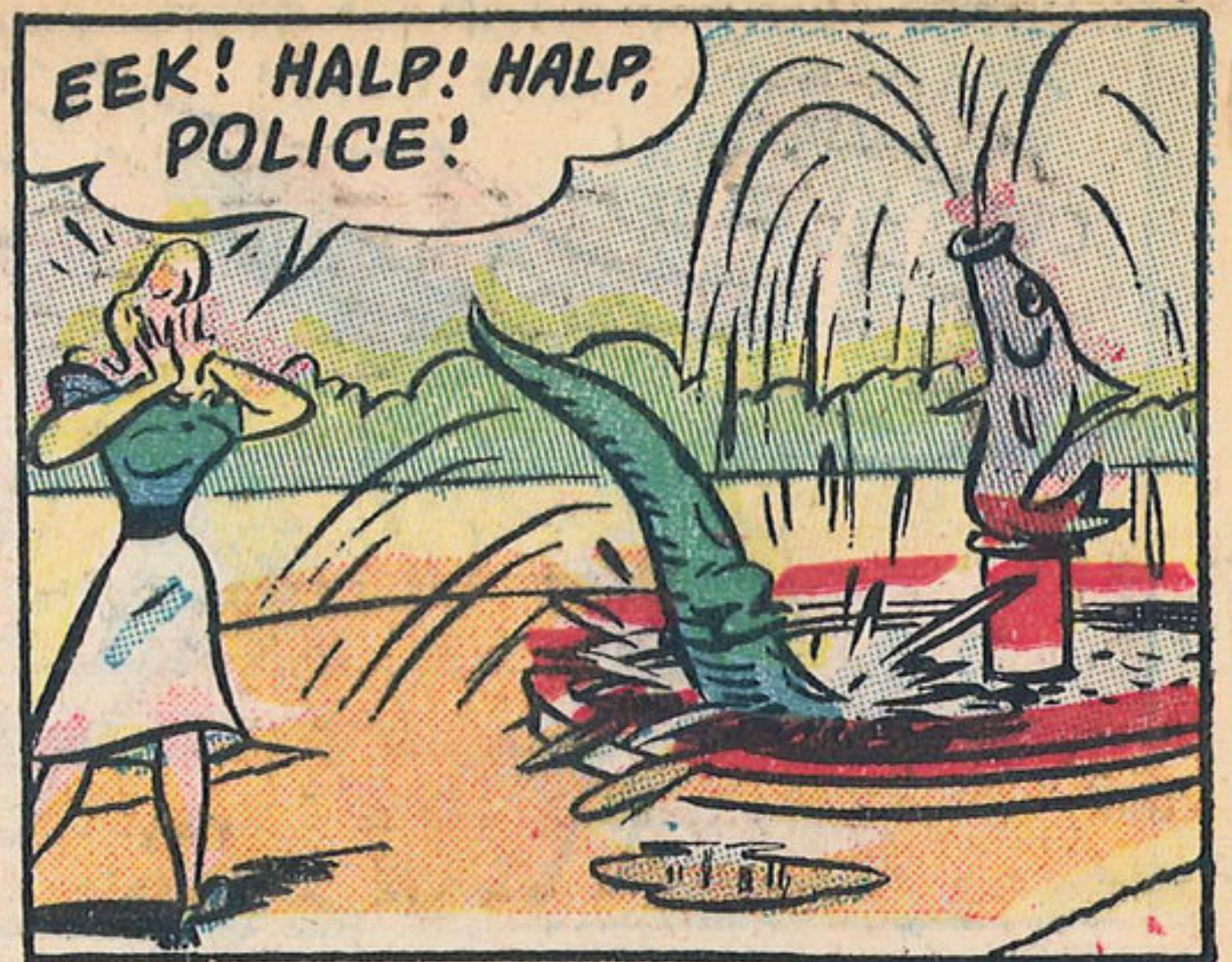
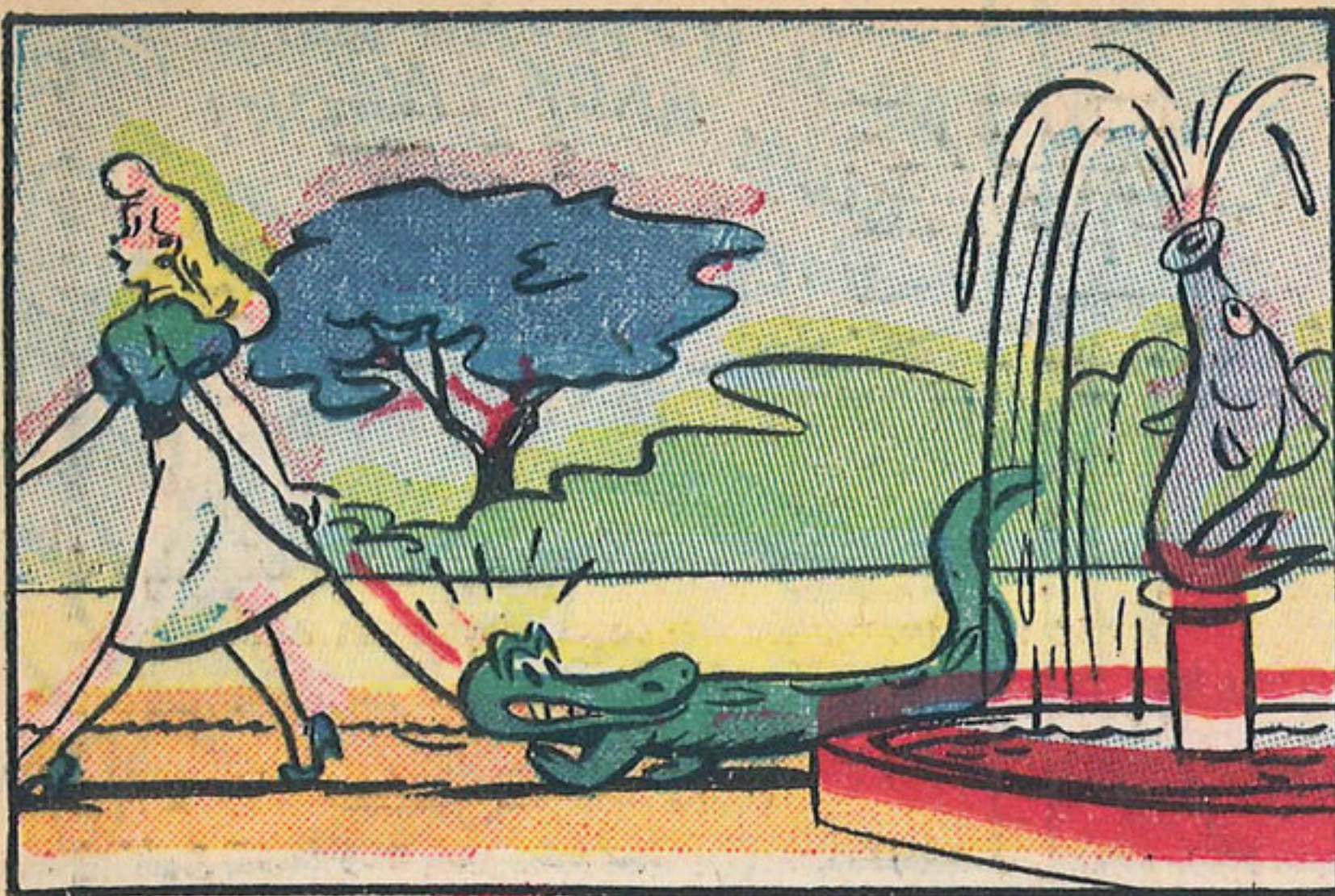


I'M THE SCREWBALL IN THIS HOUSE, NOT YOU! I'M THE ECCENTRIC! I'M THE OFF-BEAT CHARACTER!



NOW QUIT BEING NUTTIER THAN ME, UNDERSTAND? QUIT FLASHING YOUR TALENT AS A HALF-WIT AROUND AND MAKING ME LOOK BAD, OR YOU'RE THROUGH!





Just a

HOME GIRL!

MELISSA'S EYES WERE large, blue and limpid. Her hair was golden, silky and soft. And her lips were pink and thoughtfully pursed as she fixed her attention on Josh Harris. For Melissa to fix her attention on *anything* was considered quite unusual, but Josh was unusually important to Melissa.

"The big dope!" she said to herself. She said it lovingly, for Melissa adored Josh. She adored everything about him, from his looks to the big desk at which he worked. Sometimes, he left his office door open and then Melissa would fall into a blue-eyed reverie of love, fixing her gaze on him so intently, that he would get up and shut the door again.

"I guess executives are always worried," Melissa thought. This thought, too, was quite an accomplishment for her, since Melissa rarely thought in sentences or ideas. But where Josh was concerned, she would do anything.

He *was* worried, as a matter of fact. And Melissa knew why, having spent half the morning at the water cooler in conversation with Cis Marks of the bookkeeping department. "It's because Mr. Trumpett is coming tomorrow," Cis had said, as though that explained everything.

"Who's that?" Melissa had asked.

"Only your boss!" Cis had glanced at Melissa, half in scorn at her dumbness, half in envy at the blissfulness of her ignorance. "Only *our* boss, I should say! Didn't you know this was just *one* office in a *national* chain of offices, Melissa?"

"Mmmmm," Melissa had answered vaguely. "So why worry?"

It had long been felt around the

office that Melissa was not of the brightest, but that question established her, beyond a doubt, as the dizziest dame in creation!

"Mr. Trumpett owns everything," Cis had explained patiently. "Once a year, he gets around to each branch of his company and looks it over! And if anything's wrong, he doesn't waste time! Boom! Fired!"

"Who's fired?"

Cis had thrown up her hands in sheer defeat. "The *manager*, you goof! The guy what runs the place! In *this* case, Josh Harris!"

Melissa had suddenly awakened to the idea that perhaps Mr. Trumpett's visit of inspection *was* important, after all! And if she could do anything to help Josh, she certainly would!

That evening, she'd gone home and thought and thought about it! The idea seemed to be to impress Mr. Trumpett with the way the office was run. That much she had clear. Furthermore, Mr. Trumpett seemed to be a pretty tough, shrewd man.

And then, in a blaze of inspiration, Melissa thought of something! How lucky it was that it was Thursday night! Most of the stores were open and she could buy everything she needed and charge the whole thing to the company. It would solve everything. Mr. Trumpett would be impressed, Josh would be saved...promoted, perhaps...and he might even...even...

Melissa's heart melted as she thought of the possibility that Josh might return her love. In the department store, it was hard to fix her attention on the curtains and curtain rods. How much nicer to think of being in Josh's arms...of being kissed...

The next day, the day of Mr. Trum-

pett's dreaded visit, Melissa had come to the office laden with bulky parcels and closely followed by a worshipful young man equally laden with parcels. She stored everything in an unused cloakroom and went to see Josh.

"D-Day!" she said brightly. "Good morning!"

"Grrr!" It wasn't a real growl, but mighty close to it.

"I know why you're worried," Melissa started to say words of soothing tenderness, but Josh would have none of it.

"I'm not worried!" The frown between his eyes deepened into a scowl.

"I'm bright and chipper. Go away!"

"But I can help you, really I can!" Melissa yearned to put her arms around Josh and smooth his hair. "You see, I have a plan! I know it will impress Mr. Trumpett and..."

At the sound of the august name, Josh leaped from his chair, took Melissa firmly by the elbows and ushered her out of his office. "You are a very pretty girl," he remarked coldly, "but your supply of gray matter is low. Go away and leave the thinking for people who know how!"

Her elbows still tingling from Josh's touch, Melissa made for the unused cloakroom. "He's too upset to listen right now," she thought, "so I'll just go ahead with my plan anyhow. I'll just be careful not to get in his way!"

The task of avoiding Josh was made easier for Melissa by his locking himself into his office with a set of ledgers and remaining there almost all morning. It was not until the receptionist buzzed him a special signal indicating Mr. Trumpett's arrival, that Josh emerged.

And what he saw gave him a near heart-attack. Every window in the office was curtained in fluffy, frilly gingham of a loud pink-and-white check.

On each window sill, stood a row of sassy geranium pots, their flowers repeated in the design of the curtain tiebacks. A desk had been cleared off and instead of the customary typewriter and papers, it supported a tray of teacups and saucers and saucers of frosted cookies. And, at the door, under the feet of Mr. Trumpett himself, lay a hooked rug with the word "Welcome" worked into it!

Josh saw red as he went white. Mr. Trumpett's face turned an interesting purple. In fact, the whole office was a study in color as Josh bellowed, "Who did this? Speak up! Who?"

Melissa stepped forward, smiling angelically. "I did!"

"Melissa...h...you..." Josh was choking, positively choking.

"Splendid! Splendid girl!" Mr. Trumpett, who had not been known to smile in ten years, was chuckling hoarsely. "See what you mean here! Your office is your home away from home! Dress it up! Make it comfortable...pretty! Makes you want to spend more time here! Shows a real interest! Must make a note to adopt this policy in other branches! Good thinking here, Harris, real organization! I said...Harris!"

Harris was not listening to Mr. Trumpett at all. He was holding a golden-haired girl in his arms and kissing her, in a businesslike fashion...or was it unbusinesslike?

"You're just no good in an office," he was murmuring tenderly.

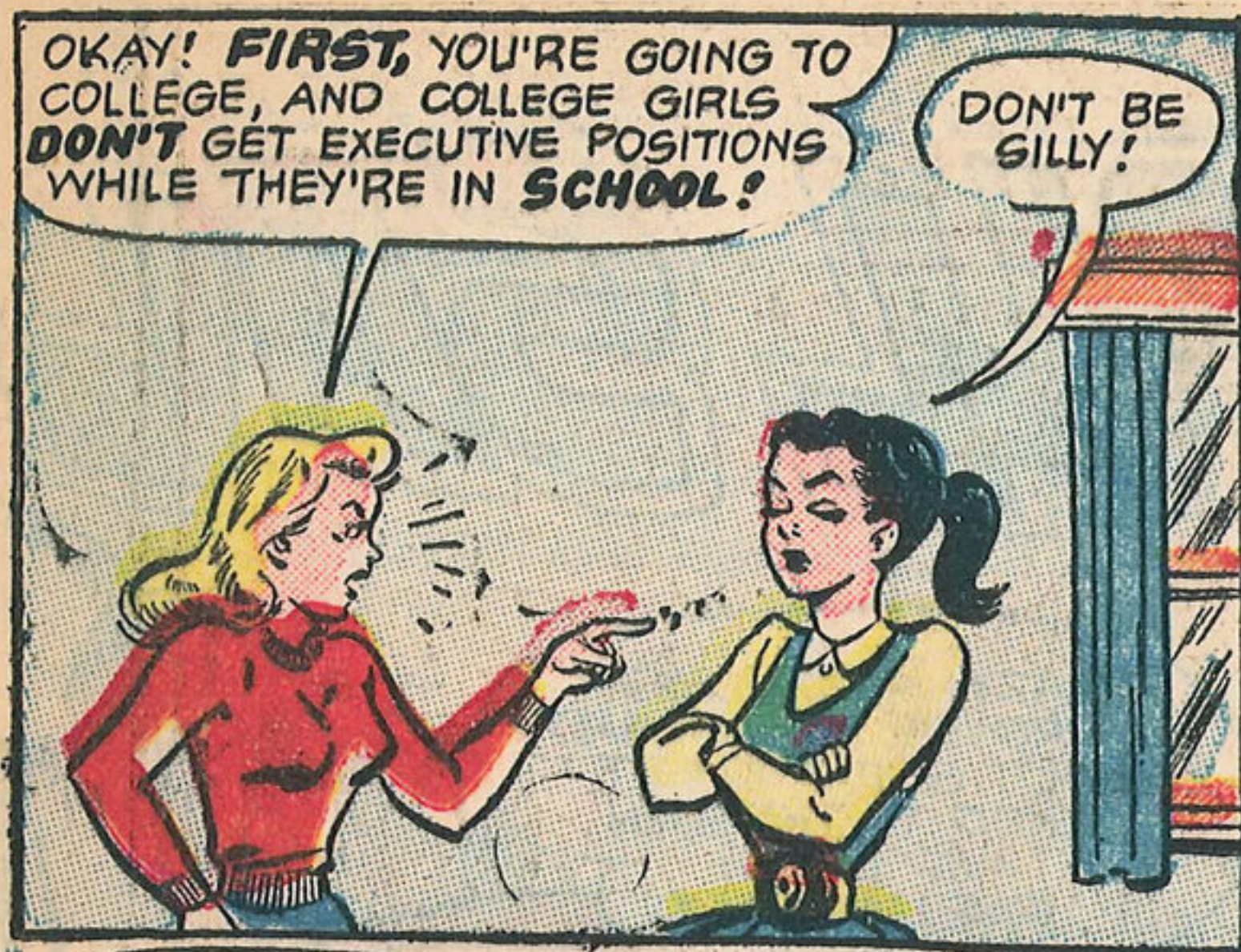
The golden-haired girl made a purring sound.

"And I can't fire you," the manager was saying, as he planted a number of kisses over her face. "So I guess the only thing to do is marry you! Because you certainly are a home girl!"

Unashamedly, Melissa kissed him back. "I certainly are," she agreed. "Am!"

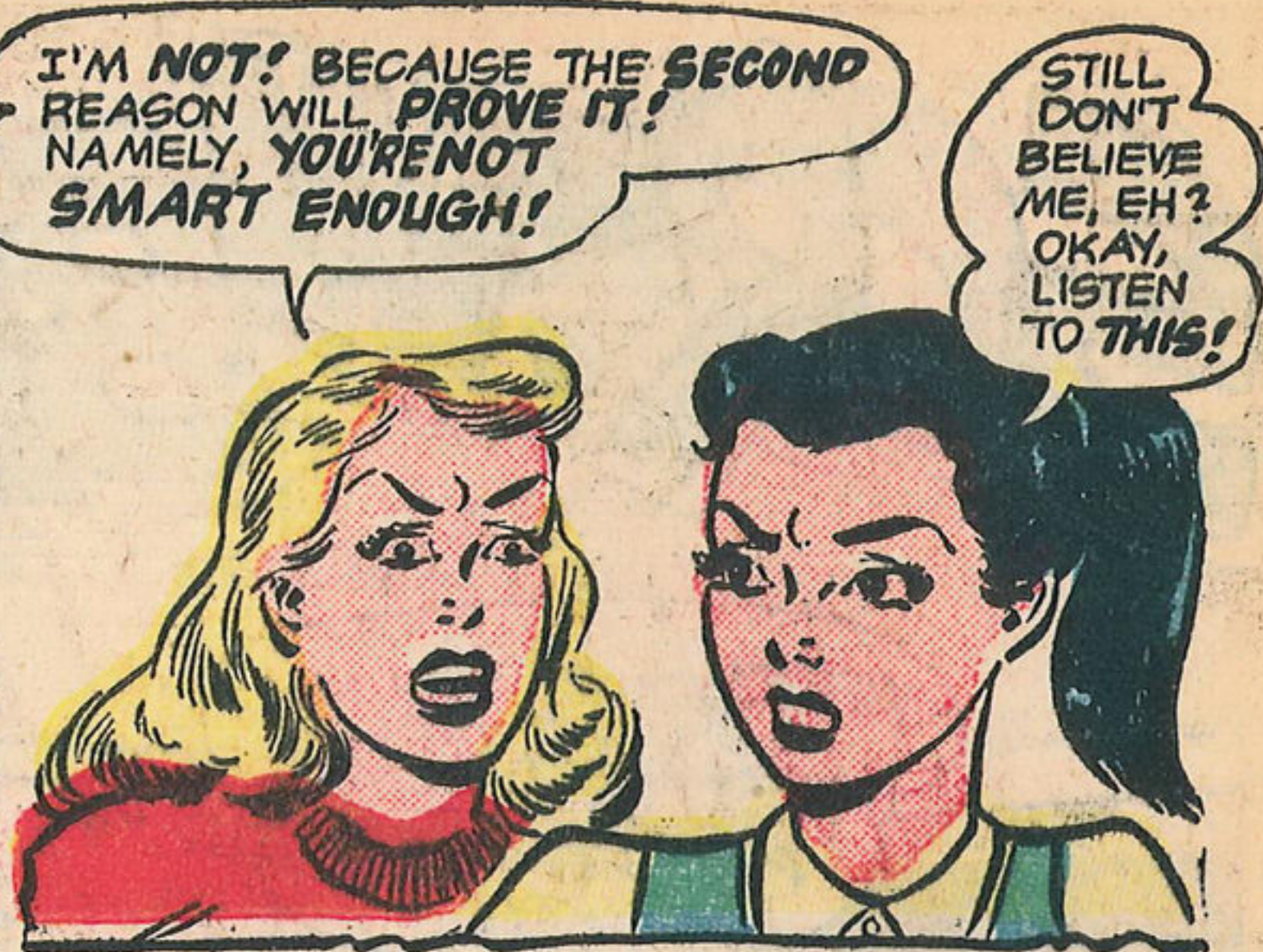
SCREWBALL SAL





OKAY! **FIRST**, YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE, AND COLLEGE GIRLS **DON'T** GET EXECUTIVE POSITIONS WHILE THEY'RE IN **SCHOOL**!

DON'T BE SILLY!



I'M **NOT**! BECAUSE THE **SECOND** REASON WILL **PROVE IT**! NAMELY, YOU'RE **NOT** SMART ENOUGH!

STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME, EH? OKAY, LISTEN TO **THIS**!



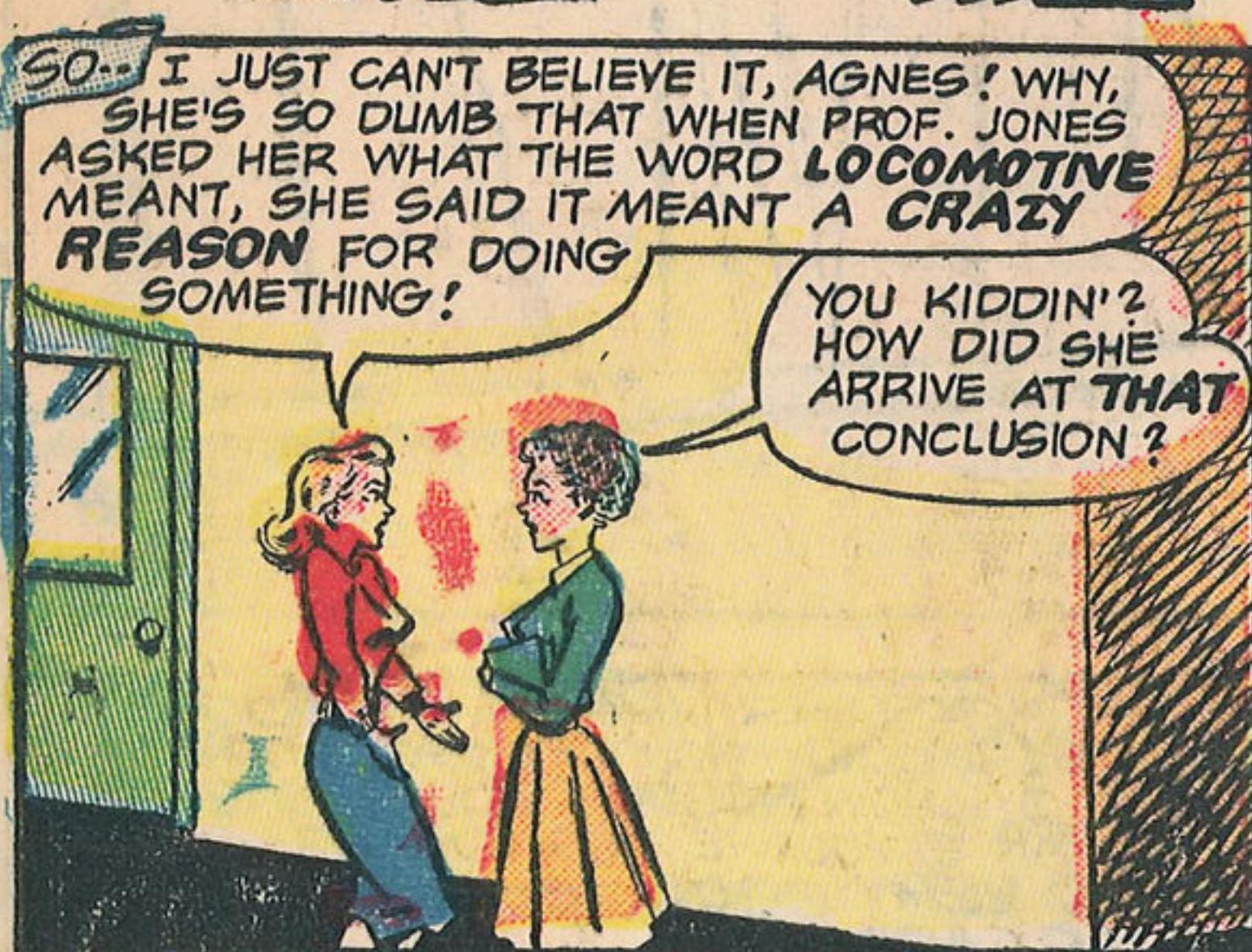
I'M GONNA BE IN CHARGE OF **50 MEN**!

WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



OKAY! COME AROUND TO MY OFFICE AFTER CLASSES AND SEE FOR YOURSELF! MY OFFICE IS AT 5TH AND OAK STREET!

I'LL BE THERE! **THAT** I GOTTA SEE!



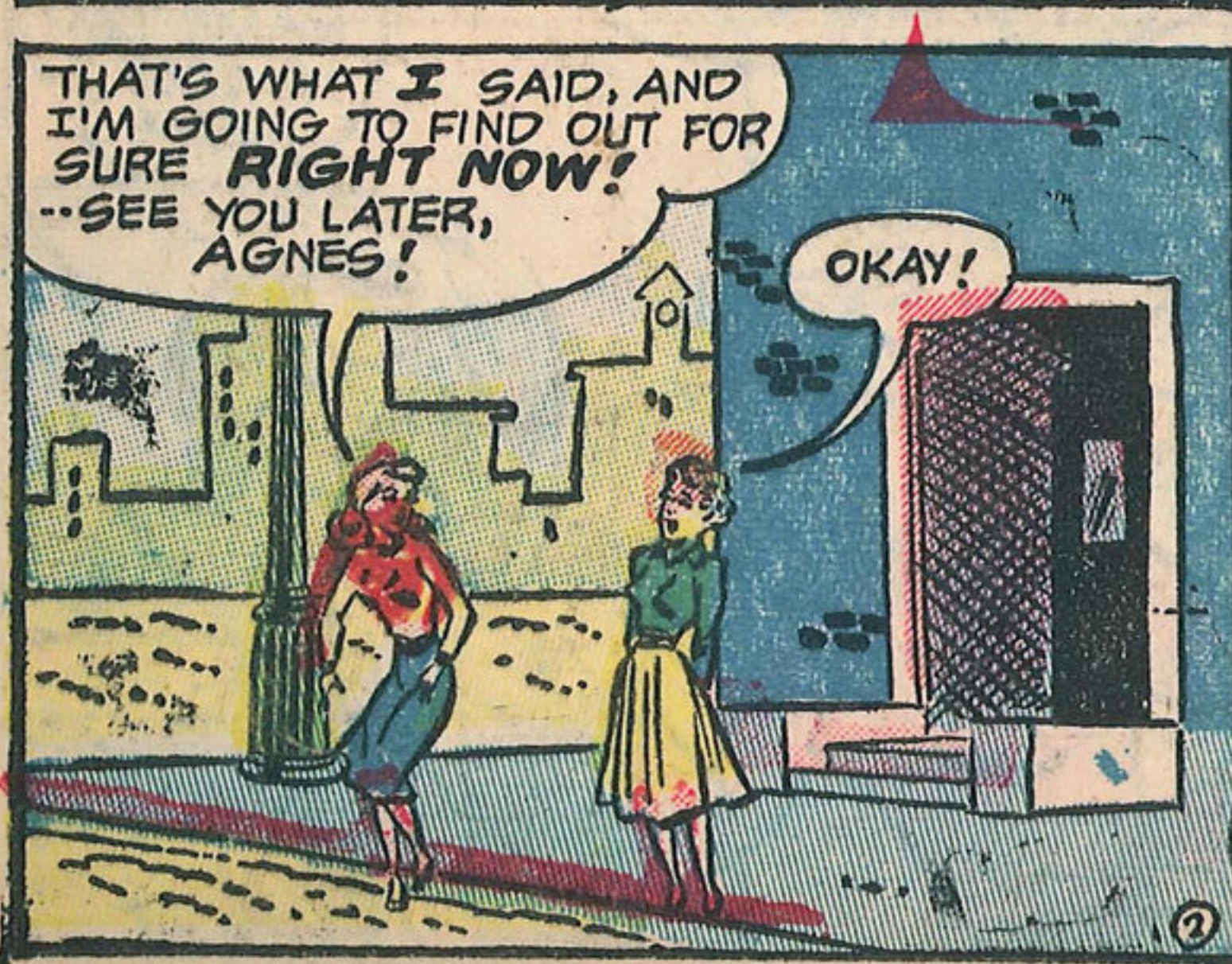
SO... I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT, AGNES! WHY, SHE'S SO DUMB THAT WHEN PROF. JONES ASKED HER WHAT THE WORD **LOCOMOTIVE** MEANT, SHE SAID IT MEANT A **CRAZY REASON** FOR DOING SOMETHING!

YOU KIDDIN'? HOW DID SHE ARRIVE AT **THAT** CONCLUSION?



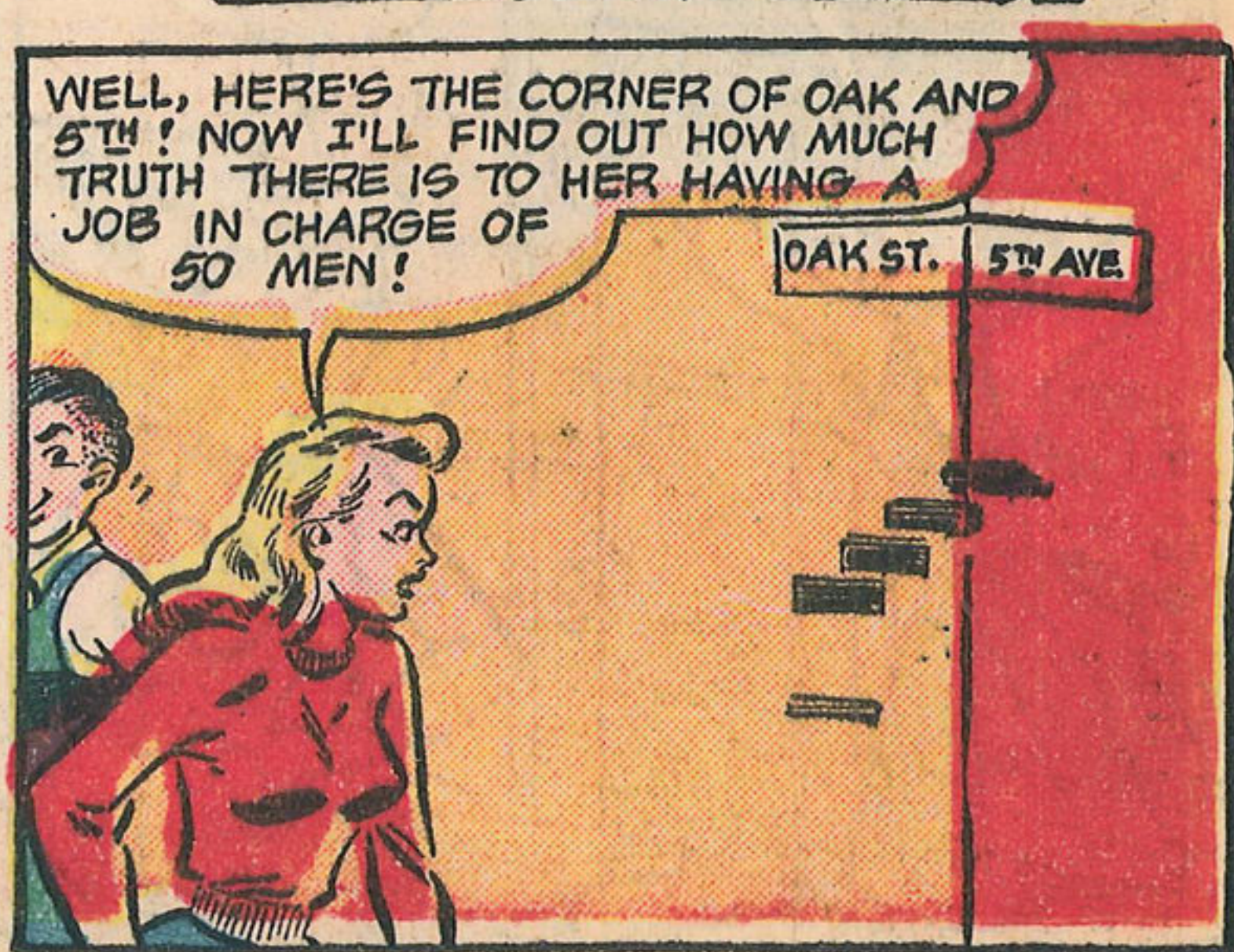
SHE SAID **LOCO** MEANT CRAZY-- AND **MOTIVE** MEANT A REASON FOR DOING SOMETHING! CONSEQUENTLY, **LOCO-MOTIVE** MEANT A CRAZY REASON!

OH, **BROTHER**! AND SOMEBODY GAVE HER A JOB IN CHARGE OF **50 MEN**!.. THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE**!



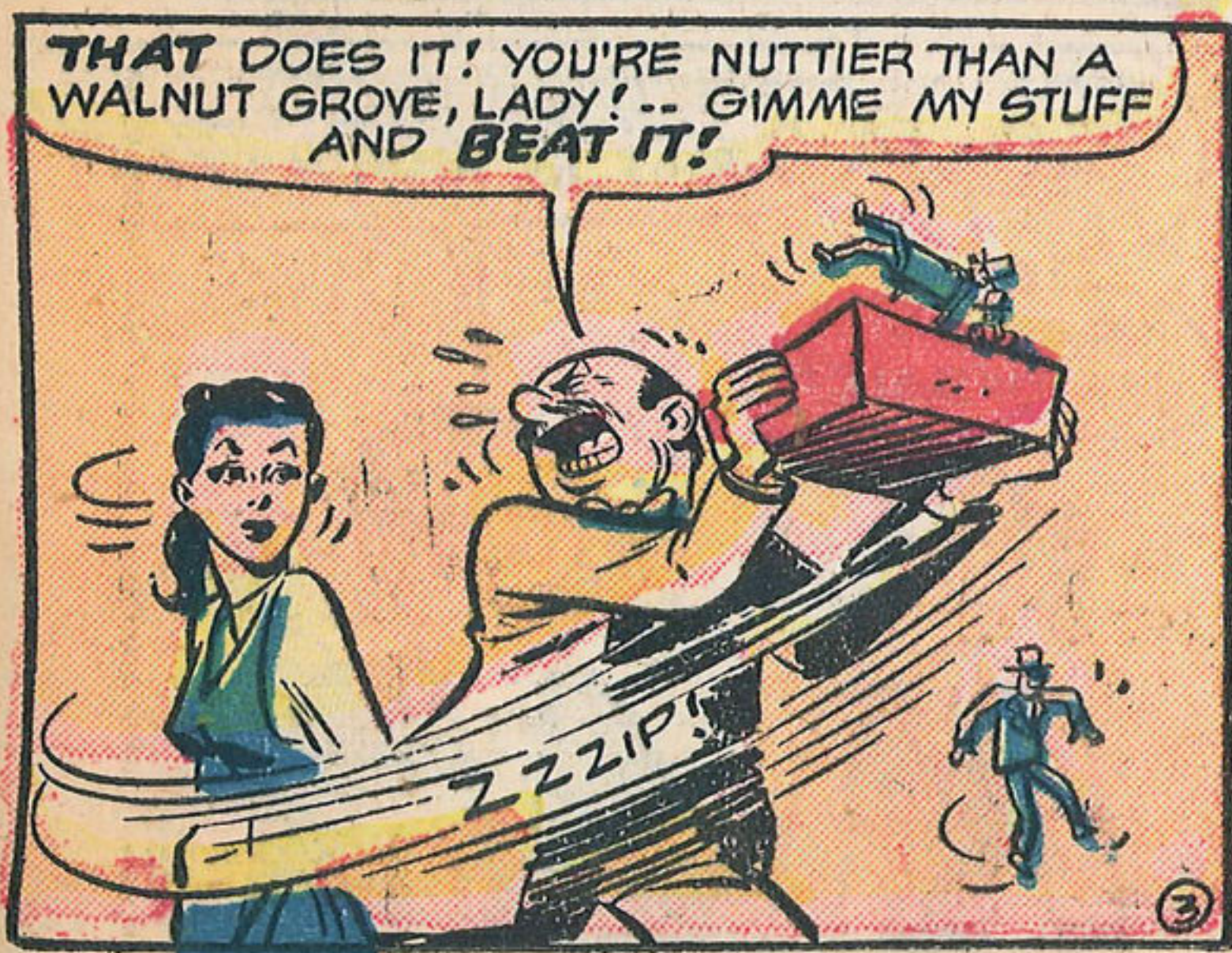
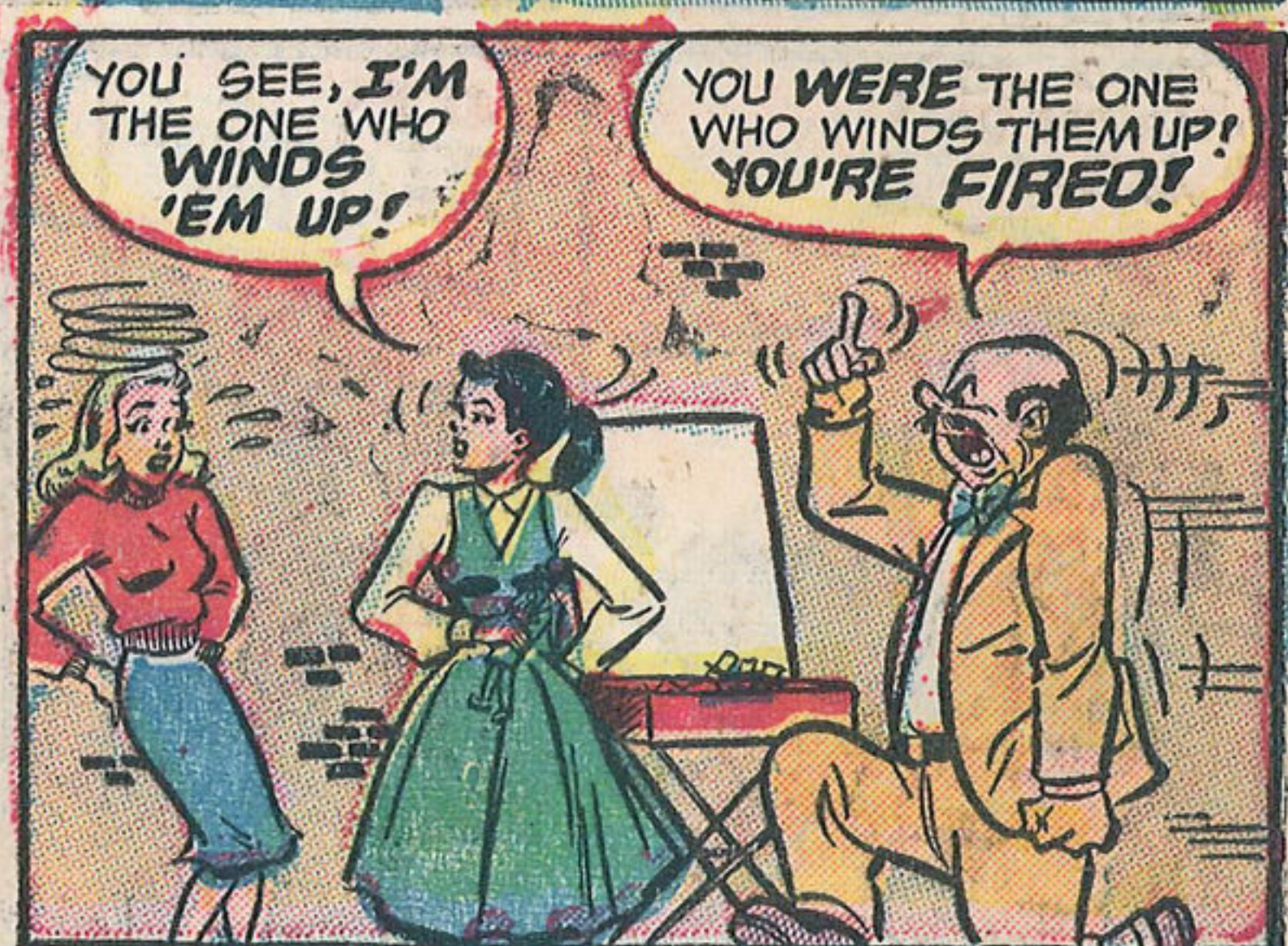
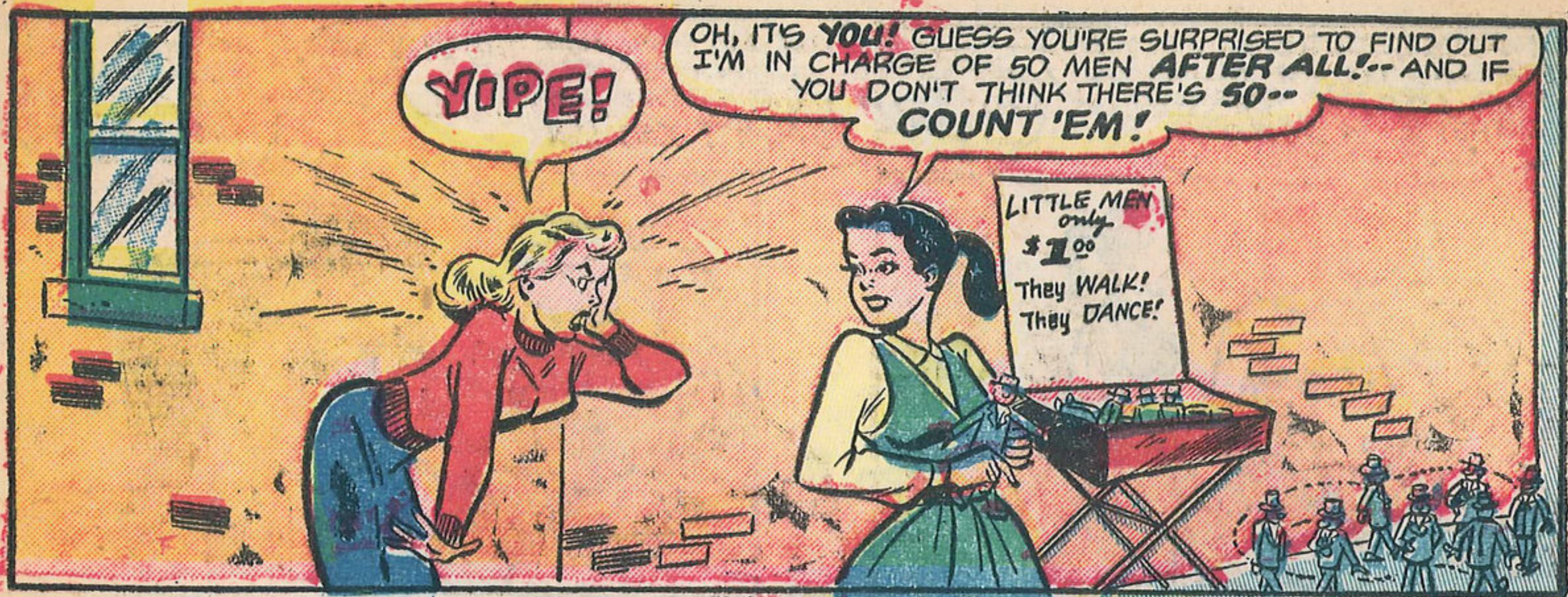
THAT'S WHAT **I** SAID, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT FOR SURE **RIGHT NOW**! --SEE YOU LATER, AGNES!

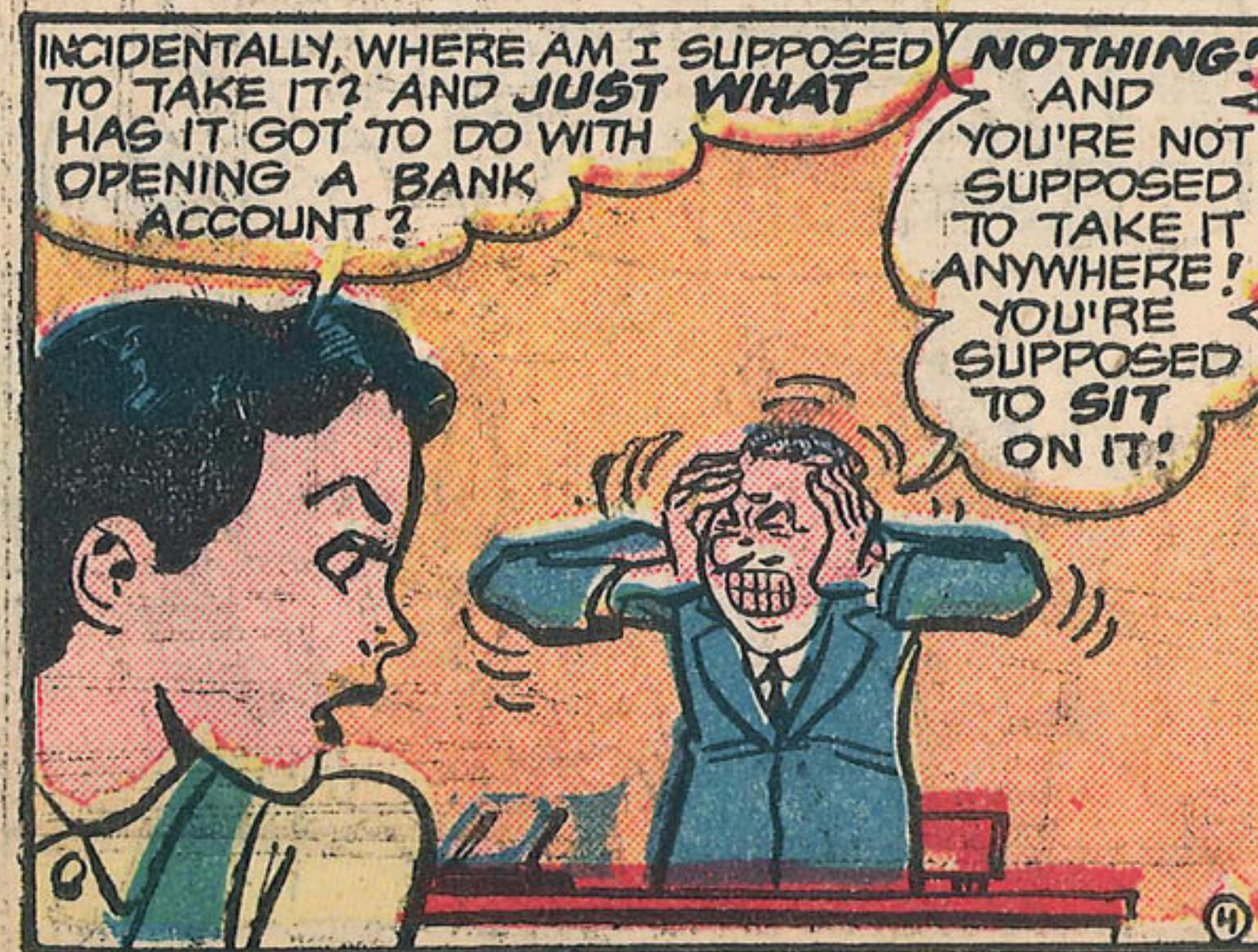
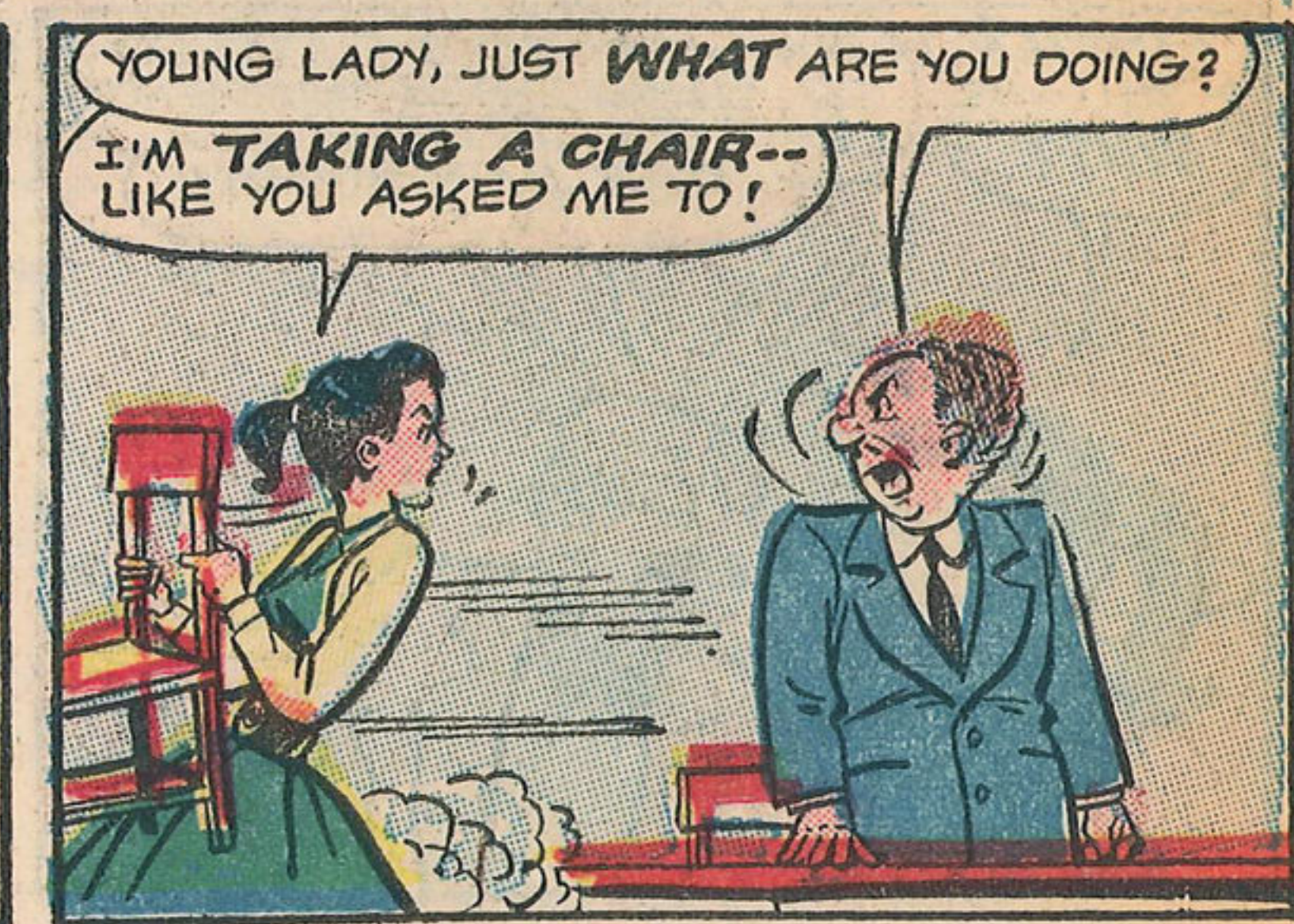
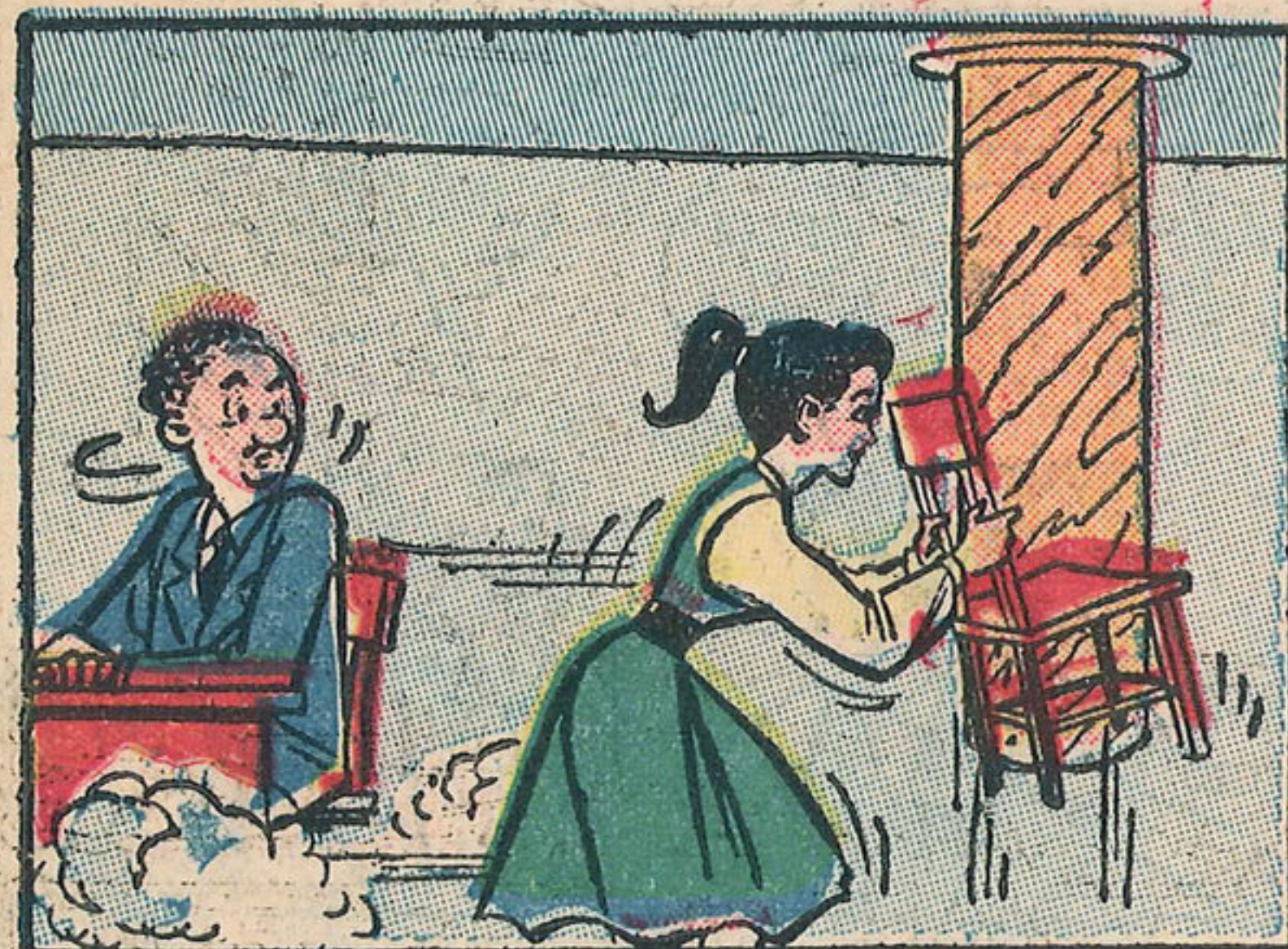
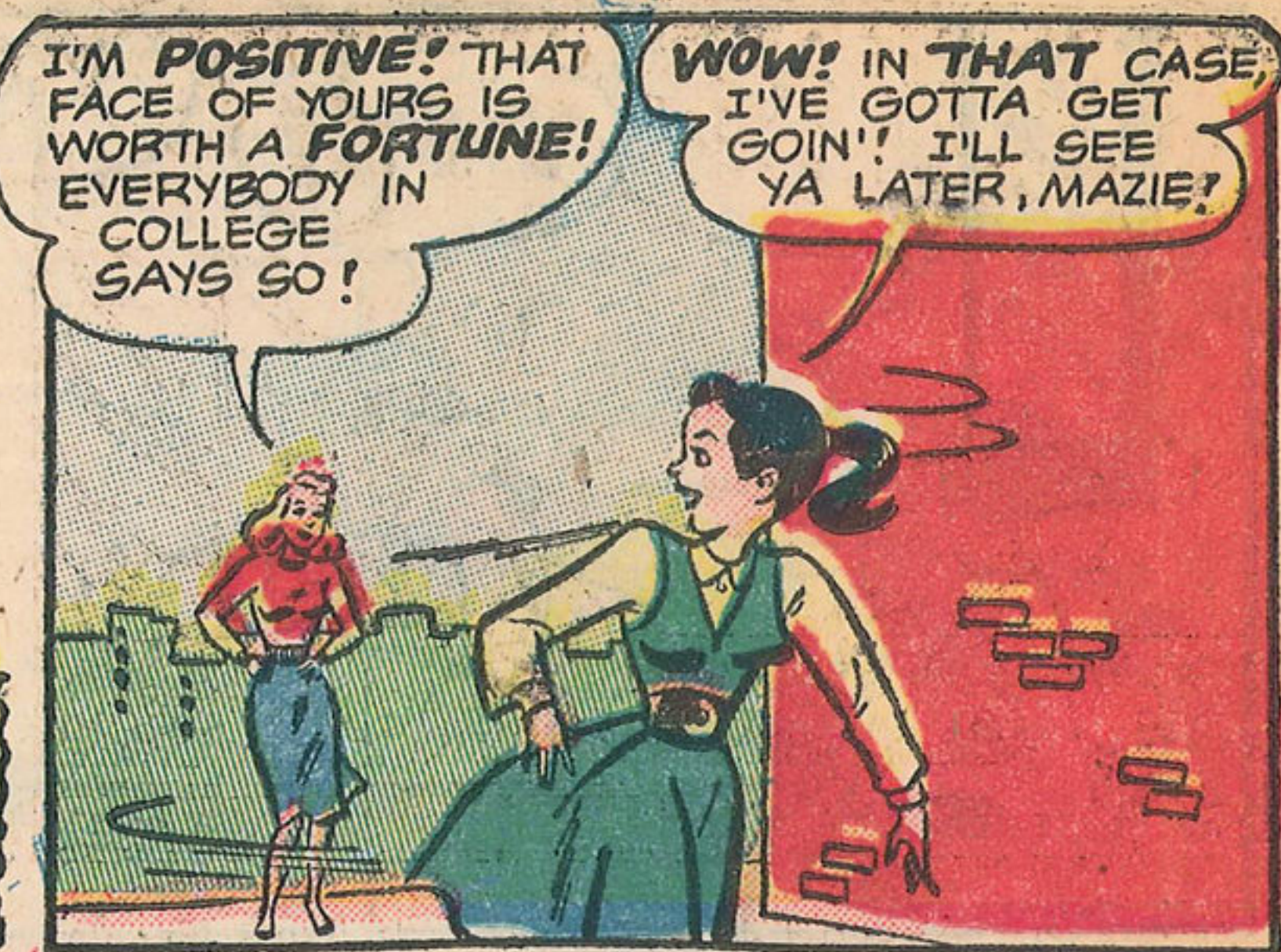
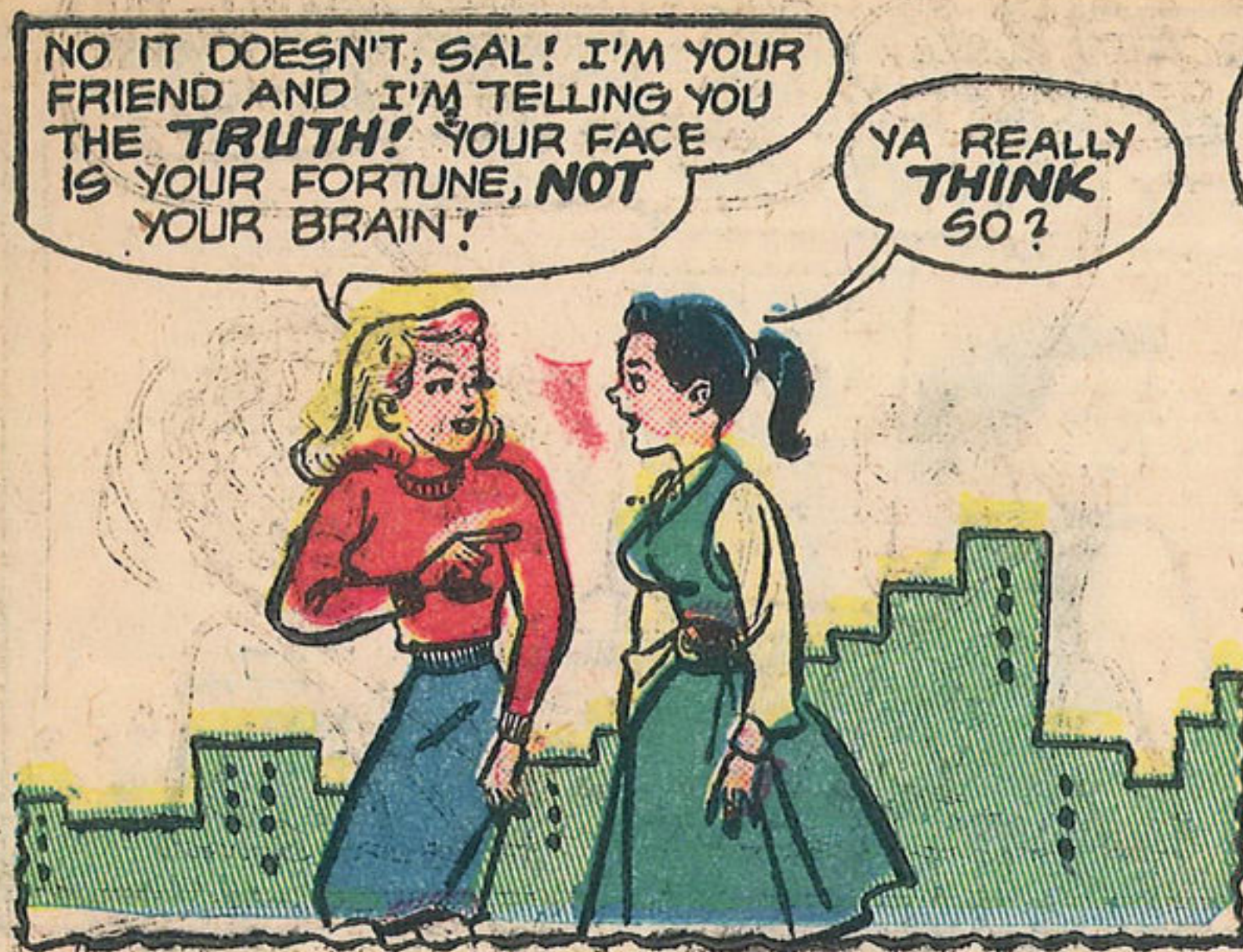
OKAY!

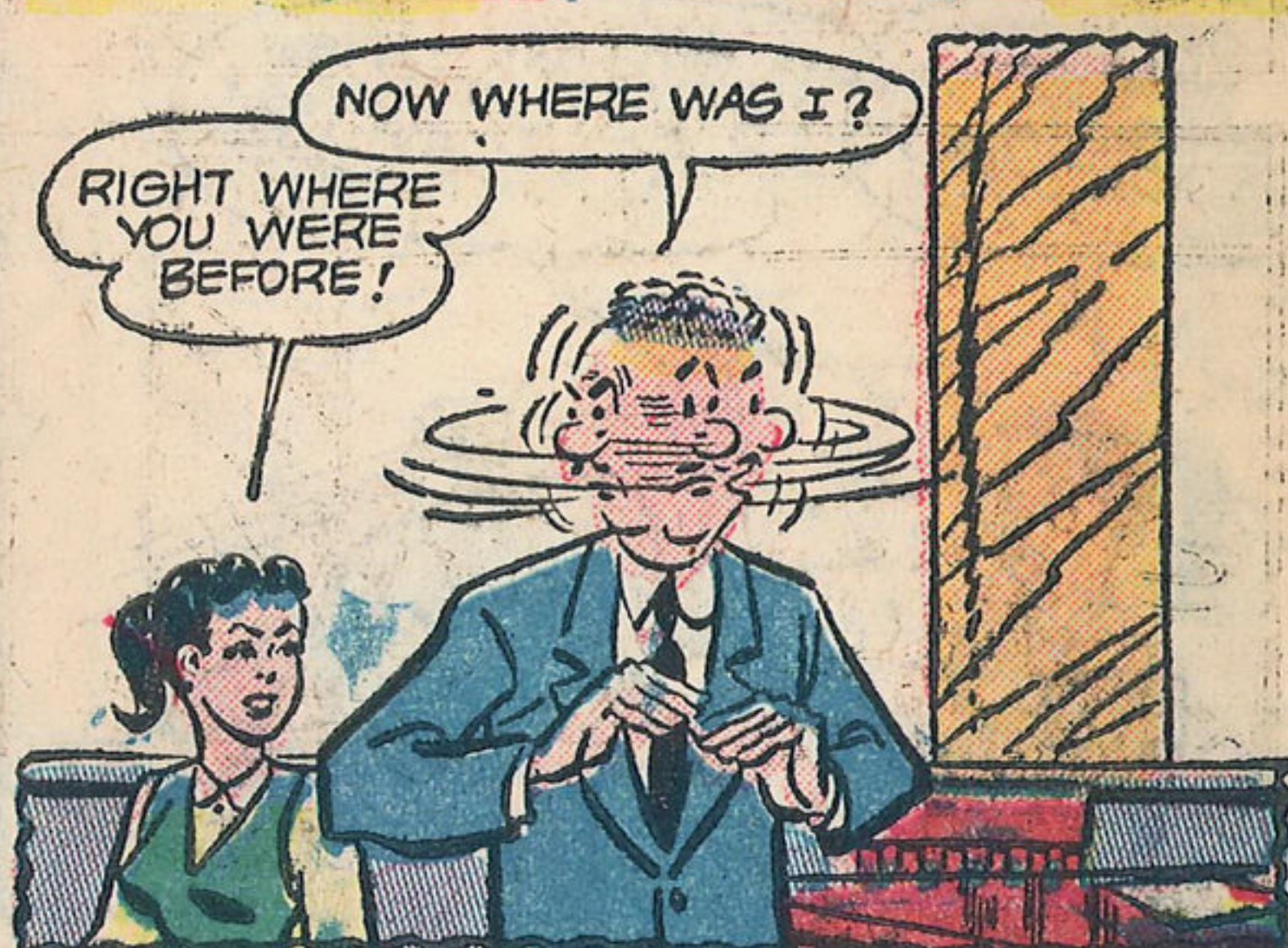
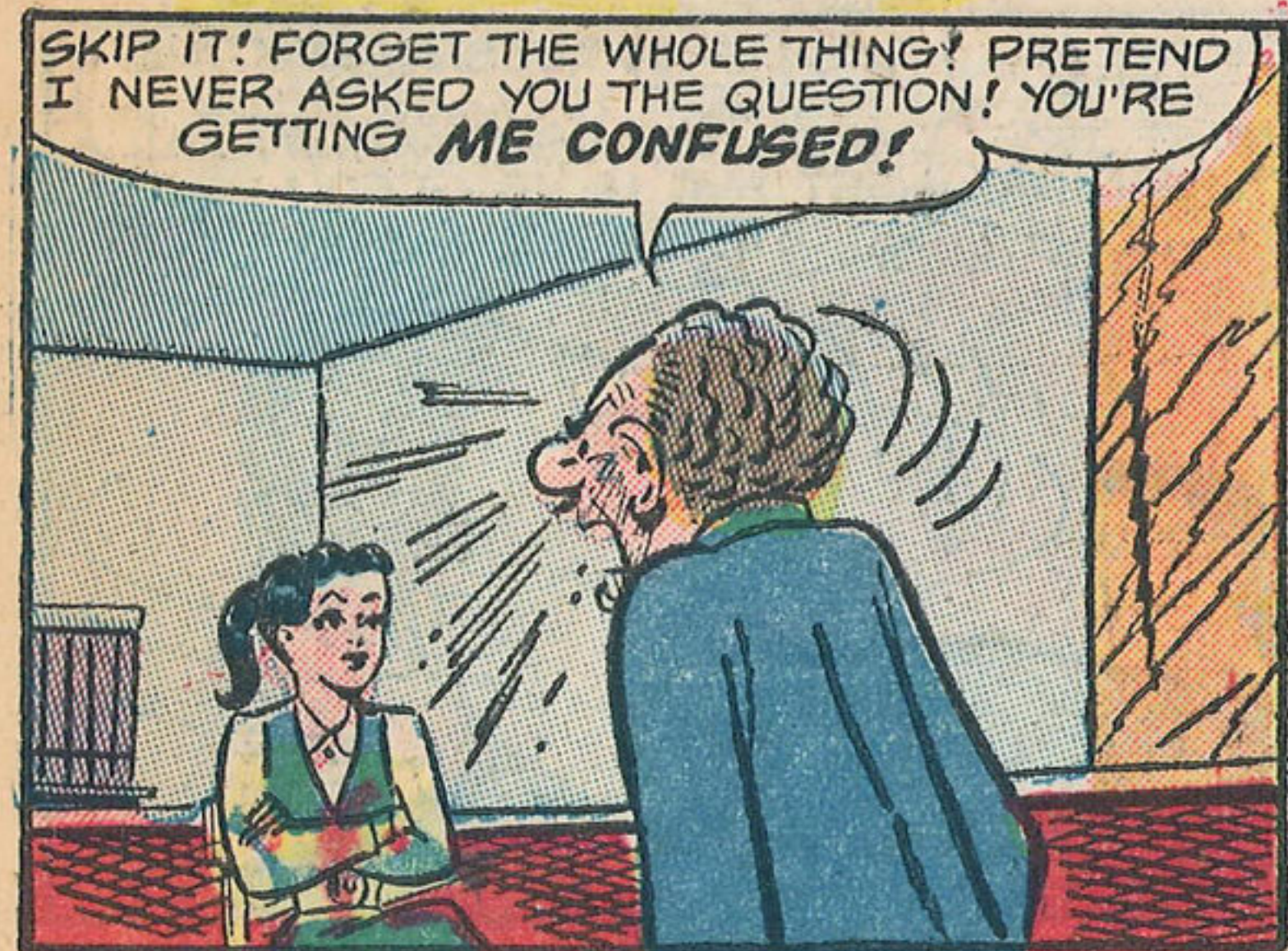


WELL, HERE'S THE CORNER OF OAK AND 5TH! NOW I'LL FIND OUT HOW MUCH TRUTH THERE IS TO HER HAVING A JOB IN CHARGE OF **50 MEN**!

OAK ST. 5TH AVE.



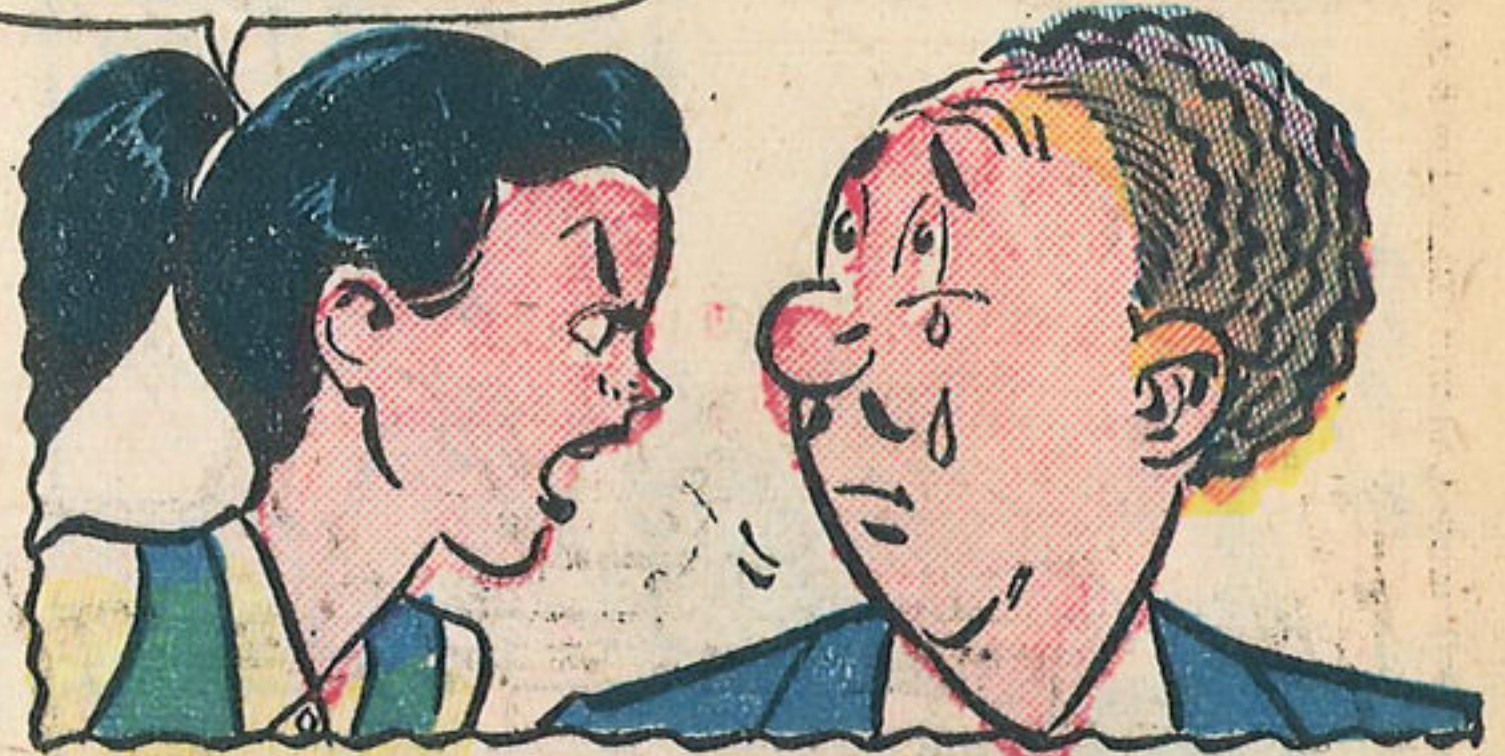
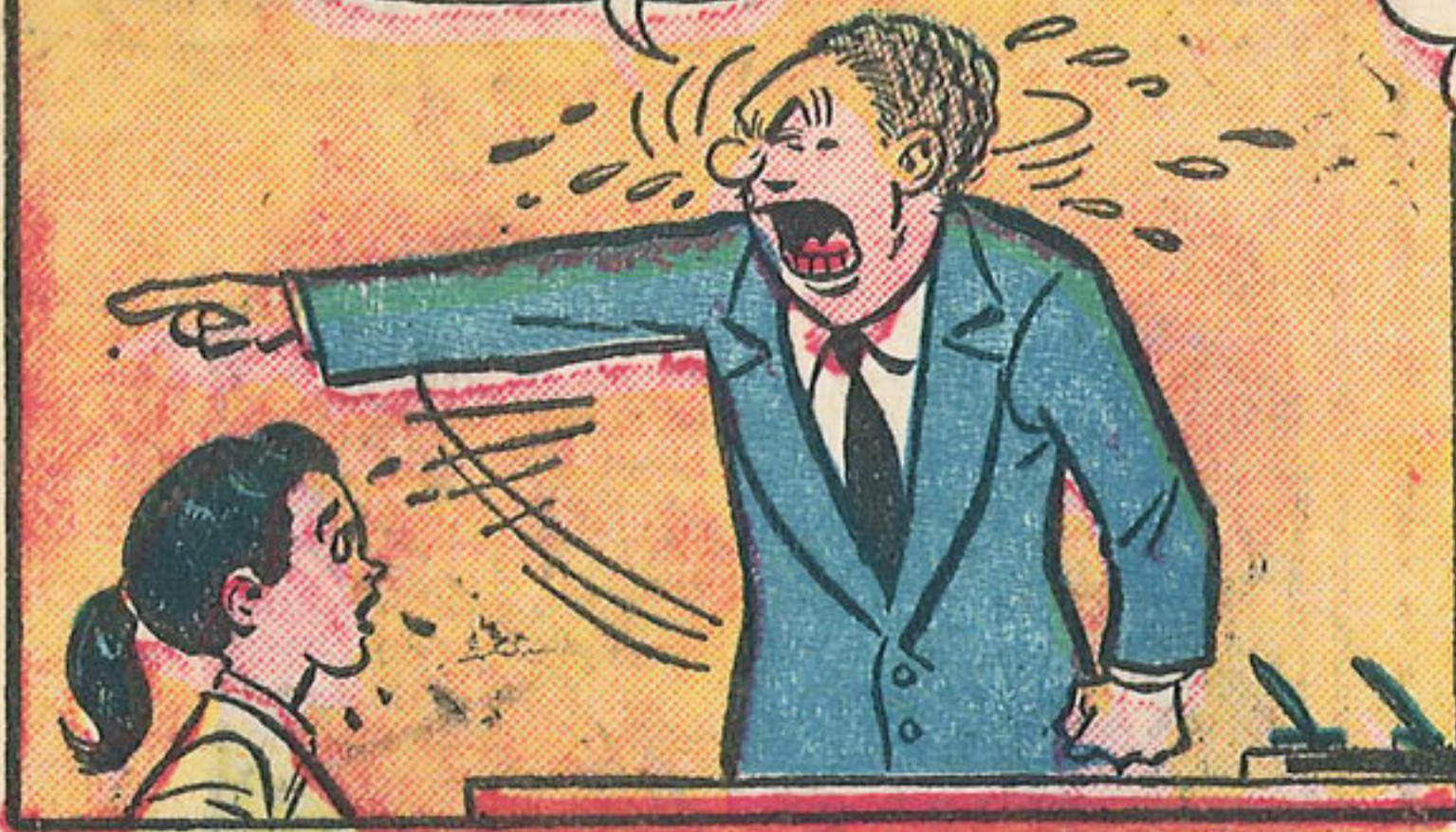




PLEASE GO OVER TO THE SECURITY BANK AND OPEN UP YOUR ACCOUNT THERE! **THIS** BANK IS WILLING TO STRUGGLE ALONG WITHOUT IT!

I'M SORRY, BUT I WANT MY ACCOUNT IN **THIS** BANK! NOW ARE YOU GOING TO OPEN MY ACCOUNT OR DO I COMPLAIN TO THE **PRESIDENT** OF THIS INSTITUTION?

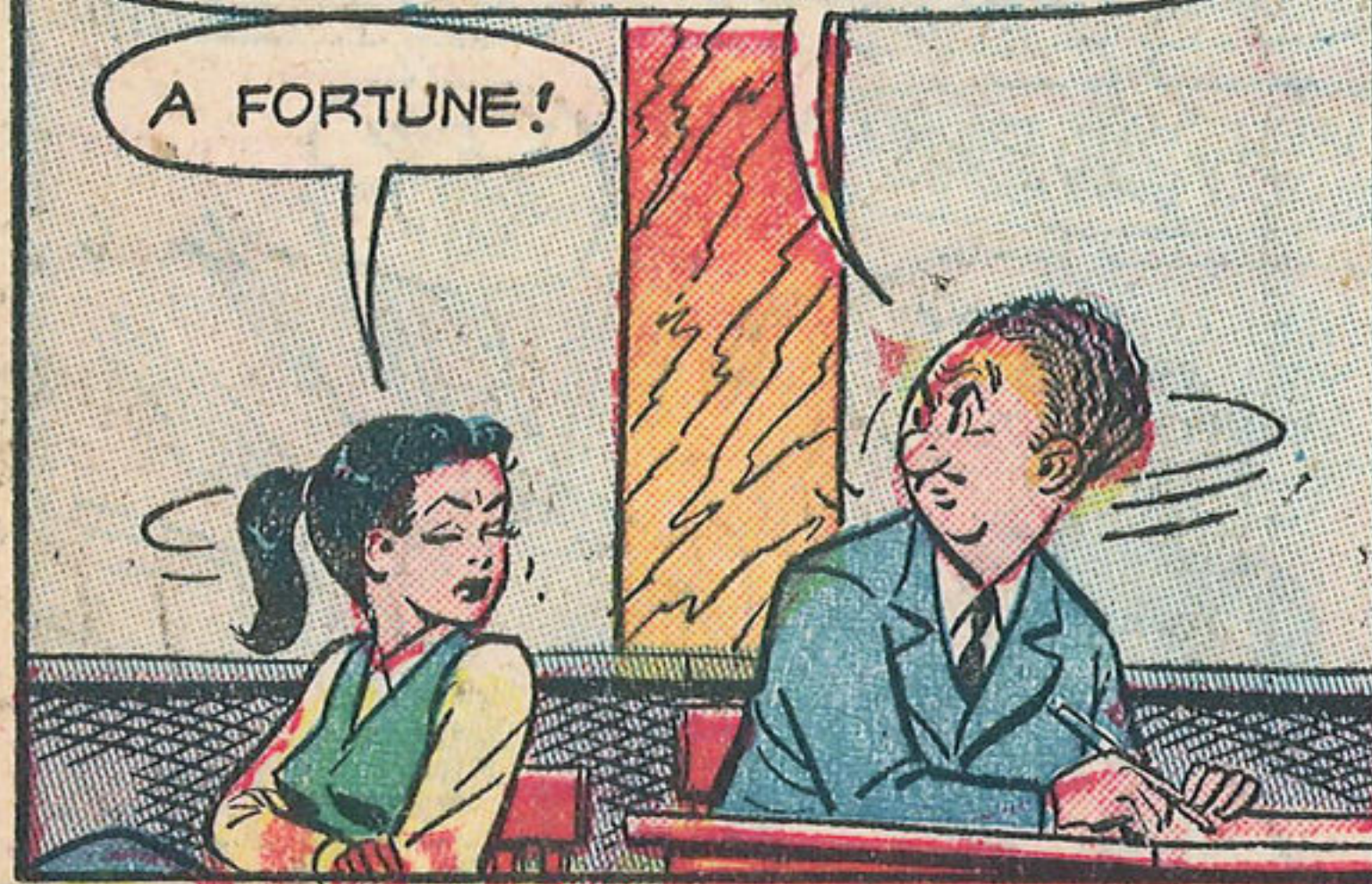
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! SIT DOWN AND WE'LL FINISH! SOB!



NOW THEN, HOW MUCH DO YOU INTEND TO DEPOSIT IN THIS ACCOUNT?

A FORTUNE!

WHAT? A FORTUNE? REALLY? A FORTUNE? HOW MUCH OF A FORTUNE?

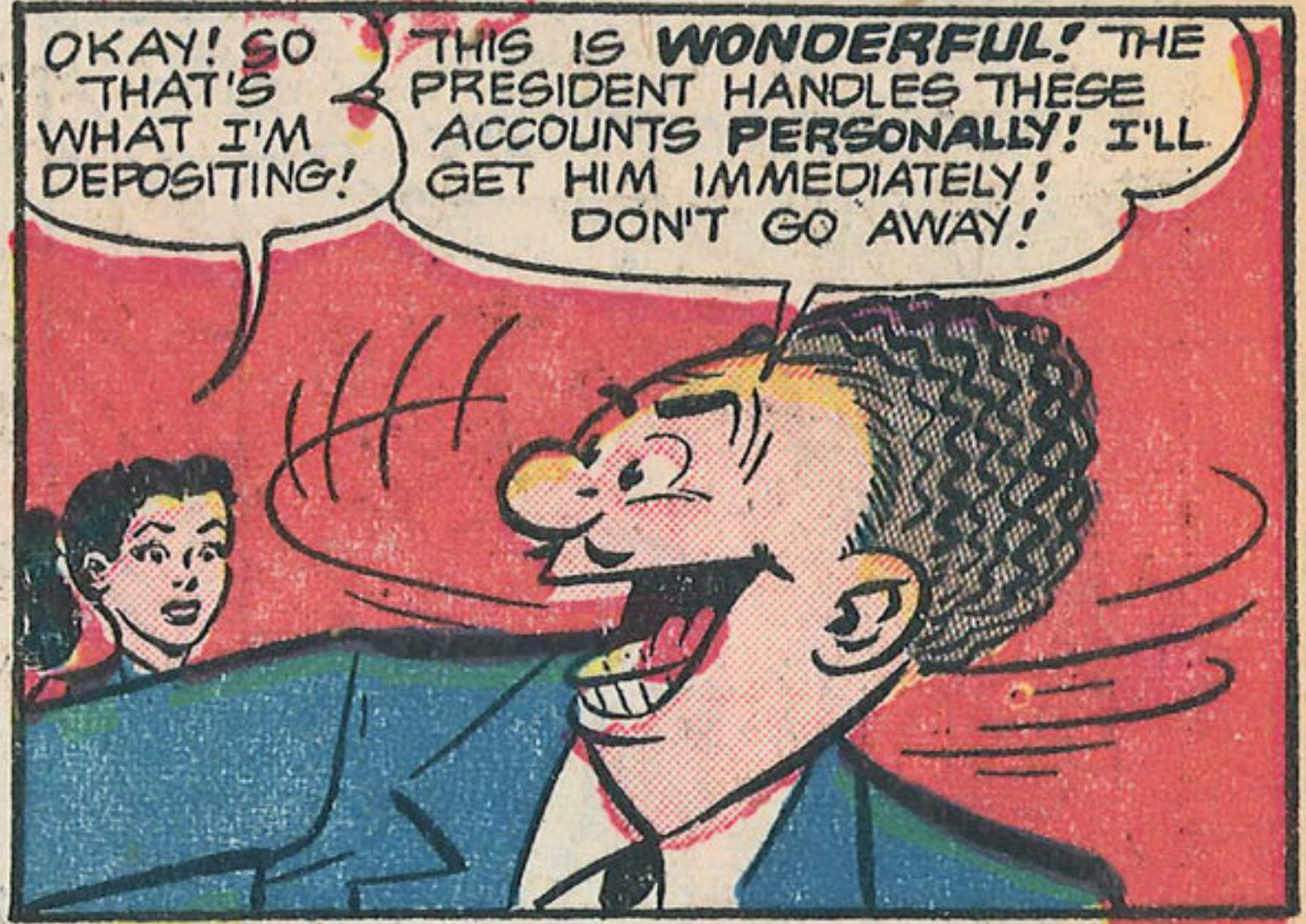


HOW MUCH DO YOU CONSIDER A FORTUNE?

A MILLION-- TWO MILLION DOLLARS! I'D SAY **THAT** WAS A FORTUNE!

OKAY! GO THAT'S WHAT I'M DEPOSITING!

THIS IS **WONDERFUL!** THE PRESIDENT HANDLES THESE ACCOUNTS **PERSONALLY!** I'LL GET HIM IMMEDIATELY! DON'T GO AWAY!

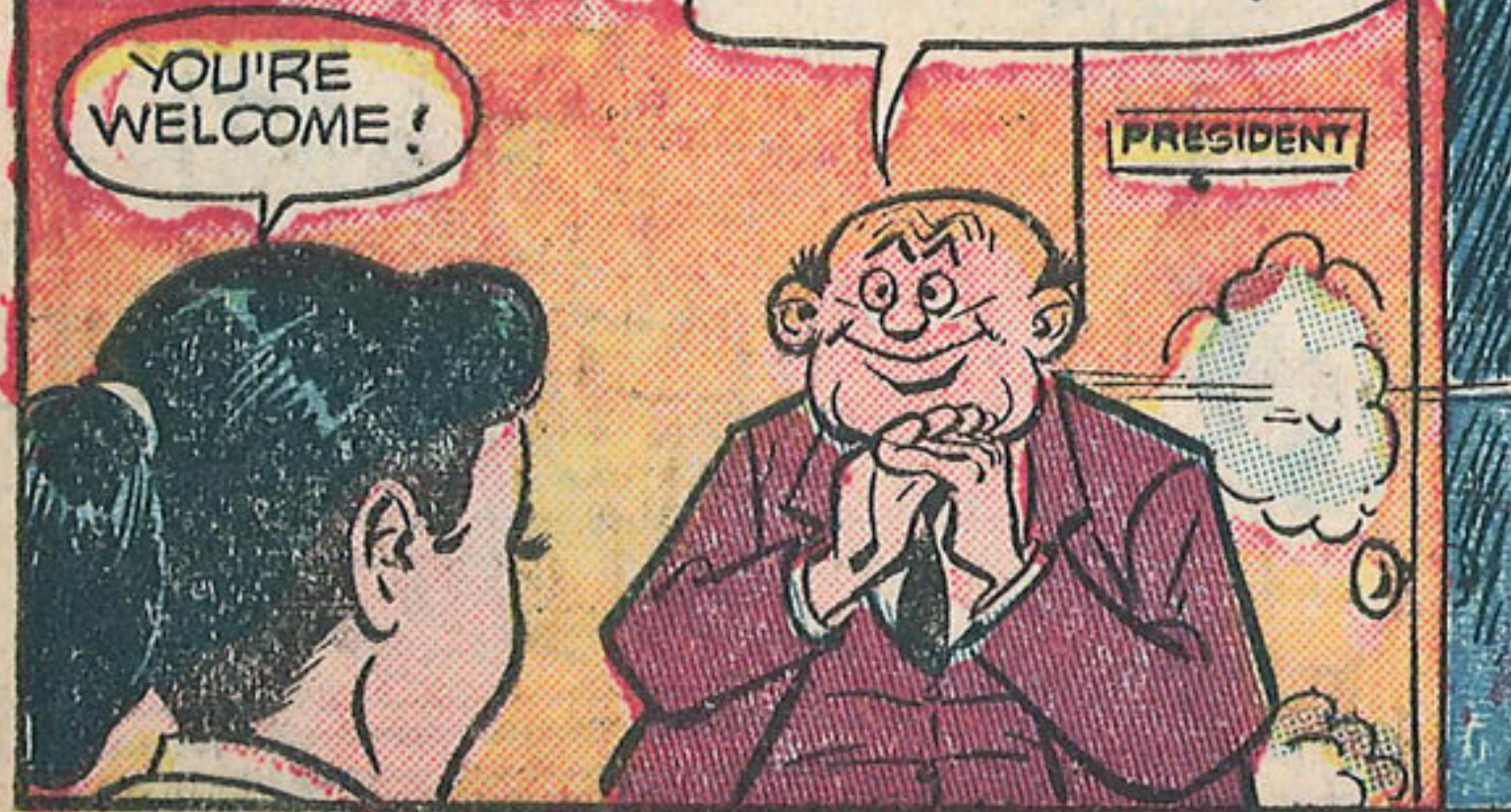


Seconds later...

HOW DO YOU DO? HOW DO YOU **DO**, YOUNG LADY! I'M J. PIERPONT GILTROCKS, PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK! ALLOW ME TO BE THE FIRST TO **THANK** YOU FOR CHOOSING **OUR** BANK TO ENTRUST WITH YOUR FORTUNE!

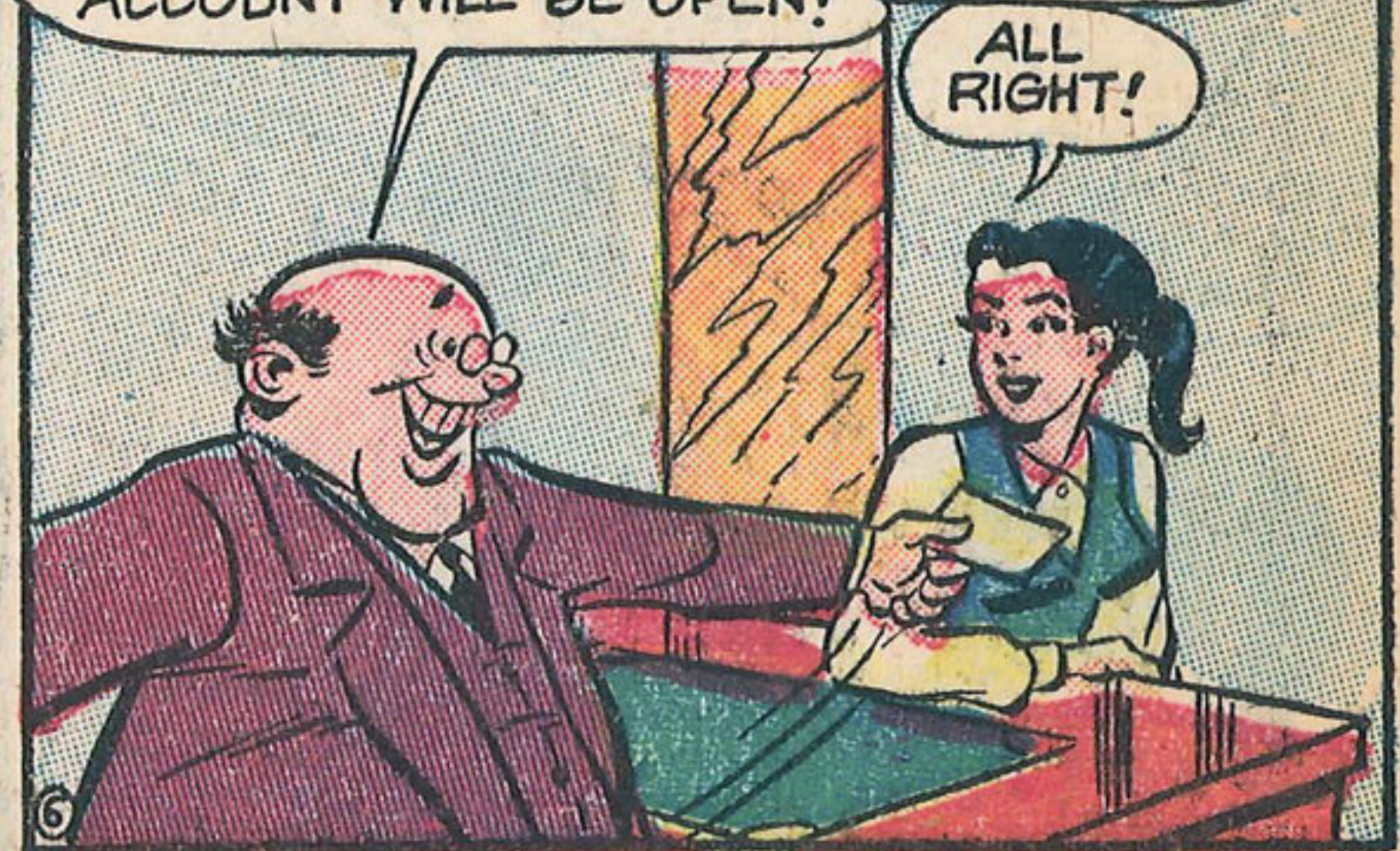
YOU'RE WELCOME!

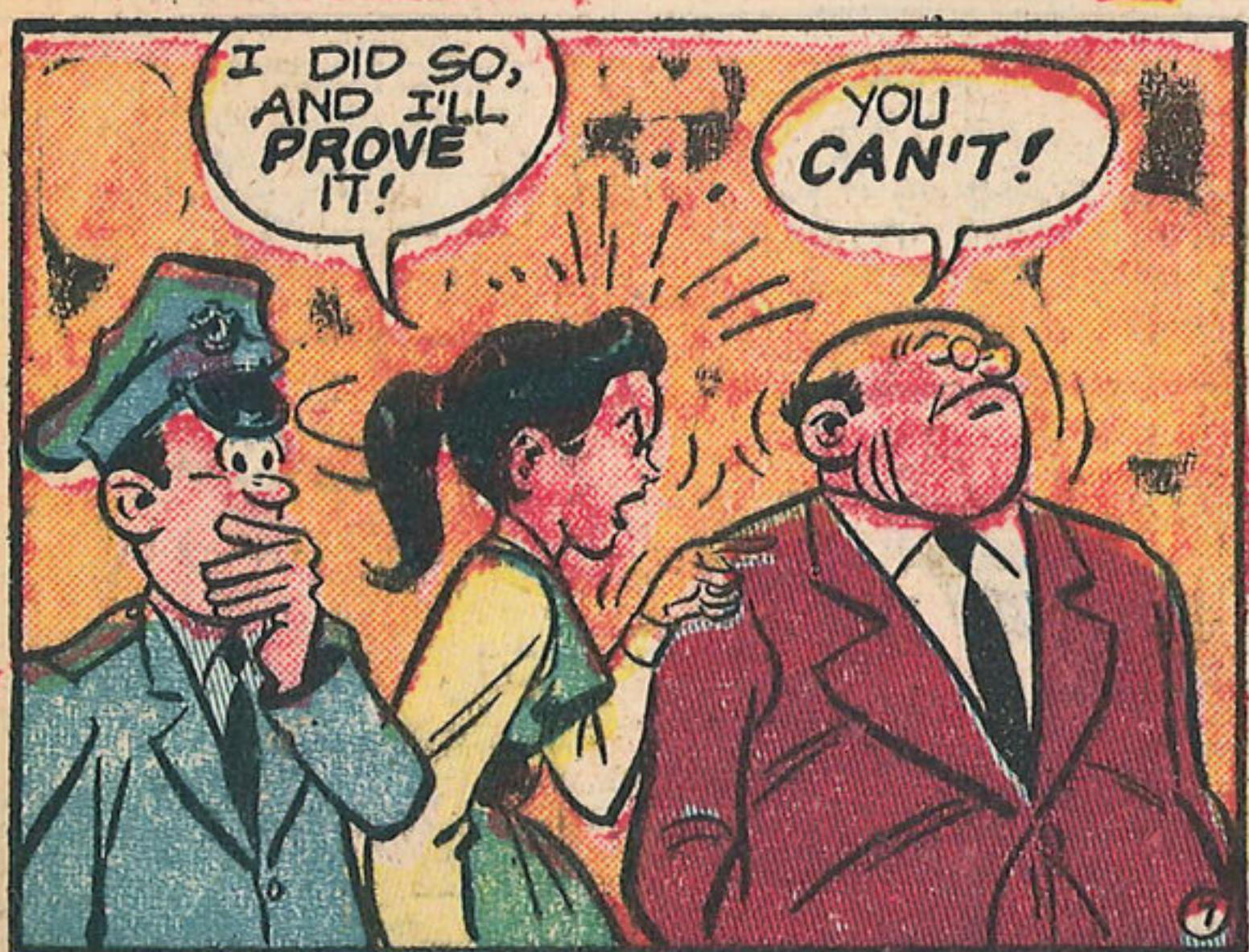
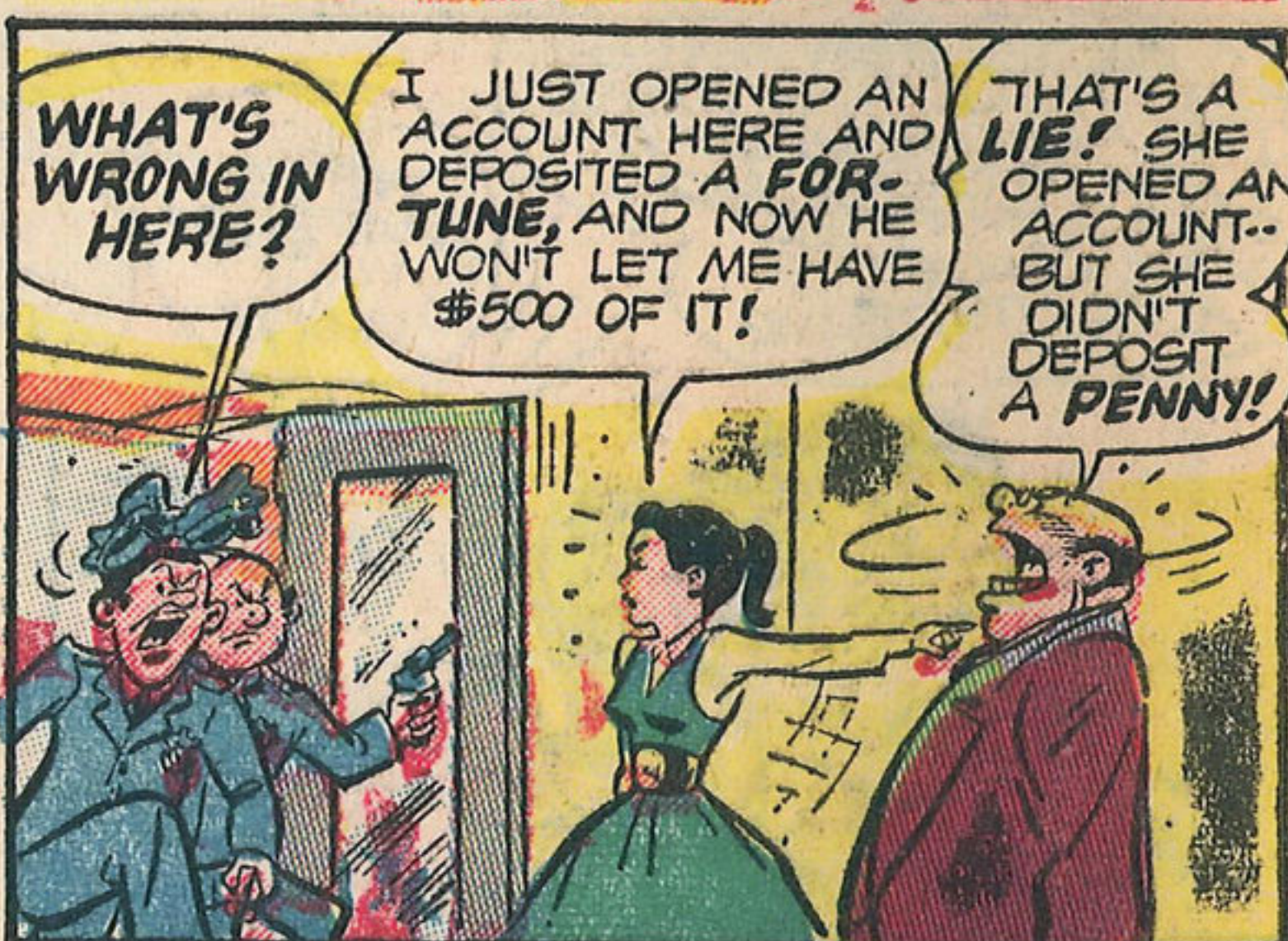
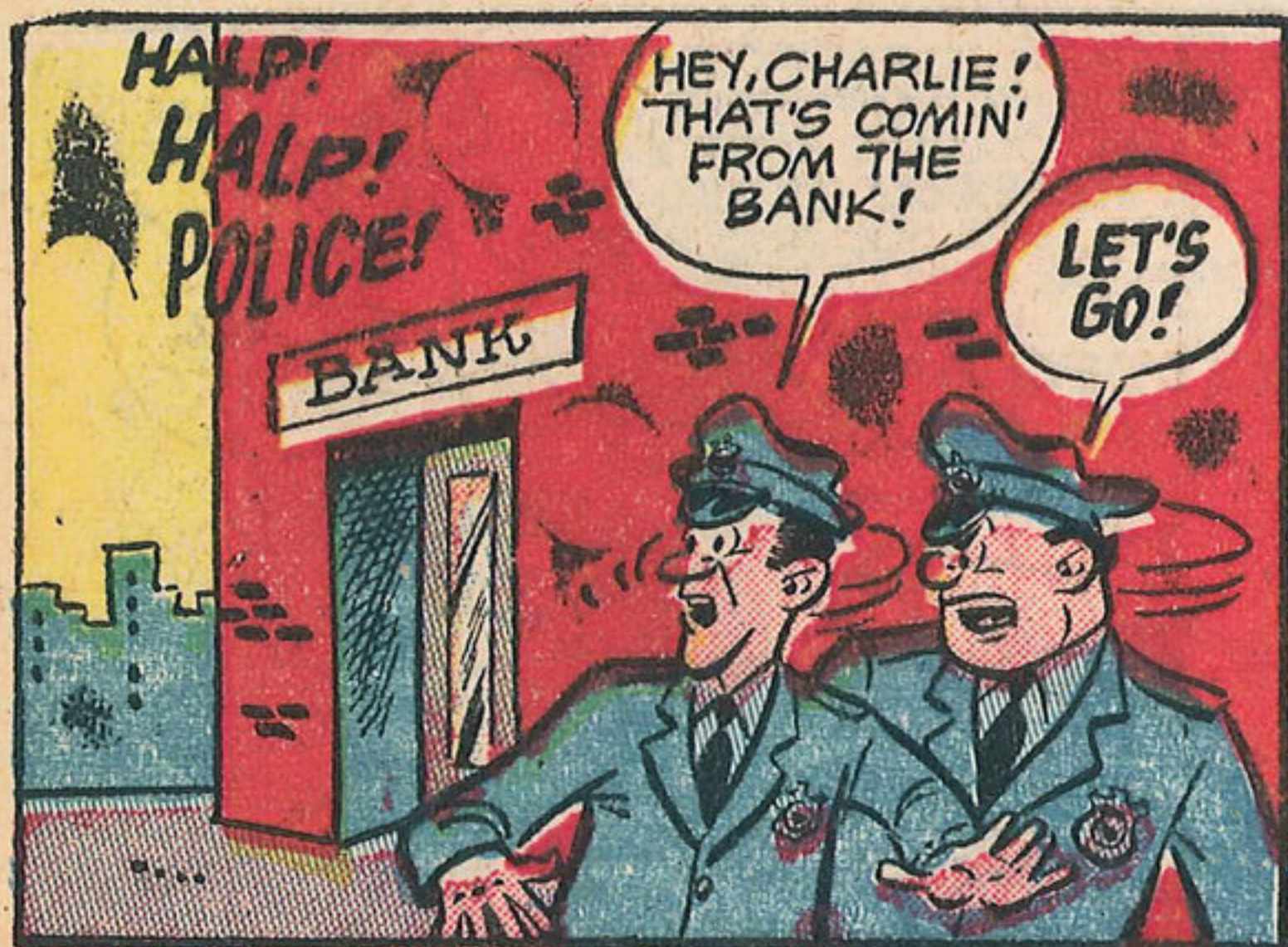
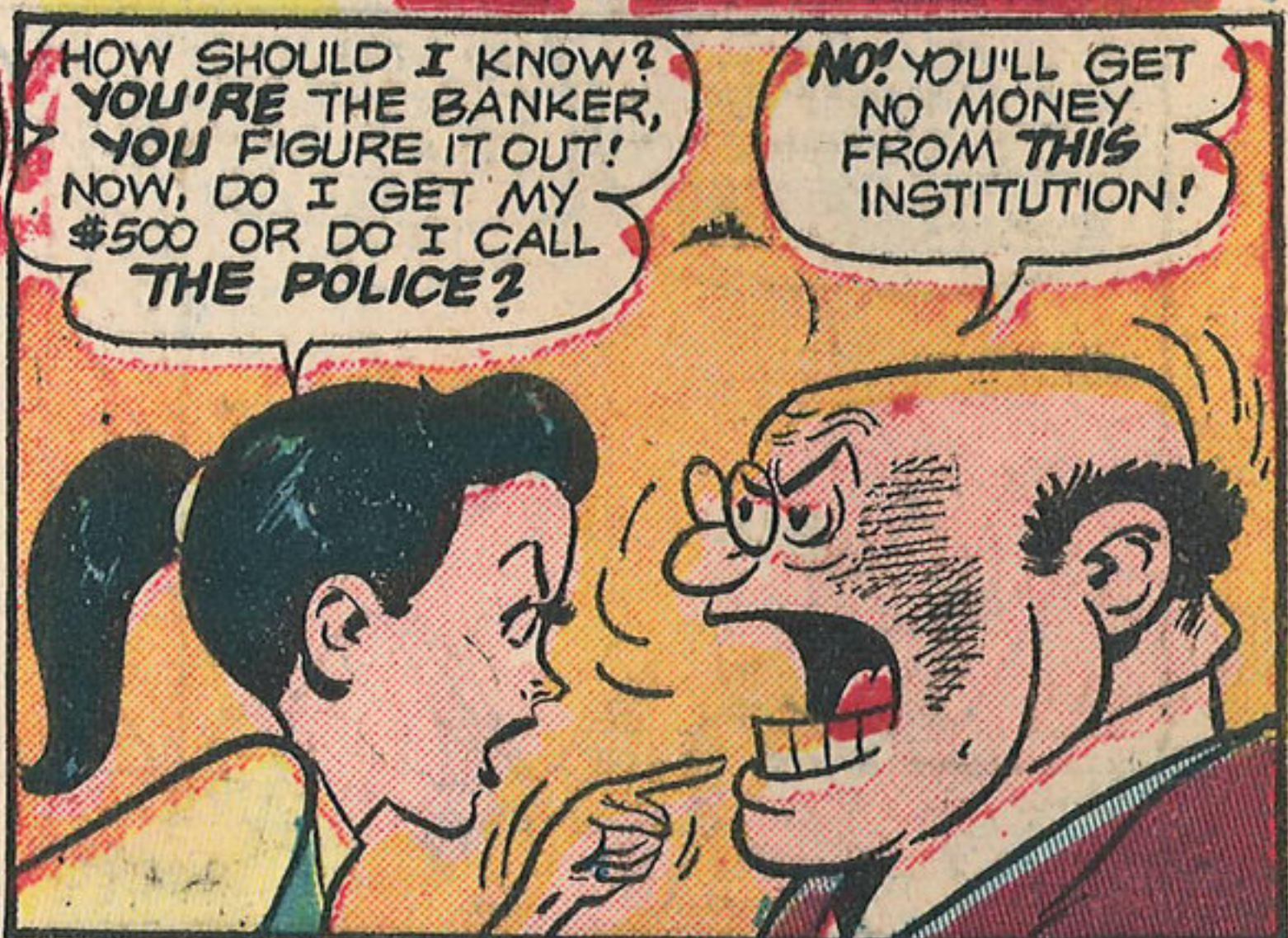
PRESIDENT



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, MISS SCREWBALL, IS FILL OUT THIS DEPOSIT SLIP WITH THE EXACT AMOUNT YOU'RE DEPOSITING, AND YOUR ACCOUNT WILL BE OPEN!

ALL RIGHT!





THERE! THAT PROVES IT!
NOW LOOK ON THAT DEPOSIT SLIP AND YOU'LL SEE I DEPOSITED MY FACE WITH THIS BANK AND THEY ACCEPTED IT!

I DON'T CARE IF WE **DID!** WE DON'T HAVE ANY WAY TO DEPOSIT A FACE WORTH A FORTUNE!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S **RIGHT, GILTROCKS!** SHE HAS AN ACCOUNT HERE-- AND A DEPOSIT SLIP TO PROVE IT!

SO YOU BETTER GIVE HER THE \$500 SHE WANTS!

SO WHAT?

I'LL GIVE IT **ALL** BACK TO HER! **HA-HA-HA!** YES, THAT'S IT! I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR **WHOLE DEPOSIT** BACK!

NO, YOU WON'T-- I DON'T WANT IT **ALL** BACK! I JUST WANT THE \$500!

YOU WON'T GET ONE CENT!

BAW! I DEPOSITED A FORTUNE WITH THIS CROOKED BANK AND THEY WON'T GIVE ME \$500 OF IT BACK!

WAIT'LL THE **NEWSPAPERS** HEAR ABOUT THIS! WAIT'LL THEY FIND OUT YOU'RE A BUNCH OF CHEATS AND CROOKS THAT KEEP YOUR DEPOSITORS' ACCOUNTS! **BAW!**

THE **NEWS-PAPERS!** WAIT! WAIT!

IF THE **PUBLIC** EVER FOUND OUT THAT THIS BANK GOT ITSELF INTO SUCH A RIDICULOUS POSITION, WE'D BE **RUINED!** SO I'LL DO **THIS!** I'LL GIVE YOU THE \$500 WITHDRAWAL IF YOU'LL AGREE THAT YOUR ACCOUNT IS THEN **CLOSED AND PAID IN FULL!**

WELL..LL-- IT'LL MEAN THAT MY FACE IS ONLY WORTH \$500-- BUT **ALL RIGHT!**

So later...

MAZIE! MAZIE! YOU WERE **RIGHT!** MY FACE WAS MY FORTUNE! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

-- AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED-- AND HERE'S THE \$500 I WITHDREW FROM THE BANK TO **PROVE** IT!-- SO YOU WERE **RIGHT, MAZIE,** I WAS BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB!

I GOT NEWS FOR YOU! I'M NOT SO SURE I **WAS** RIGHT! YOU DON'T SOUND SO DUMB TO ME!

BATTY BEATRICE

PARDON ME, MISS, BUT
WHERE WILL I FIND
THE **HOSIERY**?

IN THE **HARDWARE** DEPARTMENT!
JUST ASK FOR GARDEN SUPPLIES!

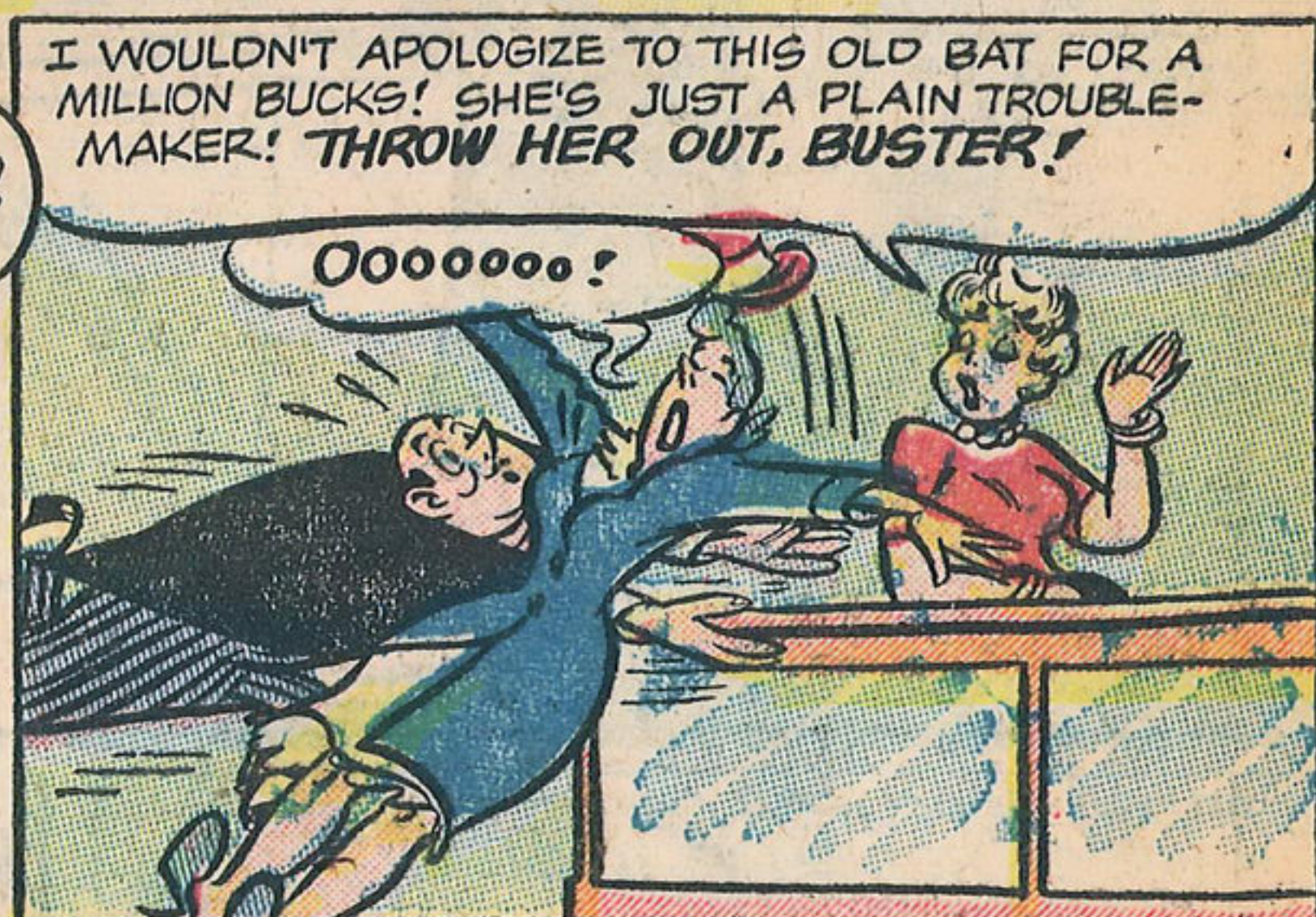
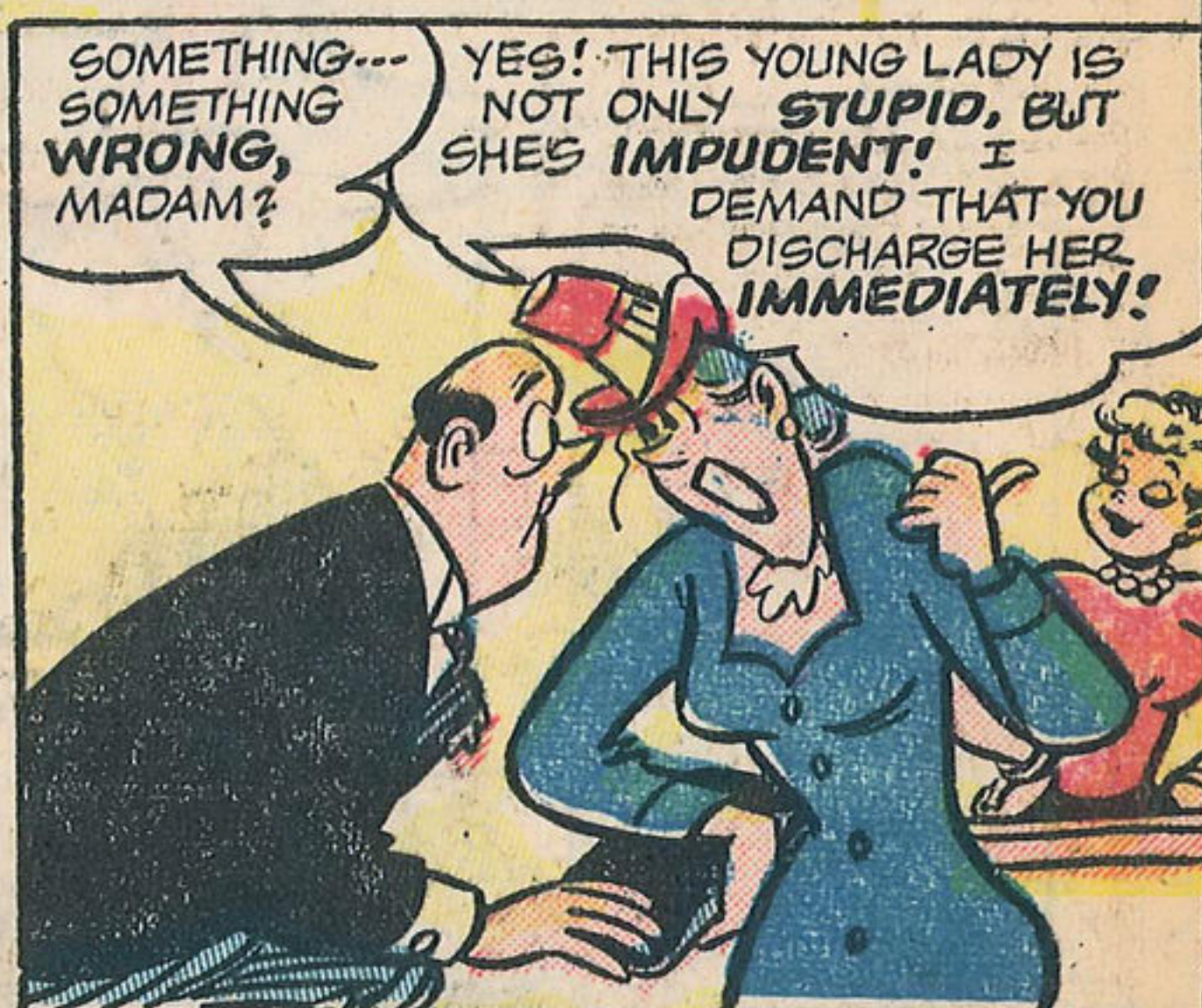
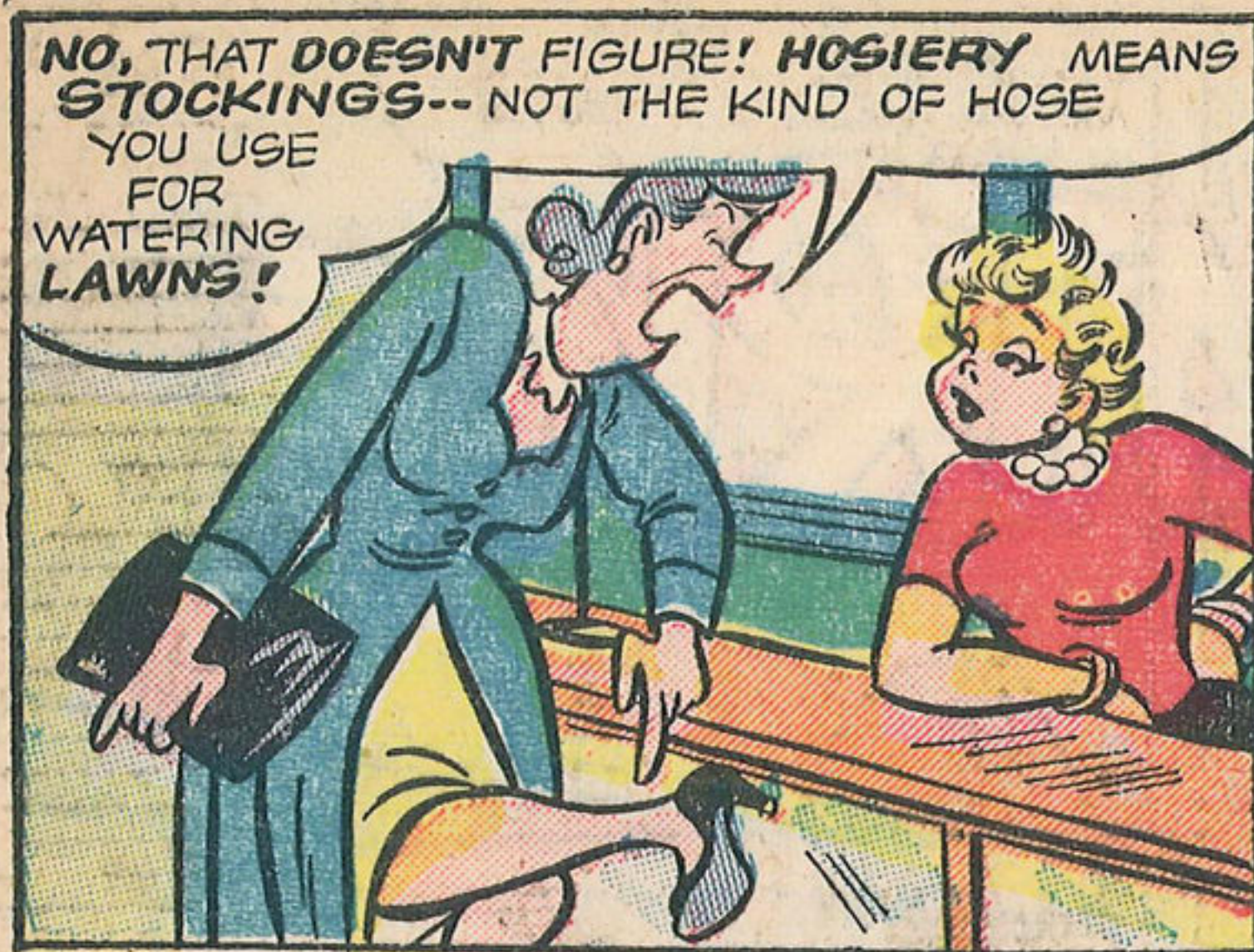


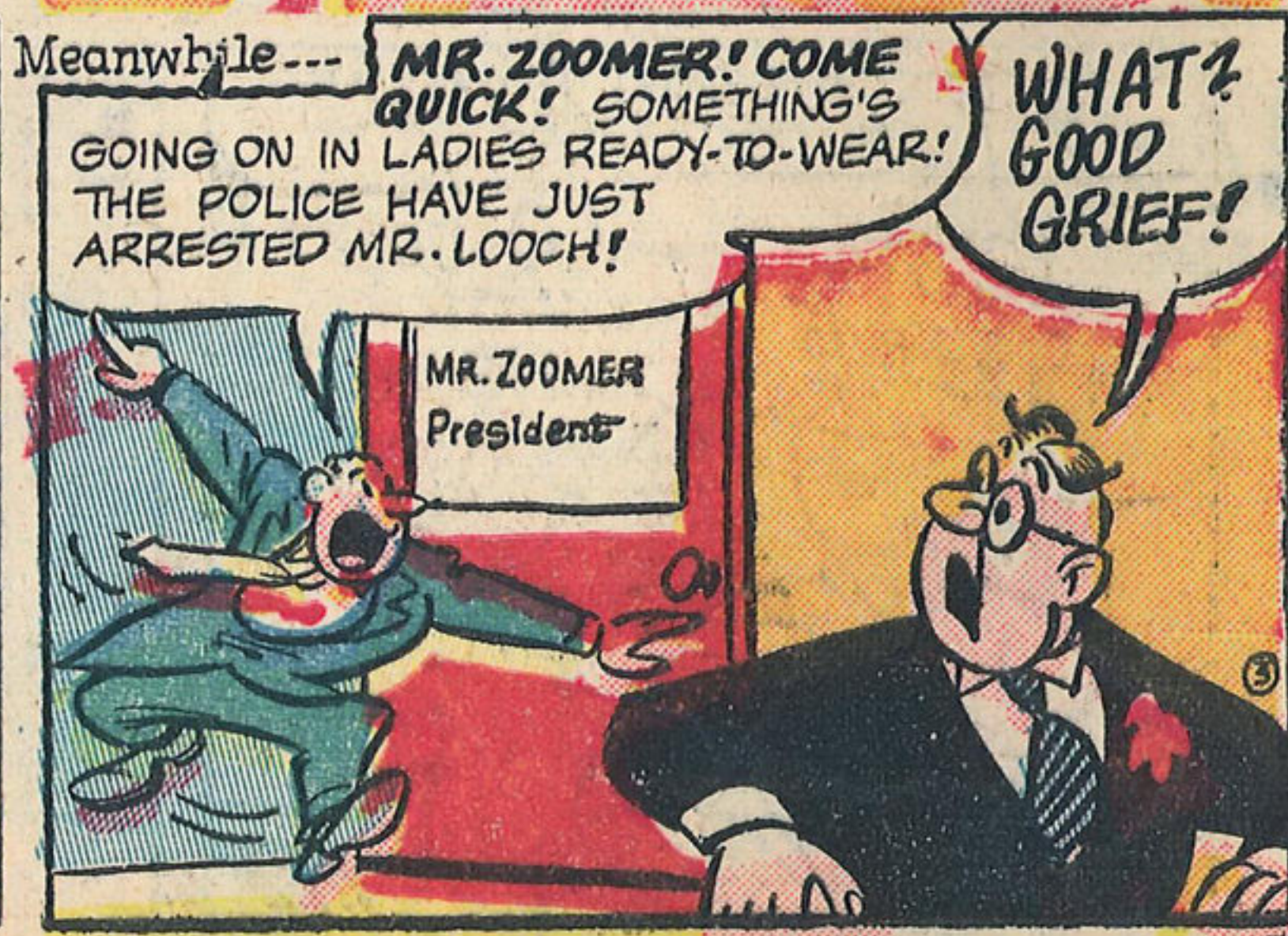
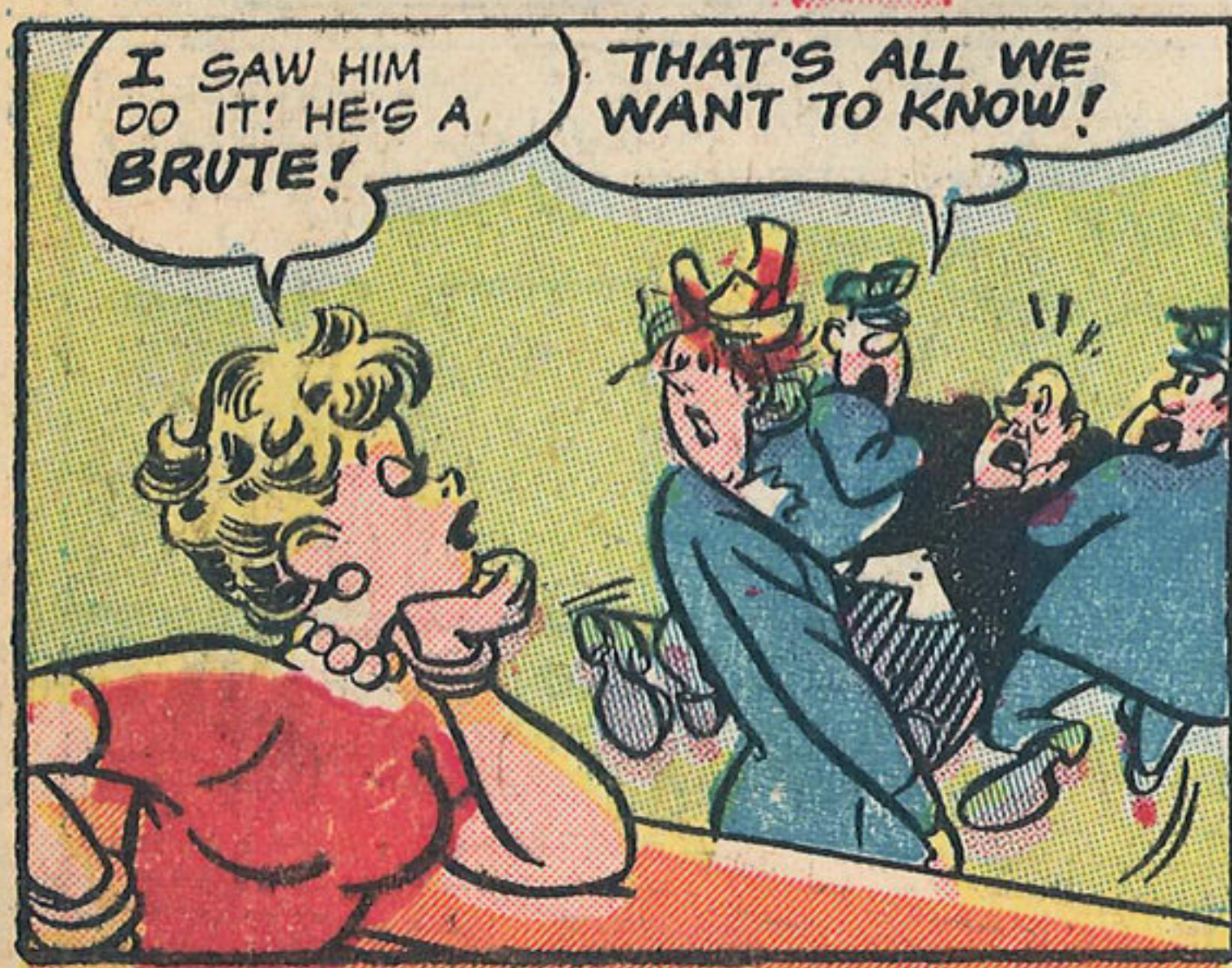
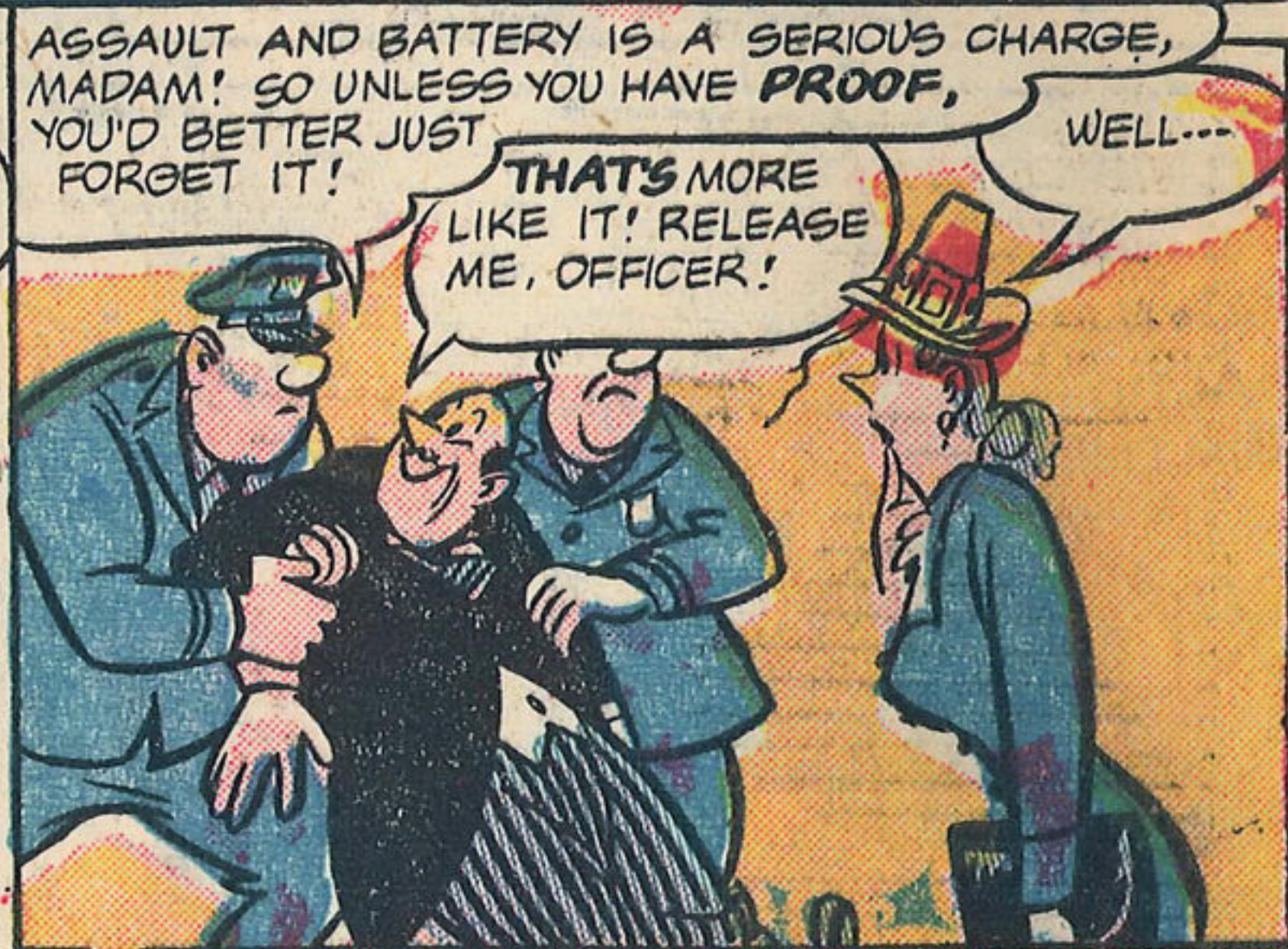
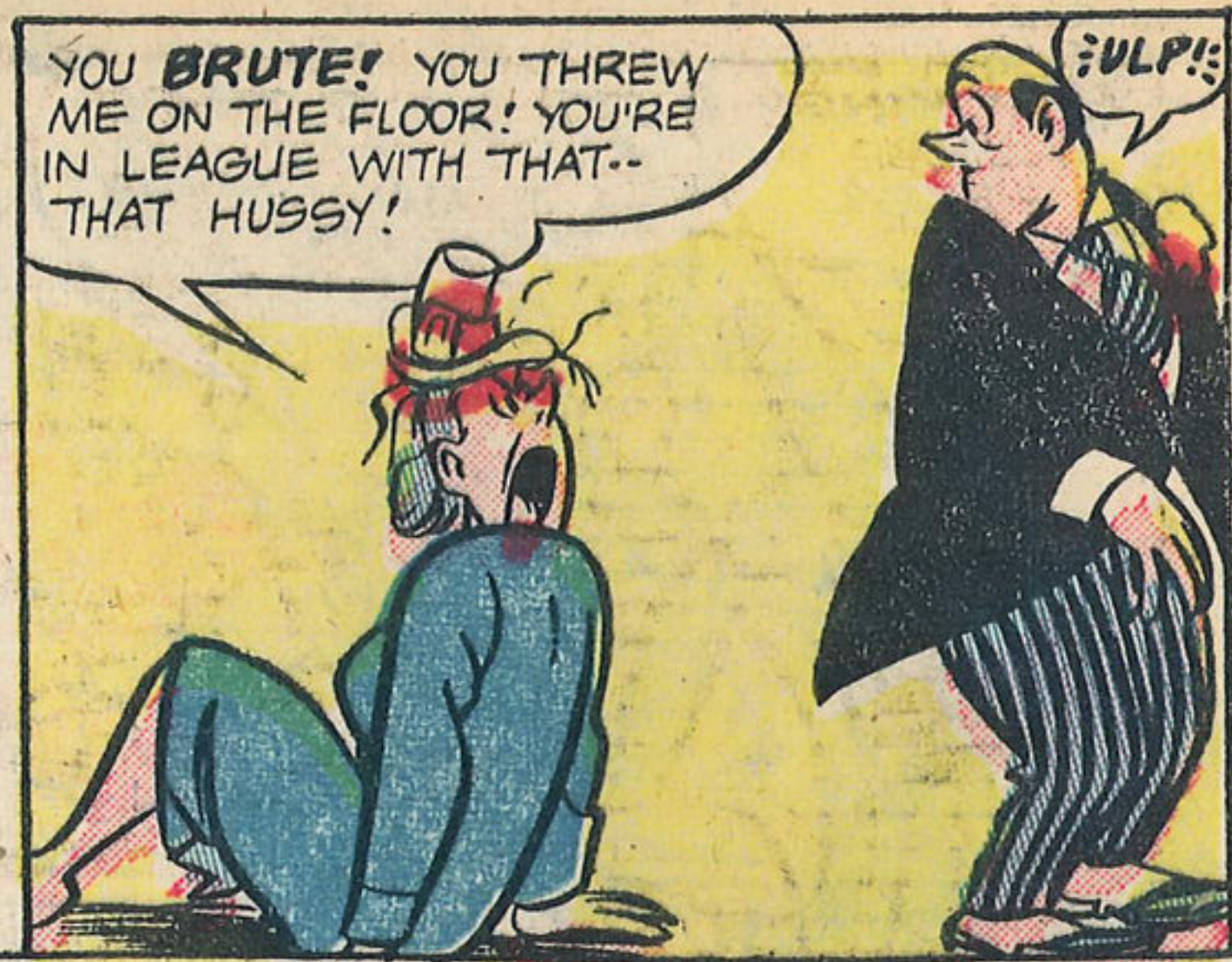
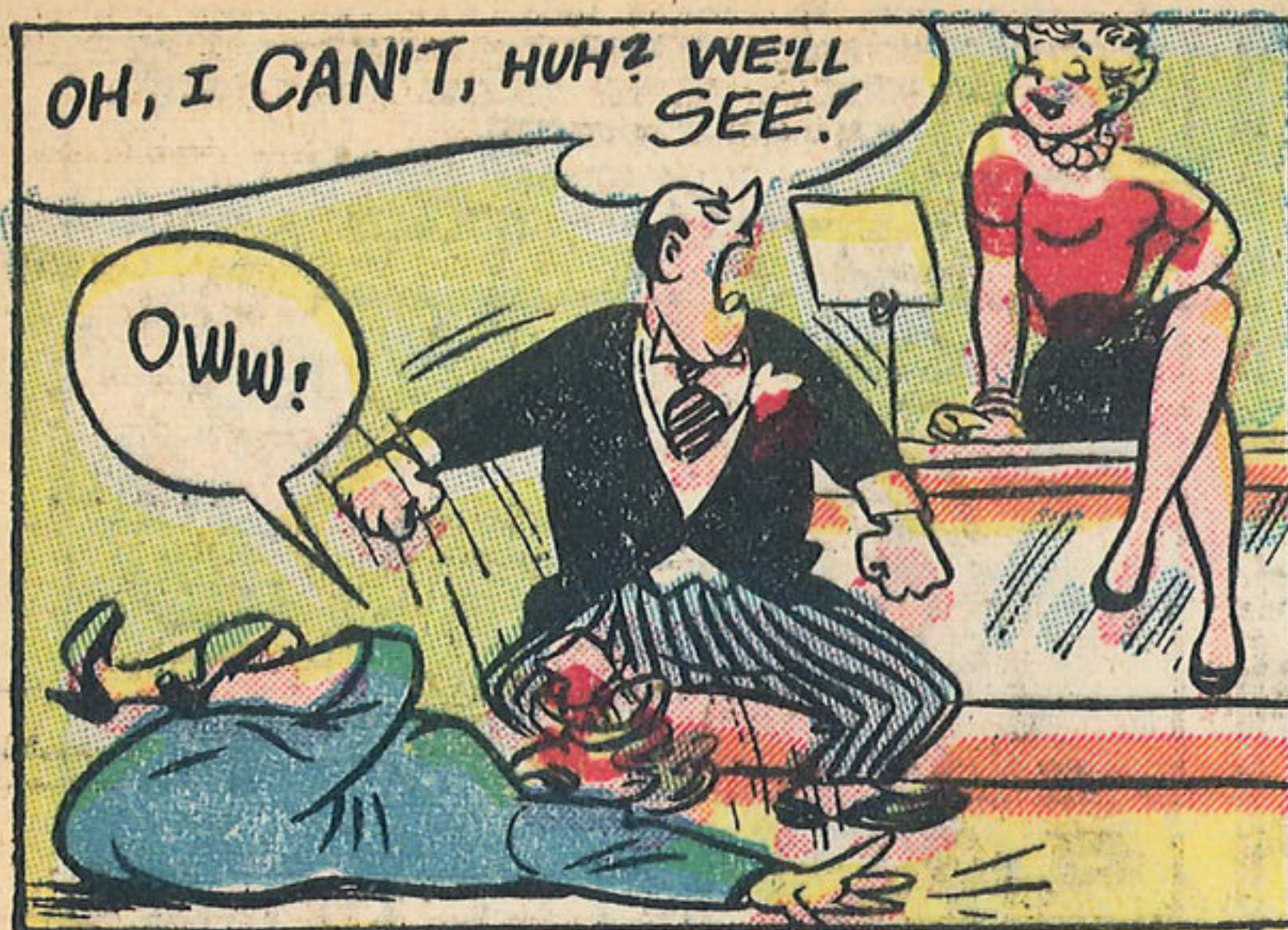
GARDEN SUPPLIES? WHAT IN THE
NAME OF HEAVEN IS **HOSIERY**
DOING IN **THAT**
DEPARTMENT?

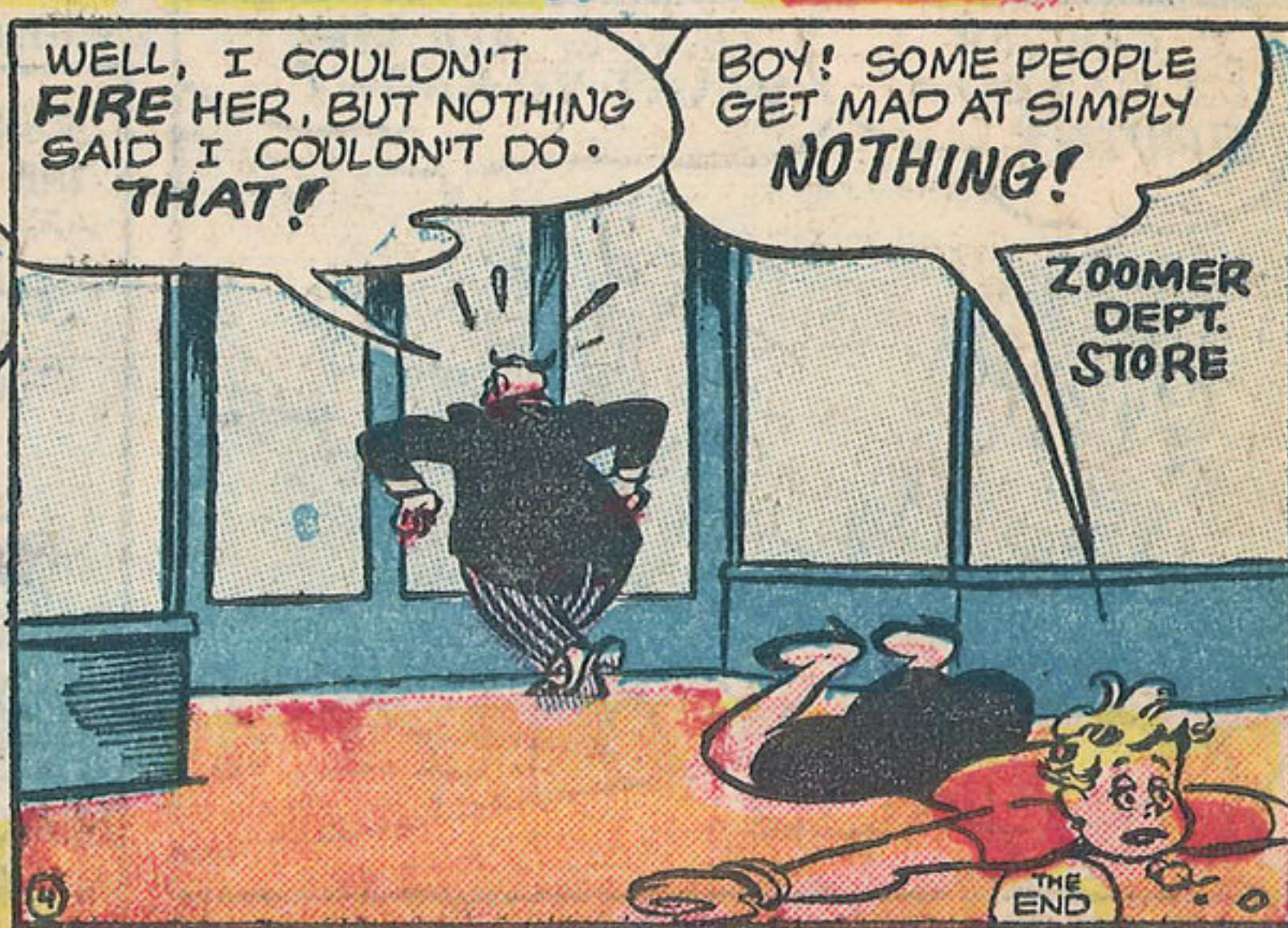
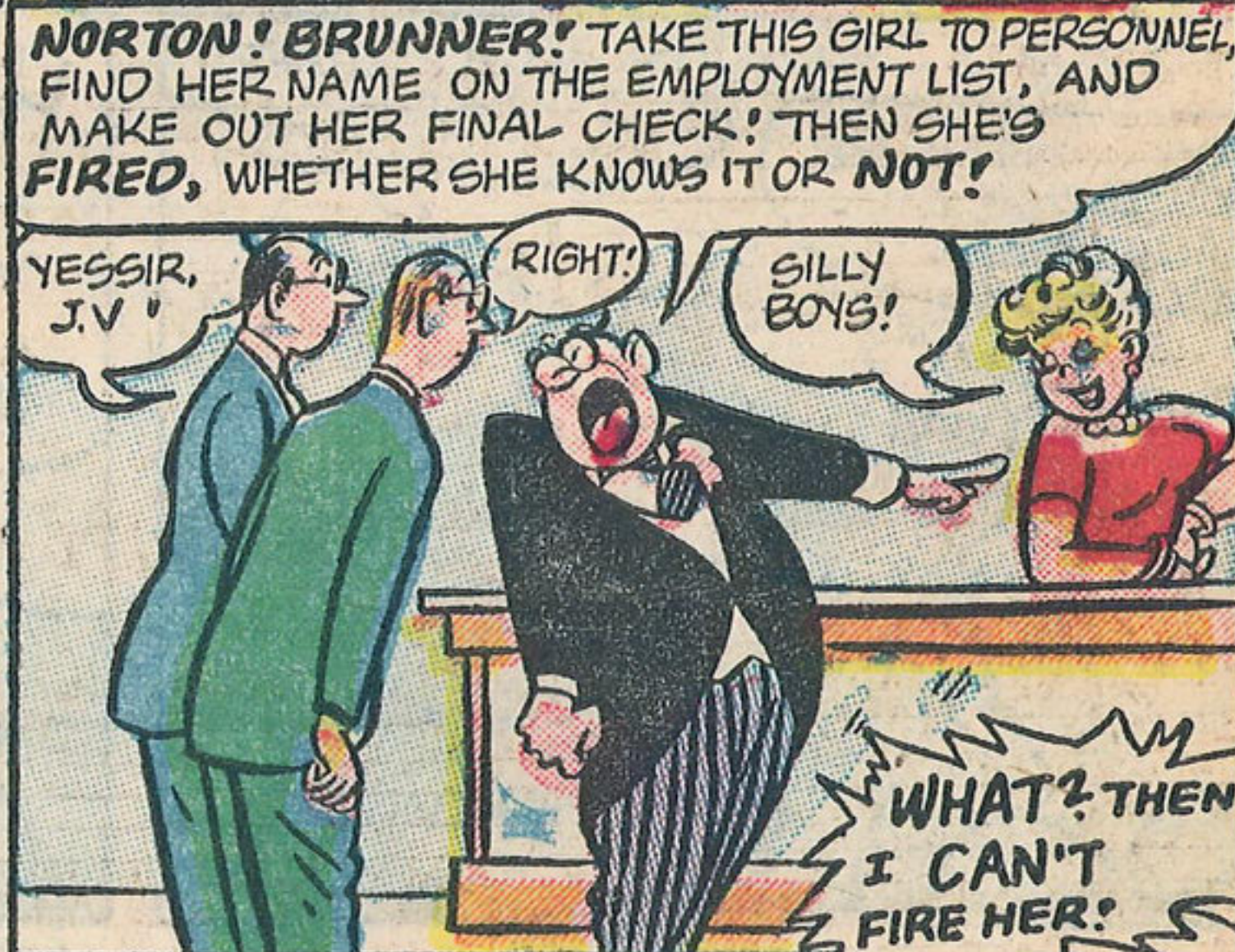
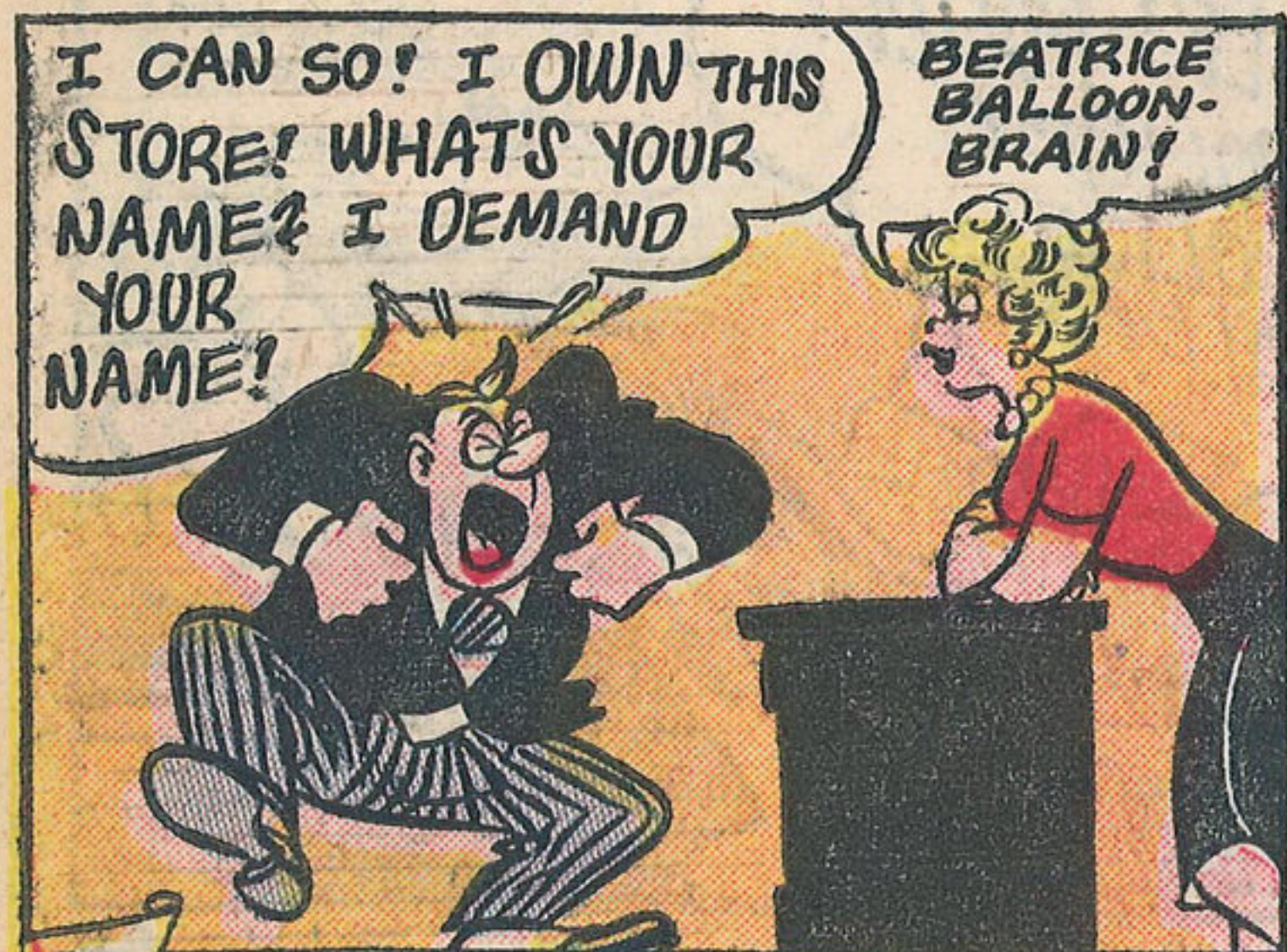
WHERE **ELSE**
WOULD YOU
EXPECT TO
FIND IT?

YOU WANT FURNITURE, YOU GO TO THE
FURNITURE DEPARTMENT--YOU
WANT **HOSIERY**, YOU GO
TO THE **HOSE** DEPART-
MENT! **THAT** FIGURES,
DOESN'T IT?











"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



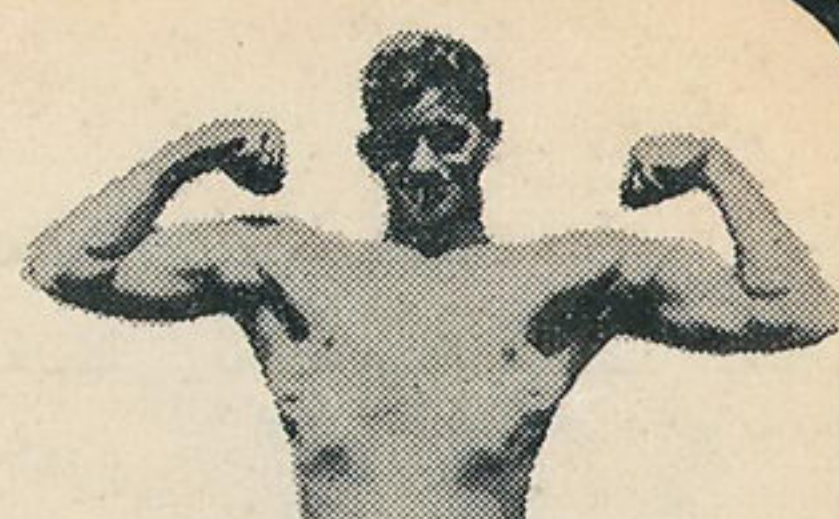
"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K. New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN** Let me prove I can do it for you!

**All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest**

From Weakling to a
Real He-Man

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H.,
British West Indies

Makes Track Team—
Called "Perfect Build"

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

Health 100% Better

Through Dynamic Tension
"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition — prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It has 48 pages, and is packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do, answers many vital questions that may be puzzling you. Page by page it shows what I can do you YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally:

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*Charles
Atlas*

Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 23,
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... (if any)..... State.....

☐ If you are under 14 years of age, please check here for Booklet A.

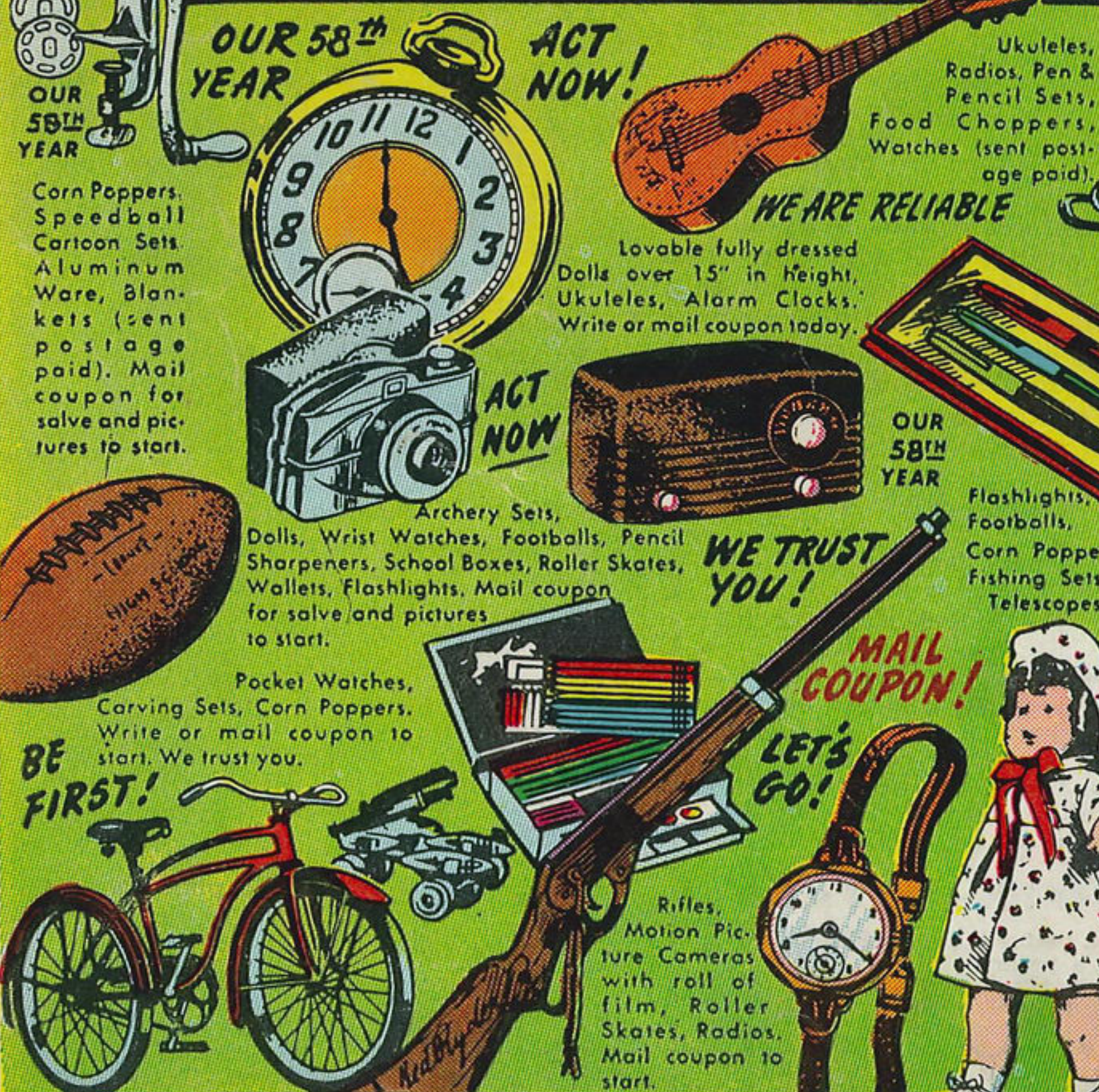
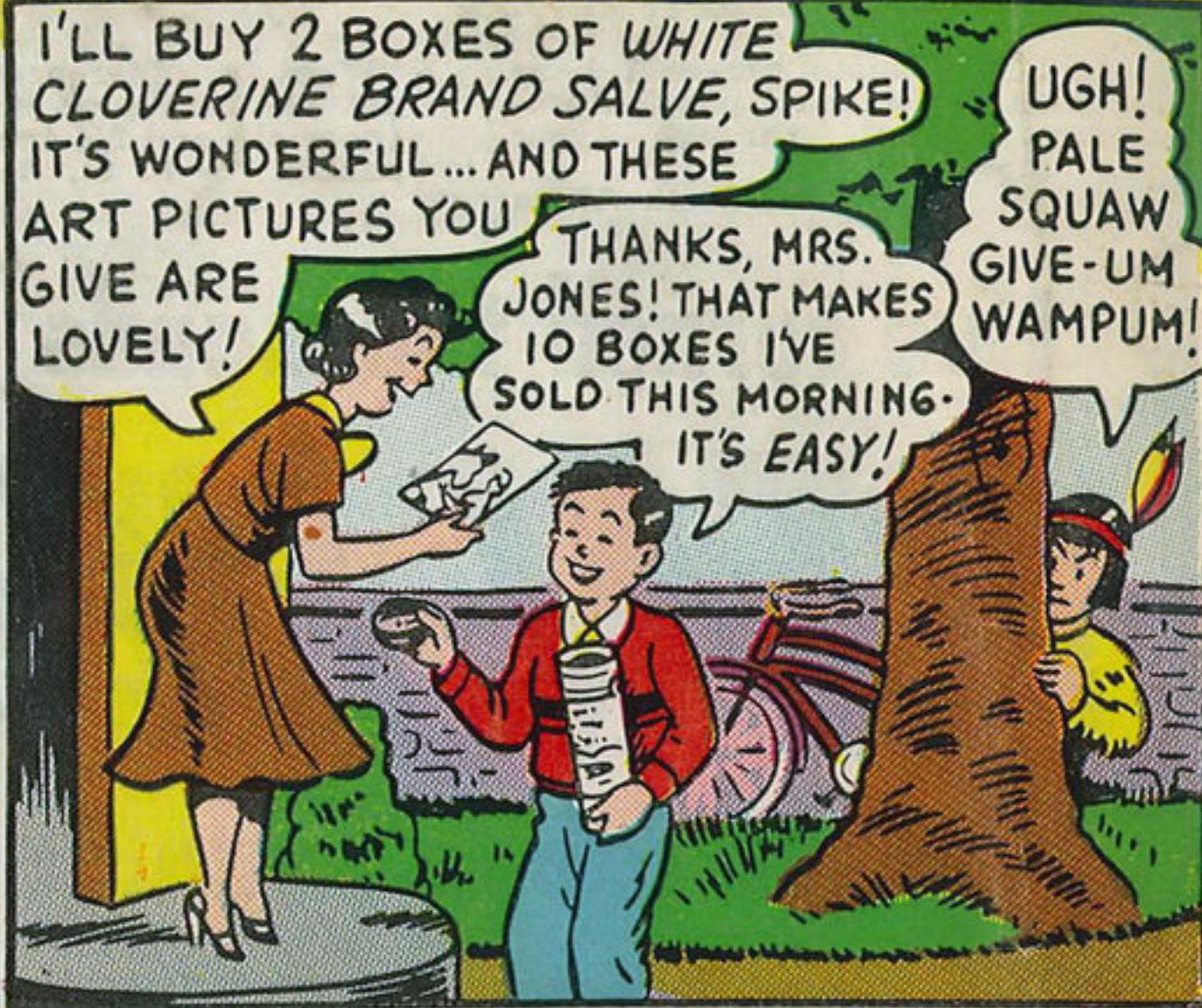
THE SECRET OF TREASURE CAVE.

How Gray Shadow Tracked Down the Mystery of Spike's Sudden Wealth.

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

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